



RAMPA *THE ARROW OF TIME*

This new book contains two complete, unabridged and corrected Rampa books.

Candlelight

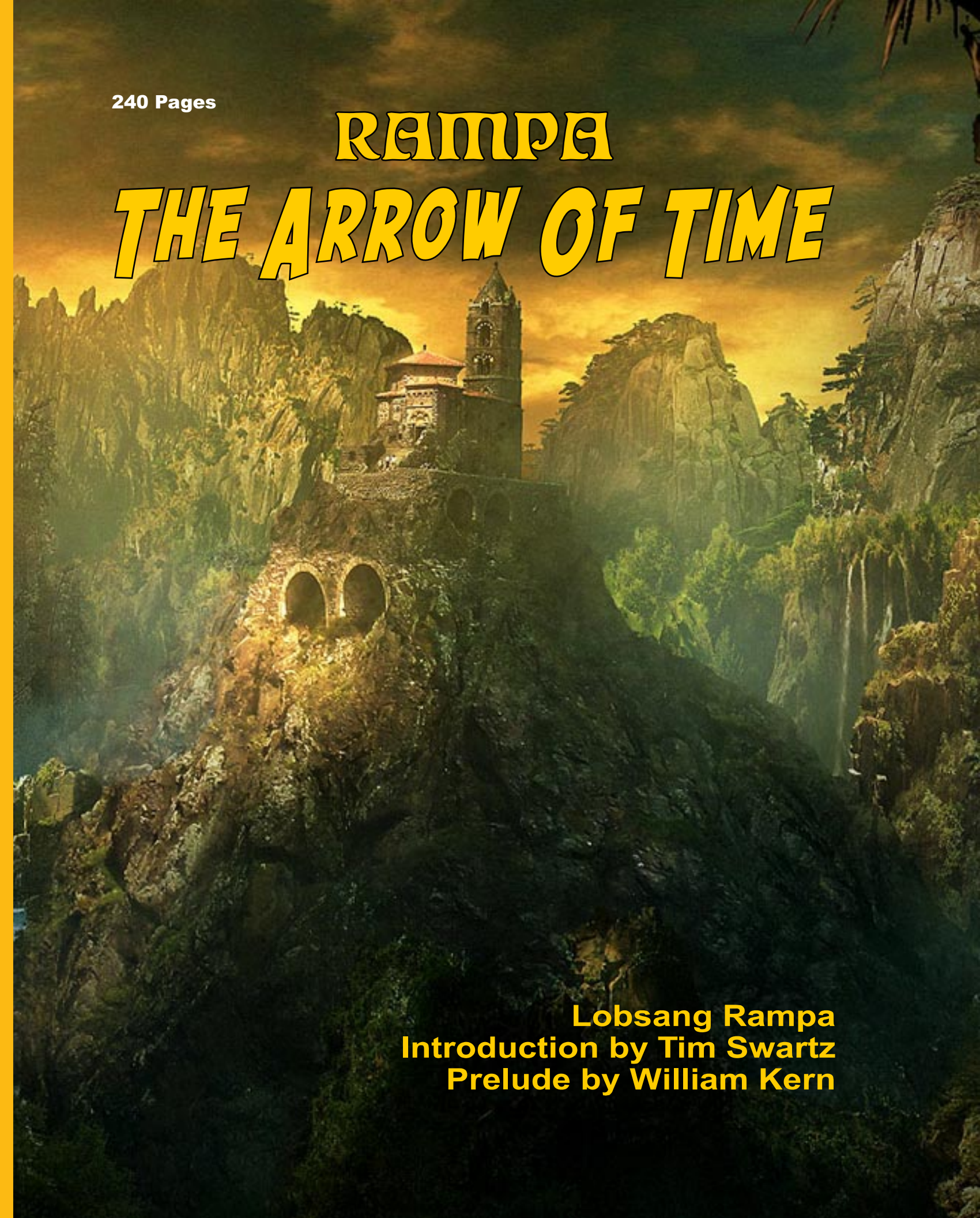
Twilight



RAMPA—THE ARROW OF TIME

240 Pages

RAMPA *THE ARROW OF TIME*



Lobsang Rampa
Introduction by Tim Swartz
Prelude by William Kern



RAMPA

THE ARROW OF TIME

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RAMPA: THE ARROW OF TIME

The complete and corrected text of two Rampa books:

**Candlelight
and
Twilight
With an Introduction by Tim Swartz
and
A Prelude by William Kern**

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RAMPA: THE ARROW OF TIME

This new book contains the complete and corrected text of two Rampa books: *Candlelight* and *Twilight*.

CANDLELIGHT

The faint flickering gleam of fourteen little Candles shines forth into the world, bringing to a vast number of people some of the Light of astral knowledge.

The Sunlight is waning. Coming fast is the end of Day. The Darkness of communism; is by stealth and treachery engulfing the world faster and faster.

Soon the Light of Freedom will be extinguished for a time while Mankind ponders opportunities lost, and regrets warnings unheeded.

But even in the darkest hour there shall be the gleams of little Candles, bringing hope to a stricken world. The darkest hour is before the dawn, and that hour is not yet.

The gloom and despondency of evil men usurping power shall be lessened by the knowledge that all suffering shall eventually pass, and the Sunlight shall shine again. Candlelight may bring illumination to some, hope to others. Sunlight gives way to darkness, darkness gives way to Sunlight, but even in the deepest dark a Candle may show the Way.

TWILIGHT

The old grey plane soared gently through the noonday sky. Years before she had been one of the Queens of Travel bearing a famous marquee indeed, traversing the air lanes of the whole world, covering the globe wherever Man traveled, carrying the elite of commerce, the stars of the theatre world and the films. In those days it had been a prestige symbol to fly in a plane such as this. Now she was old and worn, a relic from a bygone age, ousted by screaming jets and the insane desire to "get there" faster and faster for-why? What DO people do with all the time they "save"?

COMPILER'S NOTE: Two of Rampa's books are contained in this single volume. The texts were carefully proofed to correct a number of scanning and editing errors which have been found in nearly all editions of the books that were republished after the originals went out of print. Duplicated paragraphs, sentences and paragraphs that were misplaced, and spelling errors have been corrected to provide today's interested readers with the most complete and accurate editions of Rampa's books that it is possible to produce.

EXAMINING THE STRANGE WORLD OF DR. T. LOBSANG RAMPA

by Tim Swartz

It was a time when people were questioning their beliefs. Christianity and organized religion seemed stagnant and out of touch with a new generation who were seeking spiritual truths rather than undefined platitudes. People were seeking answers, but no one knew what the question was.

The time was ripe for a new beginning, and from the other side of the world a fresh breeze was blowing that would herald in a new age of understanding for teachings that were thousands of years old, but offered a new hope for those who were looking for ultimate truth.

In 1956 *The Third Eye* hit the stands with an amazing story that was allegedly the autobiography of a young Tibetan noble, Tenzin Lobsang Rampa, who, at the age of seven was sent to the Chakpori medical lamasery. *The Third Eye* details Rampa's early life at Chakpori where he was taught the secrets of Tibetan religion and the mystical arts. Rampa's own psychic abilities were helped to develop when he underwent an operation of the third eye, in which a hole was drilled in his forehead. This dangerous procedure opened a closed up part of the brain to the energies of the universe, releasing its potential and enabling it to grow beyond the boundaries of physical reality.

The Third Eye was an almost instant success. In the first year it sold over 60,000 copies and was translated into German, French and Norwegian. Even though skeptics universally panned the book, the public was eager to read about the exotic secrets of Tibet and the ancient ways of Eastern philosophy and religion.

In the 1950s Tibet was in the headlines due to the Chinese invasion of Eastern Tibet in 1949, and their total annexation of the country in 1951. Before that time little was known about the Himalayan country, its people and their beliefs. But as people fled before the Chinese occupation, they brought with them their rich customs which fanned the flames of interest in the West about anything Tibetan.

A WORLD IN TURMOIL

The release of *The Third Eye* could not have come at a more perfect time. World War Two was still fresh in the minds of Europeans who had borne the brunt of the worst that humankind could perpetuate upon itself. The Church offered little solace to those who survived and were left to wonder how a God who was supposed to be watching out for the world could allow such horrible things to happen. It seemed as if everything that people had been brought up to believe in, to trust, had let them down. Governments, leaders, the Church, had done nothing to stop the horrors of war, and in fact appeared to embrace the evil with no regard to those who would suffer the most.

People were disillusioned with authority. The Church preached “have faith,” but could really offer no other answers to why the world was as it was. In fact, the Church blamed the victims on why bad things happen. “All men are born with original sin” said the Ministers. “It does not matter how good you are or how many good and unselfish deeds you do; you are born a sinner and will die a sinner.” This is hardly inspirational words to those who are seeking real answers.

The Third Eye, however, revealed a whole new world to those seekers. It offered a spiritual and philosophical system that resonated in a way that Christianity and Western ideals did not. Even more appealing, it offered an easy access point for those Western minds dulled by years of materialism and instant gratification that might not have been able to grasp the intricacies of Eastern mysticism.

The Third Eye allowed a whole new generation to learn that there is more to this world, this universe, than had been taught to them by modern science and traditional Christianity. It started a new movement of understanding that is still with us today. All thanks to one controversial writer.

CONTROVERSY

It was not long before controversy embroiled the Rampa movement. Perhaps due to *The Third Eyes* popularity, there were those who felt it was their duty to bring down the growing movement before it threatened the Church and possibly political systems. A group of scholars living in Britain were certain that Rampa was a fraud, so they hired a detective by the name of Clifford Burgess to determine the validity of Rampa’s tale. It is now known that this effort was financed by a group representing not only the Church of England, but also high level British Government officials who were worried that interest in Eastern religions would undermine democracy in the Western world.

Clifford Burgess discovered that T. Lobsang Rampa had never been to Tibet, nor had he ever had any operation done to his forehead. Instead Rampa was actually Cyril Henry Hoskins, born in Devon, England, and son of a plumber named Joseph Henry Hopkins.

When the press confronted Hoskins with this revelation, Hoskins freely admitted that he had never “physically” been to Tibet. In reply to his critics, Rampa stated: “*The Third Eye* is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now

occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need. One should not place too much credence in 'experts' or 'Tibetan Scholars' when it is seen how one 'expert' contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those 'Tibetan scholars' have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through the life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? I HAVE."

The public, however, continued to believe in Rampa and to buy his books. Rampa's subsequent books give more details of experiences which he encountered after the period covered by *The Third Eye*. He included stories about Chinese atrocities against Tibetan monks and lamas, ancient civilizations, encounters with the Yeti, gilded mummies of an extraterrestrial super-race, and hidden cities deep within lost caverns. What makes Rampa's books especially popular is his practical esoteric teachings from which the ordinary person can learn and develop spiritually.

In his later books, Rampa even wrote about UFOs and life on other planets. Two controversial books are *My Visit to Venus*, originally published by Gray Barker, and *My Visit to Agharta*, published by Inner Light Publications. Both of these books have been criticized by Rampa's followers who are unaware of his interest in UFOs and extraterrestrials. However, those familiar with his later writings are certain that both books were written by him, but were possibly withheld from publication due to their controversial nature. Only by reading the books can the reader make the judgment for themselves.

Truth is, very few of the Rampa books were ever made available in the U.S.; with several exceptions the majority of them were printed and distributed solely in the U.K. where Rampa made his home most of his life. Now deceased for well over two decades his works have been largely ignored by an entirely new generation of metaphysically and occult minded readers. It was only through the foresight of dedicated publishers that a decision was made to bring a few of Rampa's most controversial works to this "side of the pond" so that open minded readers might tackle the ideas that the lama put forth.

These initial works included, *The Third Eye*, *The Hermit*, *Doctor From Lhasa*, *Feeding The Flame*, *The Rampa Story*, *Living With the Lama* and *Cave of The Ancients*.

In keeping with Rampa's traditional values and to quell a continued thirst for more of his books, it is time to shed more light onto a darkening world with the release of *TWILIGHT; HIDDEN CHAMBERS BENEATH THE EARTH* in which Rampa reveals the reality of the Inner Earth, a subject few dared to tackle in his lifetime.

Always a provocative topic, Rampa discusses how a belief in the Hollow Earth is part of the Buddhist philosophy beginning with the idea that there is actually a King of the underworld. Publisher William Kern has promised reissue other of Rampa's earlier works if there is sufficient demand for those books.

"Hopefully," says the publisher, "the two-in-one books, *Between Two Worlds*,

World of Illusions, Secrets Of The Ages, Time In The Stone and ***Mansion Of Dust*** will start a new trend and there will be a clarion call to bring Rampa's works back into print. Perhaps this will start a new movement of spiritual seekers eager to move away from the world where terrorism, first strike initiatives, end time fanatics, global pollution and rampant materialism has replaced the inner peace and harmony that Rampa saw as our birth-right."

We can say with certainty that Rampa's works are ageless and his wisdom is needed now more than ever. He saw a New Age emerging, and perhaps we can still promote his vision of a Brave New World.

PRELUDE

by William Kern

“Time is the substance from which I am made. Time is a river which carries me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger that devours me, but I am the tiger, it is a fire that consumes me, but I am the fire.”

Jorge Louis Borges

HOW BRIGHTLY WE BURN

We may review the past through the mist of memory. But the arrow of time moves in one direction only and we are, therefore, compelled to reach for the future.

Stretch sensually. Inhale. Exhale. Settle into exquisite dreams that don't exist when we manage to untangle our minds in the morning.

How brightly we burn in our time. How brightly! But was the Architect who struck this fire so derisive as to extinguish the flame forever at the final trembling exhalation?

The heavens burn with the fires of a billion stars that, one by one, explode into darkness. As above, so below, we are admonished. Inhale. Exhale. Burn. Oxidize.

Oh, how brightly we might burn if we could but believe we might burn forever. How brightly! And might we not? The mighty kings of old believed that, once their fire faded here, they became stars of the heavens. And once the fire of their star failed in heaven, they became again men of Earth.

Can it be so?

There is just this much fire. The Architect can hold it all in one hand and it wouldn't weigh an ounce.

Every star, embraced by a zillion cubic miles of blackness will burn brightly for an appointed time and die.

Inhale. Exhale. Burn. Die.

Hug the pillow and tug the comforter over your shoulders. Settle into the senseless dreams that confound us so when we manage to untangle our tangled thoughts in the morning.

Morning. How brightly it burns! Light streams through an open window; the fire of a single star just this far from exploding into a trillion shards of darkness. But, how brightly it burns in its time. Oh, how brightly!

What is the speed of darkness?

The trees shed their burning autumn coats of many colors, drop them to the ground in rustling heaps, there to vanish, and slumber through the silent winter of gloom. Will we sleep as well in our own silent winters, I wonder.

Inhale. Exhale. Sleep. Burn.

The mystery of our self-extinguishing fire lies in the force it doesn't use; its ability to find its way to the far side of the Architect's multiverse while, with irresolute ambivalence, unable to comprehend the Architect's complex formula—that stultifying equation of zeros to the billionth power—a part of us simply stands sullenly and watches the fire explode into darkness.

Yet, how brightly we burn in our time!

Can it be by accident alone that we are here, wherever it is that we have fallen? Can it be that our fire made its way across light years of elsewhere only to discover the portal opened upon little more than a murky swamp?

One cell creature, burning brightly with a fire it could not feel, could not understand. Inhale. Exhale. Eat and be eaten. Burn and Die. Swim or sink. Transform. Transmogrify. Transmigrate. Transmutate. Trance... .

Tiniest of things seen only under a microscope, burning with defiant fire, seeking the dry land, reaching for the wide, imperious sky, streaming one by one into the vast burning forest, coiling and gleaming one upon the other in shafts of light until they are lost in the greening shade. Wind and rain did not perplex them. Scudding clouds borne by burning air, hurrying shadows beneath, did not perplex them.

Is that what we were? Have we come so far from the dim shadows of the forest that we can no longer remember how brightly we burned there; storm and dust forgotten, the corroded wheels of time all broken and laid aside?

Or were we never that? Were we more? (Why can't we remember?) Or Less? Or nothing at all even now? Was there always only the Architect's Fire burning brightly in the immortal furnace? (And why can't we remember?)

We have sprinkled the flame with holy water; not to make the great flame greater, but to make the greater flame less in a vain attempt to comprehend it. The failing light tenders no terror within us. Our understanding fails proportionally to the fading glow. It seems natural to let go the fragrance of the Architect. (Why can't we remember what It smelled like?)

Alpha and Omega brightly burning.

From those to whom fire is given much is expected. Inhale (but remember to turn away from the smoke). Exhale (but remember to cover your mouth). Lean toward the light (but remember to shade your eyes). Don't look too deeply into the past lest you discover there something you wish not to know.

Keep the faith. Remember the covenant. Hands off! Don't touch! Mustn't pry off the lid to see what's inside. Ix-nay, Pandora. Taboo. It's either something dreadful or it's nothing at all. In either case, we lose a little more of the fire.

Believing without a shred of empirical evidence, is what faith is. And, so, we leave the lid untouched. The fire fades and we pretend not to notice. Each day the depth of our vision is diminished. Darkly through the glass we see the veil is coarse and heavy; woof and warp tightly loomed.

Dimly we perceive that it is a dream, a phantasm of troubled minds like a disease we have caught from others somewhere along the way, singing hosannas in a dimly lit room smelling of candle wax and spilled sacramental wine.

Men of dark cloth seeking fame and acclaim on the quick roads to glory bid us to leap headlong into the baptismal pool if we dare and, once in, we wonder if we should get out while we still can.

But can we?

Little do we understand that water extinguishes fire when we are coaxed into the crystal pool. Little do we understand the words uttered darkly that we will emerge different, changed from what we were when we plunged thoughtlessly into its unknown depths. What life was left beneath its rippling tides?

How much of the Original Fire was quenched there? And what did we become when again we set our feet upon dry land? We understand the significance of immersion only later: Now we must believe what the men of dark cloth believe or to hell with us!

Why do men of dark cloth believe they can improve the Lux Aeterna by dousing it with holy water? What was the true meaning of their words when they told us that, once we were bathed in that divine water, we would not seek the empty world again? What was so wrong with the Fire and the World that they had to minimize it so?

Simple hopes and dreams of humankind are skewered on the barbs of reasonable doubt. Is it a dream? And are we brave enough to face the pale rider waiting just beyond the reach of the snarling watchdogs? Are we brave enough to leave the wane, unhappy ghosts of departed friends and lovers to whatever fate awaits them, our old, blind hands groping for some small joy that does not vex our minds?

One door closes; another opens, said the men of dark cloth. They saved the secret door for last and jealously kept it for themselves. History will damn their death-cold lies and expose them for the cruel mad demagogues they are.

Is it but a dream that wounds our hearts day upon day, lifetime upon lifetime, de-

ying reason, dashing the hopes of believers and skeptics alike?

Unfathomable mystery, this one unquestioned Miracle, encompassing every attribute of the Architect, power within itself, the whole greater than any part, omnipresent and in its own light higher and wider than heaven. It is more than we can even imagine, this incorporeal being, who, in the infinity of space, perceives all things as One.

We struggle toward the Light, seeking everywhere the true commandments, the eternal power that binds everything into the One.

And find it not.

And so we invent the dream, the myth, the Miracle to sustain us in our anguish at having not discovered the endless joy; gathering here only a shell, there a pebble, here a fragment of bone, there a parched page of scripture, turning them one by one and expecting to find a message inscribed on the bottom: *Made By God*.

And while our attention is diverted thus, the whole truth flees from us into the vastness of the cosmos.

We are like bandits, leading two lives in a vain attempt to hide our true selves from the never-sleeping eyes of a fearful warden, the gatekeeper and the celestial accountant who knows our name, age and every sin the men of dark cloth insist we have committed.

Men of the dark cloth have made of us wildeyed sorcerers seeking to sweep away the cobwebs of their ancient sophistry to wage war against Chaos. They point at us with trembling, frightened fingers and mock us as madmen who will inherit nothing less than the everlasting Fire.

That which we thought was light is merely the shadow of something we cannot see. That which we believe is life is but a desolate mirage that will desert us at the final hour to leave us the poorer for our trust. What can it mean? The throbbing anthill with its thousand eyes, the terrible sky with its billion lights, all to be dimmed and crushed under the scourge of the lasting Fire. What does it mean?

Birth, the manifesting of intelligence into flesh on earth, is nothing more than the beginning of death. Life! We dare not let it languish! We dare not indulge in Passion's Despair! Birth and life and death are driven to their final night before Time's merciless and unforgiving scythe and all the while the chapel bell peals a mournful tocsin. Who could have dreamed it, and what does it mean?

The tools we have forged outlast the men who use them, and what does it mean? How strange that inanimate things should outlast us. What in the world does it mean? This tiny grain of sand that bears us relentlessly about the sun in trails of electric mist will one day burn in the fire that gives it life, and none living shall outlast it. How brightly shall it burn! And what does it mean?

The Great pyramids have outlasted their builders by sixty centuries. The words of the prophets have prevailed twenty centuries after they were spoken. What does it

mean? Why did they bother to tell us at all?

Those who follow the Architect's Law say we have no need to know. It is enough to simply believe it has meaning after all. I am troubled by their veiled words and decrees. It seems unreasonable to simply believe. Shall I not learn, one day, that heaven is nothing more than a middling dream, without substance, without promise?

Men of dark cloth, convinced that if they remove their hands from the Light it will dim and fade and flicker and fail forever—as if their hands alone sustain that Fire—stand stoically, eyes glazed and fixed upon some distant horizon we cannot discern, and recite their rote message: “It is enough to simply believe. How can you doubt His power from whom all blessings flow? World without end. Amen. Amen.”

And, Oh, their words trouble me greatly for they raise more questions to be answered, but are answered not by any of them. By their incompleteness, they have stolen my faith that, once, even Despair was powerless to destroy.

Is it but a dream in the mind of a fitful sleeper? What will happen when it awakens? Have we gone astray from the Light, from Truth, from the path that leads to Completion? How shall we now return to the crumbling walls that sheltered us from the lie when the walls are no more to be found and the lie is greater than truth ever was?

Forgive. Forget.

We forgive and forget and, in forgetting, remember but vaguely how brightly we once burned. Through all the abysmal depths of space we are blown as dust motes by a cold, dark wind we cannot feel, driven by a music we cannot hear while Hope creeps about our feet like a hungry cat.

Gods of gold. Gods of clay. Not one to lend an ear to misery and discontent. Cold crucified arms outstretched to embrace cold silence, cold air, empty room. There is no fire in the image there on the altar. It is the bleakness of the fathomless sea; ice of the barren Arctic. Its color is fair but the fire was not struck in the image and it cannot, does not, will not, hear our lament.

If the Architect is anything at all, it is indifferent. It has other stars to spawn, other bones to pick. It yawns and settles into a mad dream of tomorrow, shrugging off today, unconcerned how slightly we burn. How slightly these days. How slightly.

Here now! What is that millennial beast who trudges drunkenly toward Jerusalem to be born, its hour come 'round at last? How brightly it burns in its time!

See how brightly it burns! It moves like fire within fire there before me, its deathless torch arching madly above, exalting all weakness to power, whispering with such faith that even the elect must be deceived.

How brightly it burns, Promethean fire all around, scorning all before it. “*Take this splendor into the New Age I shall command,*” it wails. “*Carry it into the land I dare not tread.*”

How brightly burns the torch as, passed from hand to hand along the timeless

corridor, it transforms the dull to keen, mean to gentle, lumbering to swift.

But it is the wizard behind the curtain, blinding all with parlor tricks only slightly more seductive than those whose torch is failing in the long desolate hallway behind. It is a thief in the night, beckoning all who would follow to become kings among men, gods among the profane; higher, taller, stronger, wiser, infinitely illuminated.

And see how brightly it burns. How lovely the flame, promising comfort and succor to all who would yield to its promises.

Ah-ah! Hands off! Do not touch for this, too, is forbidden. Mustn't pry off the lid to see what is inside for fear of everlasting death in, of all things, the ever consuming fire. And so that lid, as well, remains unprized.

We are led by first one steed and then the next and it is forbidden to ask the name or destination of any. Heaven or Hell? *Quo Vadis*, Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

No, no! Do not ask. It is forbidden. It will be enough to simply believe.

Needle point of fire in the ruined abyss below; remote, minute, sends a subtler message to those who care to listen, holds more significance to those who dare to see than all the darkness that seeks to blot it out, yet cannot dash the passions of a lifetime.

I think, therefore am I?

How brightly we burn in our time and when the fire is gone so, too, all memory of this world we leave behind; our souls in our mouths, tasting of dampened ash.

From that lonely depth comes the Eternal voice, into the gulf beneath whence all the fire had vanished, scudding like a ship before the gale, while all around surges the mighty sea-sound of sighing rushes, one vast ebb and flow of peace, beyond earth's pain, so calm, so quiet it seems the wet nurse song, the deep soft breathing of the universal fire into the rekindled mind of man.

As I listen, that sweet voice becomes an invocation moving like fire in light among the thoughts of heaven, transforming the mortal self-soul flame into immortal consciousness.

Is there not one among us who can translate to music this long dark fight for truth? Is there not one among us to touch with beauty this long battle for the light, to grant some small victory for the spirit of man?

That which neither eyes nor self-soul can see seems doomed to defeat and is yet unconquerable, streaming through countless time nearer to the stars once exclusively claimed by the blind, blood-emboldened Caliphs of old.

This is the most we believe: the consciousness of man, released from the soul-self at death, might once more burn in heaven.

We catch the fire from those who went before, the bearers of the torch, whether of the lie or of the truth, who could not see the goal toward which they strained. We catch their fire and carry it only a little way nearer the veil. But there must be others who wait

for it; those who will carry it onward, perhaps endlessly without reward.

Is there no epic ballad for those who strove for light but could not dream even of the victory they longed so to win? No ballad for the prisoners of the lie who handed on the torch from age to age; who, step by step, drove back the night and grappled, year on year, for one more glimpse among the stars of Sovereign Fire? No paeon for those who, searching inward, saw the flame dissolving into a new abyss, and strove to build and to rebuild our squandered world?

Dreamers of dreams are all faded now, grist for the mill of heaven. The rusted wheels complain and slow in their orbits. Time is ending, the wheels of heaven grinding to a halt. The appointed time seems nearer than ever before, darkly foretold by dreaming men of dark cloth.

Builders of our hope, the healers and binders of wounds, who, while tyrants drench the world with blood can, in the faint, small crackle of a flickering hearth, grapple with death like Heracles to save one frightened, wounded child; knowing, even as they do, that the children are doomed for there is no one to kiss their sunward lifted faces, no beneficent eye to adore them.

And what does it all mean?

Is there no song to touch this living universe with ultimate light, the glimmer of that great fire which over our ruined altars yet shall break in pure light to deliver us from greater terror than even Lucifer knew?

In the gloom of waxen tapers the dreamer lifts up his eyes to whatever gods might listen, pointing to the skies through the wilderness of Time and Space while the quivering organ rends the darkness.

But the dreamer finds no lamp unto his feet, no Balm in Gilead, no guide to lead him forward toward the splendor from which (he was told) he sprang; to which (he was promised) he would return.

The truth he seeks lies at his fingertips, unexplored, ignored while the dumb half-circle of the choir inhales deeply, awaiting the prompt for the first note, each voice jealous only of the voice beside it.

In the chapel vault chanted hymns ring on the heavy air while luckless errant kneeling monks and pious nuns imprisoned there sing their vespers orisons; inhaling, exhaling, burning in their appointed time and dying without so much as wondering why or what it all means, or to whom they vow allegiance. They give no voice to that and are mute.

By what name shall we conjure the Messiah to restore us to faith, to bring us into heaven and show us the way to Light and Truth? Adad, Marduk, Adonis, Aesclepius, Apollo, Dionysus, Heracles, Zeus, Alcides, Attis, Baal, Buddha, Krishna, Hermes, Hesus, Horus, Osiris, Serapis, Indra, Ieo, Issa, Jupiter, Jove, Mithra, Wodin, Prometheus, Quetzalcoatl, Salivahana, Tammuz, Thor, Zoroaster?

To whom do these gods answer; to whom do they grant favor?

Is it a dream that in those dark dominions beyond this mortal coil we shall find life everlasting? Is the light we behold in our eyes alone? Could the Djinn conjured by Aladdin while rubbing that old patina-stained lamp promise less? Is that promise, like the sun-fractured rainbow, a mirage held together by falling mists? The certainty of the universe and the spirit of man are destroyed for want of proof, and what does it all mean?

The goal of life is not a peaceful death; nor an instant entrance into heaven as an abode where the pious shall eternally live; nor is it the ultimate satisfying of a God of extreme justice; the "eye for an eye" God of the fear-stricken men of dark cloth.

One purpose alone persuades us, like the Navigator's star lighting the path of the mariner on life's troublesome sea: the attainment of the understanding through which is revealed to our consciousness the real and the unreal; the eternal substance of Truth.

There can be no other purpose in the pursuit of either religion or philosophy or politics than this. Unceasing rites and ceremonies of contemplation; renunciation; prayers; fasting; penance; devotion; service; adoration; or isolation, cannot insure the attainment of Truth.

There will be no bartering; no assurance of reward for good conduct. It is not as though one would say, "Ah, ah, my child, if thou wouldst purchase Truth thou shalt follow this recipe and none other."

There is no golden promise of speedy entrance into Light, nor any exact rules, or laws or equations by virtue of which Truth is attained. Nor yet any specific time to serve before that final illumination.

"I am persuaded," said Paul the Apostle and adherent to Mithraism, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

For whom and of whom did he believe he was speaking?

Interpreted in the light of cosmic consciousness, we begin to understand that we might know and experience that boundless, deathless, perfect, satisfying, complete and all-embracing love which is the goal of immortality, which is the only speakable attribute of the Architect.

The things for which we sigh are the things we can never reach. We hold so carelessly and lightly the treasures that might lead us from the darkness.

We contemplate an unknowable future or dwell on scenes of the grim and faded past rather than live in the present which so quickly hastens from us.

The prizes for which we toil, so seemingly tempting today, prove to be, when pressed to our breasts, but worthless illusions. We grasp at shadows that spring unbidden from the deep wells of our minds, then flit from us as swiftly as fireflies, while that which casts the shadow stands in our way unsought.

And we wonder, and wonder, what was it that shivered at the edges of our eyes, never dreaming that if we shift our gaze but a little we might find it.

We feel Truth trembling at the edges of our memory, stray glimmers of thought near the rim of our understanding. We look and find it not; deep shadows pass like cadres of murmuring priests between.

And what meaning has it?

Let free the Fire of Heaven! Give each child union with that Fire within each life, the flame not to be found until, searching deeper through the inward-opening door, each child alone meets the unknowable and eternal Light, if it is to be found at all.

Men of dark cloth close their eyes and minds, and hold their noses and beg for power. They trip us in the darkness, mock us with their scolding eyes and change their story, making it all the more difficult to comprehend, all the more unbelievable. Nowhere in their scriptures are the words "immortal" and "soul" used together. Why have they deceived us?

They pluck the mystery of life from the pages of their sermons and quench the only lights that might have saved us. Their clever words of art kill the song in our hearts and our laughter fades. Even our dreams grow old.

Flesh is weak and blood is thicker than water. Truth will out and thoughts like angels come and go. Eyes dimmed by age that once through the deep soul gazed, see not. Ears foiled by two thousand years of contradiction no longer hear. Tired, withered hands grope for love and come away with nothing.

We nod fitfully in our nightmarish sleep and claw at the empty air before us. Our fingers come back twisted and thin, our dreams but dust in the barren fields of our minds. We dream things dreamed of long ago when we were children, in distant days when dreams were trifling but were all we needed.

And what does it portend?

The threadbare fabric of the cosmos is rent by the fires of Vulcan's forge and still we burn. With dark, smouldering eyes and naked limbs, reciting endlessly the old lie, "Death Shall Have No Dominion," we go down into the crumbling earth, cold and dark and smelling of decay and worms.

And, *there*, shall burn no more.

Though we be as dust, is the Architect mindful of us? If so, why so? If not, why not?

Can we do nothing in life that the fire will not erase in the end? Is all that we behold no more than electric impulses on the brain, flimsy threads that bind a boundless cosmos of imagination into an unknowable something we call First Cause to hide our ignorance?

And what does it mean in any event?

What does it matter?

Stretch sensuously. Breathe deeply. In that pure realm whose darkness is our peace we settle into the nightmares that persist even if we manage to untangle our tangled minds in the morning.

The dark veil has again fallen across the far fields of space, our Captain is dead, the precious cargoes of our lives are heaped, wasted and rotting, in the hold, and the astrolabe is wrecked with the salt of twenty centuries.

Orion winks wickedly above, the forbidden fruit that so troubled Eden is gnarled and mouldy as hoarfrost, the Miracle is found to be, at best, a mirage, and Aladdin's lamp is lost forever.

How close we all come to dying, trapped in these little moments, these little unrelated vignettes, unaware of why we are here, oblivious of the journey, unconcerned about the destination. How close we come to dying before the reaper swoops down like the wrath of God to wipe out everything. How hopelessly flawed we are that we are unable to see it or understand it or convey it to others.

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CANDLELIGHT

The faint flickering gleam of fourteen little Candles shines forth into the world, bringing to a vast number of people some of the Light of astral knowledge.

The Sunlight is waning. Coming fast is the end of Day. The Darkness of communism; is by stealth and treachery engulfing the world faster and faster.

Soon the Light of Freedom will be extinguished for a time while Mankind ponders opportunities lost, and regrets warnings unheeded.

But even in the darkest hour there shall be the gleams of little Candles, bringing hope to a stricken world. The darkest hour is before the dawn, and that hour is not yet.

The gloom and despondency of evil men usurping power shall be lessened by the knowledge that all suffering shall eventually pass, and the Sunlight shall shine again. Candlelight may bring illumination to some, hope to others. Sunlight gives way to darkness, darkness gives way to Sunlight, but even in the deepest dark a Candle may show the Way.

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FROM AN ADMIRER

'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man exclaimed,
'And the Press for too long have you defamed.
The Candles you lit gleam both near and afar
Sending out light like a welcoming Star.
'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man said.
'Put aside your typing, it's time that you died.
Your life has been hard and your experiences grim,
But the Candles you lit will never grow dim!'
'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man said.
'Your Candles will flame long after you're dead.
The Truths you have taught will enrich our way,
The hardships you suffered; was it too much to pay?'
Freed from suffering, freed from sorrow,
Freed from worries about 'tomorrow',
Freed from the toils of this bad Earth,
Freed from the circle of 'endless' rebirth,
Your life-flame flickers and ends one day,
But the Candles you lit will show us the Way!
(with apologies to all and everyone who merits an apology!)

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CHAPTER ONE

The sullen clouds came lowering out of the steel sky and began to weep. A thin veil of pattering raindrops scudded across the dirty roofs of Montreal and ended up as rivulets of sooty-black; in the garbage-cluttered gutters. The tempo of the downpour increased; the swirling rainstorm blotted out the bridges, the tall, ugly buildings, and then even the Port itself. Suddenly the trees leaned over, water pouring from depressed leaves, forming scummy puddles over the sparse grass. In the distance a ship hooted forlornly as though in despair at having again to enter Montreal, the City of Two Tongues.

Glumly the cats sat before the fogged-up window and wondered if the sun would ever shine again. Outside on the flooded roadway, a tattered copy of a French-language newspaper blew to its rightful home in a sewer where it momentarily blocked the water flow and then vanished in a scurry of gurgling sound.

The old blue bus went chuntering along, engine roaring, wheels flinging plumes of water from the flooded road. Came a CRASH as it dropped into the hollow by the office. Lurching and reeling, it pushed its cumbersome way through the murk and turned right, out of sound. There came the ponderous roar of the garbage truck pounding its way along the road. A behemoth shape glimpsed dimly through the unlighted gloom and then Peace, save for the drumming of the rain.

The old man in the wheelchair groped for the light switch as he turned away from the steamed window. With the light on he turned sadly to the pile of letters yet to be answered. 'Questions-questions-questions,' he mumbled, 'do they think I am a free advisory bureau on everything from conception to death-with a good dose of the hereafter thrown in?'

The letter from the 'lady' in a large U.S.A. city was interesting: 'I have read all thirteen of your books,' she wrote. 'A good author would have told all that and more in one-half chapter.' Gee, Ma'am, well-thanks! But-here they come: a very very cross Women's Lib gangster from Winnipeg. Doesn't like me a bit-thinks I hate women. Well, she is not a woman, anyhow, more like a drunken buck navy from her language. Women? I love 'em. Men, and women, just the opposite sides of 'the coin'. Why should I hate them? What a touchy lot some women are, though, phooey!

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But the minute minority do not matter. Most-about ninety nine per cent (true) are sincerely interested in what I write and just 'love' my Candles. They want to know more about all aspects of metaphysics. How to levitate, how to teleport, how to do this and how to do that.

Quite a number of people have become increasingly interested in dowsing and pendulums. There is a letter here from a person who saw a man walking across a field, and suddenly the forked stick which the man was holding twitched violently.

The correspondent tells me that this person was a water diviner, and please would I say if there is anything in this business of dowsing and using a pendulum. Yes, most definitely dowsing is a genuine thing-if one knows how to use the hazel or other forked twig. Most definitely there is something in pendulums provided the person knows what he is or she is doing and is not just putting on a stage turn to impress the unwary.

First, we have to know what causes these things to work. At the present time with radio commonplace it is not at all difficult to get over the idea that there are certain currents, or certain waves, which a person cannot detect without some intermediary. For example, about us all the time is a horrible commotion which, fortunately, we cannot hear, but radio waves are coming in from everywhere-AM, FM, Long Waves, Short Waves, High Frequency, and Ultra-High Frequency. To the average human they might just as well not be there because without special apparatus or special conditions one just cannot perceive them. But-let us get a mysterious piece of equipment between the incoming waves and the loudspeaker or the television tube, and then we get noise or we get pictures. The mysterious piece of apparatus is connected usually to some substance (the aerial) which receives the incoming waves and then takes them to the interior of the mysterious box where all sorts of wires, bits of copper and mica or paper, etc., sort out the jumble and 'detect' a coherent signal. Then it passes on to another section of the box where it is amplified and its speed of frequency is reduced to that which can be dealt with. From the amplifier it goes to the output stage, and thence on to the speaker or to a television tube and speaker, and then we get something which approximates more or less to the original noise which was broadcast, or to the original picture which was broadcast. Of course, that is oversimplifying rather dreadfully because in addition to having the incoming signals we have to have a method of collecting the signals, detecting the signals, amplifying them, and putting them to 'output'. But-and we must not forget this-we have to have a method of tuning to the frequency or wavelength to which we desire to listen or watch.

Radio and dowsing are very much the same.

The signals we receive in dowsing-let's forget all about dowsing, shall we? Actually, unless a person is going to dowse for water only out in the 'blue yonder' there is no point in having hazel twigs, aluminium 'twigs', or all sorts of wonderful glorified versions of hazel twigs. It is much better and much more convenient to use a pendulum which does everything a dowsing rod can do, and much more. So let us just refer to pendulums because, unless you are a farmer in the wildest part of Australia where you can perhaps cut a suitable twig at any moment, there is no point in cluttering yourself with a lot of

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lumber.

A pendulum is a lump of material attached to something which will not constrict its movements. A little later we will discuss different types of pendulums, but basically the radiations which can be indicated by a pendulum are radiations in some way similar to radio. They are radiations transmitted by all and every material as it decomposes, or gets ready to change state. We know, for example, that throughout countless years radium decays into lead. We know that all matter is a whole horde of molecules hopping about like fleas on a hot plate, the smaller the fleas the faster they can jump, the bigger the fleas the slower and more cumbersome. So it is with material. Everything has its atomic number, number of atoms indicating how slowly it is going to vibrate, or how fast it is going to vibrate. So all we do in pendulum work is to tune in to some atomic vibrations, and, if we know how, we can tell which one it is and where it is.

When we are dealing with radio we have an aerial system which absorbs or attracts or intercepts (call it what you like) the waves coming through the atmosphere. Perhaps they are bounced back by the Heaviside layer or the Appleton layer. But in addition there is a ground wire which makes contact with the ground wave because you must have two-positive and negative-in everything. You can take the ground wave as negative and the air wave as positive. So in the matter of pendulums the human body collects the air wave, acting as the antenna or aerial, and the feet in contact with the ground act as the earth connection, or 'ground'. And for correct pendulum work it is necessary to keep the balls of the feet on the ground unless one uses another method of tapping the earth current. Of course, using a pendulum is simplicity itself. It is even simpler than simplicity if we know why a thing works. That is why you are getting this long collection of words which might at first strike you as rigmarole; it's not. Until you know what you are doing you can't tell when you are doing it! Pendulums really work! Many Japanese tell the sex of unborn babies by the use of a pendulum. They use a gold ring suspended on a piece of string or thread, and it is held above the stomach of the pregnant woman. The direction or type of movement indicates the sex of the child yet to be born. Incidentally, many Chinese and Japanese use a pendulum for sexing eggs!

A radio set uses electric current for reproducing sound which was broadcast from some distant station. Television sets use current also for reproducing a rough simulacrum of the picture transmitted from a distant station. So in the same way if we are going to dowse or use a pendulum or anything else we have first of all to have a source of current, and the best source of current we can use is the human body. After all, our brains are really storage batteries, telephone exchanges, and all that sort of thing, but the main thing is, it is a source of electric current sufficient for all our needs and sufficient to enable us to detect impulses and thereby cause a pendulum to twitch, swirl, gyrate, or oscillate, or all the other queer thing which a pendulum does. So, to work a pendulum, we must have a human body, an alive human body at that. You cannot tie a pendulum to a hook and expect it to work because there would be no source of current.

Nor would it be of much use if we could tie our pendulum to a hook and supply it with current because the current has to be in pulses varying according to the type of action desired. Just as in radio we have high notes, low notes, loud notes, and soft notes,

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so with a pendulum we must have the necessary current variation to do 'the necessary'.

Who is going to vary the current? Well, the Overself, of course. That is the brightest citizen we have around us, you know. After all, you who read this are just one-tenth conscious, so, knowing yourself, just think how brilliant you would be if you could call in the other nine-tenths of consciousness. You can certainly enlist its aid, the aid of the subconscious. The subconscious is brilliant; it knows everything that you have ever known, can do everything that you could ever do, and can remember every single incident since long before you were born. So if you could touch your subconscious you would get to know a very considerable amount of things, wouldn't you? You can touch your subconscious-with practice and with confidence.

The subconscious can also contact other subconscious minds. There are truthfully no limits to the powers of the subconscious mind and when the subconscious mind is allied to other subconscious minds, then indeed results may be achieved.

We cannot just ring up a telephone number and ask to speak to our subconscious because we have to look upon that Mind as being something like a very absentminded professor who is constantly sorting knowledge, storing knowledge, and acquiring knowledge. He is so busy that he can't bother with other people. If you pester him enough in the politest way, then he may answer your summons. So first of all you have to become familiar with your subconscious. You see, the whole thing is that the subconscious is the greater part of you, the much greater part of you, and I suggest that you give your subconscious a name. Call him or her whatever you like so long as it is a name agreeable to you. Supposing it is a male, then you could (purely as an illustration) use the name 'George'. Or if it is the subconscious of a female, then you could say 'Georgina'. But the whole point is that you must have some definite name which you link inseparably with your subconscious. So when you want to get in touch with your subconscious you could say for example, 'George, George, I want your help very much, I want you to work with me, I want you to-(here you specify what you want), and remember, George, that really we are all one and what you do for me you are also doing for yourself.' You need to repeat that slowly and carefully, and with very great thought. Repeat it three times.

The first time 'George' will probably shrug his mental shoulders and say, 'Oh that pestiferous fellow, bothering me again when I've got so much work to do,' and 'he' will turn back to his work. Next time you repeat it he will pay more attention because he is being bothered, but still he won't take any action. But if you repeat it a third time, 'George' or 'Peter' or 'Dave' or 'Bill' or whoever it is will get the idea that you are going to keep on until you get some action, so he will give a metaphorical sigh and help.

This is not fantasy, it's fact. I claim to know quite a lot about it because for more years than I care to remember I have done just this. My own subconscious is not called 'George', by the way, but a name which I do not reveal to anyone else just as you should not reveal to anyone else the name of your subconscious. I never laugh or joke about it because this is deadly serious. You are only one-tenth of a person, your subconscious is nine-tenths, so you have to show respect, you have to show affection, you have to show that you can be trusted because if you do not gain the cooperation of your subconscious

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then you won't do any of the things that I write about. But if you practice what you are reading, you can do the whole lot. So make friends with your subconscious. Give him or her a name, and be sure that you keep that name very, very private indeed.

You can talk to your subconscious. It is better if you talk slowly and repeat things. Imagine that you are telephoning someone on the other side of the world and the telephone line is a bit poor, you have to repeat yourself, you have quite a difficult time making yourself understood. Your listener at the other end of the telephone line is not an idiot for having difficulty in understanding your message, but general communications are bad, and if you overcome the difficulties of communications you can then find that you have a very intelligent conversationalist, one who is far more intelligent than you are!

When you are using the pendulum (we will go into that in more detail in a moment or so) you have to keep your feet flat on the ground so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor, and then you have to say something like, 'Subconscious (or the name you have chosen), I want to know what I must do to get success at such-and-such a thing. If you are going to make the pendulum work, will you make it swing backwards and forwards to indicate "yes", and from side to side to indicate "no" just as a human does when he nods for "yes" and shakes his head for "no". You have to get over a message like that about three times, you have to explain very slowly, very clearly, and very carefully indeed what you want your subconscious to do and what you expect of the test because if you don't know what you want, then how can the subconscious give you any information? The subconscious won't know either. If you don't know what you want, you don't know when you've found it!

We started with dowsing, so let us deal first with what we call the dowsing pendulum. By the way, a little digression. Shall we refer to all subconsciousness as 'George' for the purpose of this instruction? It's such a chore typing out 'subconscious' time after time, so we will just use the generic name of George in the same way as pilots call their automatic pilot 'Mike'. So George it is for our collective subconscious.

The dowsing pendulum should be a ball possibly an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. If you can get a very good wooden pendulum so much the better, or you may be able to obtain a neutral metal one. But for the moment any pendulum will do as long as it is about an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. You should get a piece of thread such as boot-makers use for stitching on soles. I believe it's called cobblers' thread. You will need about five feet of it. Tie one end to your pendulum which should have a little eyelet on the top for that purpose, and tie the other end to a rod or even to an empty cotton reel. Then wind all the thread on to the cotton reel so that when you hold the small cotton reel in the palm of your hand the thread holding the pendulum is between the finger and thumb of your right hand-your right hand if you write with that one, but if you use your left hand instead, then, of course, the pendulum will be in the left hand. But first we have to sensitize or tune our pendulum for the particular type of material we wish to locate. Supposing we are going to look for a gold mine; first of all you get a little piece of sticky tape, about an inch long is sufficient, and then you put just a very small piece of gold (scraped from inside a ring, for instance) on to the sticky tape and then just lightly

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push it on to the pendulum. Then your pendulum has a piece of gold which will sensitize it to that metal, and when I say 'scrape' I mean that even if you get a grain, that will be adequate.

When you have that, put your ring, or another piece of gold, between your feet as you stand up. Stand with this gold, such as a gold ring or a gold watch, between your feet and slowly unwind the thread so that your pendulum lowers to perhaps a foot and a half from your fingers. At this point the pendulum should swing in a circular direction, that is, making a complete circle. If it does not do so, lower the thread a little or pull it up a little, the point being you have to ascertain the length of thread at which the pendulum swings most freely for gold.

When you have determined that-it may be eighteen or twenty or twenty-two inches or similar-you make a knot in the thread and you write down the exact length, such as 'Knot One-Gold', and then you pull off your gold specimen with the Sellotape and pick up your watch or ring, and put a silver article on the floor; it may be a coin or a piece of silver you have pinched from somebody else, but it must be silver. You also put a very fine scraping of silver on another piece of Sellotape and put that on to your pendulum. Then you try again to find what is the correct length for silver. When you have done that you make another note such as 'Knot Two-Silver'. You can go on doing it for different metals, and not only different metals but different substances. If you make a proper table, then you should have great fun 'prospecting'. Generally you will find that in terms of length the first thing to respond (at about twelve inches in length) is stonework. A bit longer thread, and you will get glass or chinaware. Longer still and you will get vegetable stuff. Go on increasing the length and you will get silver and lead, and then a bit further on you will find water. Longer still, you will find gold. Still longer, copper and brass. And the longest will be iron, and iron will be roughly just under thirty inches. So if you want to know what is beneath you, you just stand there and first of all think of whatever metal you are looking for. You adjust the length of your thread to the appropriate distance, and you very slowly walk forward.

Again-again-it is emphasized and reemphasized that you must tell 'George' precisely what you are doing. You have to tell him that you want to prospect for gold, iron, silver, or whatever it is, and when he senses the radiations will he please swing the pendulum. At all times you must definitely keep thinking very strongly of that which you hope to find; otherwise, if you change over and think of something else, then you won't get it.

Apropos of this let me say that if you are looking for antique porcelain, for instance, and you suddenly think of women, then you will get the reaction for gold because the length of thread for gold and for women is precisely the same, and if a woman thinks about men she will get the reaction as if there was a diamond under the ground! That, of course, means that you will be completely misled. It would never do if you got the reaction for a diamond so you grabbed a shovel and pick and dug, but found instead a dead man. It could happen!

Now, it is advisable to use a shorter-cord pendulum for everyday indoor use. Af-

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ter all, you don't want three, four, or five feet of thread getting tangled up every day. So when you are indoors use a separate pendulum. The pendulums which can be obtained commercially already have a thread or a chain attached to them, and frequently the chain is possibly six inches long, although the exact length varies, but that is of no moment.

Suppose you want to find something-suppose you want to find out if a person is living in a certain area; then you sit down at a desk or table, but it must be an ordinary desk or table with no drawers or anything beneath because if you have anything beneath in, for example, a drawer, then the pendulum will be influenced by whatever is in the drawer. You may have a kitchen knife in the drawer. You may have a gold ring or something like that, and the pendulum, no matter how hard you think, will be influenced by the 'wrong' subject. So-sit at a plain table and have within arm's reach some sheets of ordinary plain white paper. Then you tell your pendulum, or rather you tell George exactly what you want. You say, for example, Look, George, I want to find if Maria Bugsbottom lives in this area. If she does will you please nod by giving the pendulum a backwards and forwards movement, and if she does not will you please shake the pendulum from side to side. Then on the right-hand side of the table you have your piece of white paper, and on the top which is far away from you you put 'Yes', and on the bottom which is close to you you put 'Yes'. On the far left side of the paper you put 'No' and on the far right side you put 'No', and in the centre you put a little X to show that is the spot over which you are going to hold the pendulum. The pendulum, by the way, should be held about two inches above that X.

Sit comfortably. It doesn't matter if you have your shoes on or your shoes off, but you must have your feet on the floor, not on the bars of a chair-have them flat on the floor so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor. Then you get a map of the area desired and spread it to your left so that you have a white sheet of paper to the right and your map on the left. First you gently take the pendulum all over the area of the map, saying, 'Look, George, this is the area of my map. Is Maria Bugsbottom anywhere within this area?' The pendulum is being taken over the map about two inches above the surface. When you have covered the whole area, you say, 'George. I am now going to start this investigation. Will you help me, George? Will you indicate "Yes" or "No" as the case may be?' Then (if you are right-handed) put your right elbow comfortably on the table and suspend your pendulum by its thread or chain, hold the thread or chain between your thumb and forefinger (the finger with which you point). See that the pendulum is about two inches above the X. Special note here if you are left-handed everything will have to be reversed, but for the right-handed people in the majority-well, go by the instructions conveyed above.

Having got ready, and making sure that you are not likely to be disturbed, tell George that you are now ready to start work. Look at the map and put your left forefinger along the road on the map where you think Maria Bugsbottom may be living. Give an occasional glance at the pendulum. It may swing idly without any apparent sense, but if you get to where you believe your friend or enemy is living, then the pendulum will definitely indicate yea or nay.

It is a good idea to use a small-scale map first so that you can cover the biggest

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area, but when you get some sort of indication as if George was saying, 'Gee! This is a big area, I need to get closer than this,' then you get a large scale map so that you can with practice locate any individual house. After each test you definitely must replace your sheet of white paper by another-oh, you can use it for writing on; write letters on it or anything else, but only one sheet of white paper to one reading because you have impregnated that sheet with the impressions of whatever you are trying to find out so that if you try to repeat a reading, then the second reading will be influenced by the first and-well, that's all there is to it.

But no, perhaps that's not all there is to it after all because you've got to really frame your questions properly. George, you see, is a single-minded individual who can't take a joke and is extremely and exceptionally literal. So it's no good you saying, 'George, can you tell me if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?' If you ask a question like that the answer will be 'Yes', because George can tell you if Maria Bugsbottom lives there, he can. And that is what you are asking. You are asking with a question in that form if the pendulum can tell you. You are not asking if she is actually living there at the moment. So whatever question you ask must be framed in such a way that George is not in a state of confusion.

The biggest difficulty about the whole affair is framing the questions so that they are fool proof, so that there are no double-meanings to them. In any question if you say, 'Can you tell me-?', then the answer will be Yes or No to the question of 'Can you tell me?' The other part of the question, 'if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?' will be unanswered because the first question will have swamped George's interest. So until you are more practiced at this how about writing out your questions first and looking at your words to see if there is any way at all in which the question can be regarded as ambiguous or as having a double-meaning or is unclear. Let me repeat in big, bold, black capitals-YOU MUST BE SURE OF WHAT YOU ARE ASKING BEFORE YOU CAN POSE THE QUESTION.

Of course, when you have some practice it's quite easy to trace missing people. You have to have a small-scale and a large-scale map of the area in which the person is supposed to be missing. Then you have to be able to form some sort of mental picture of the person who is missing. Is it a big boy or a small girl? Is he or she ginger, blonde, or black-haired? What do you know about the person? You have to brief yourself as fully as possible, because, again, unless you know what you are seeking, then you don't know when you've found it. It may happen at times when, for example, you are confined to bed, that you cannot stick your feet plunk on the ground. That is my trouble, so I have a metal wand about two and a half feet long, and I hold that in my left hand just like an antennae system to a portable radio, in fact that's what it is; it is an antenna rod from a portable radio. I pick up the wave from that in precisely the same manner as a more mobile person would with two flat feet.

When I am picking up impressions from a map or a letter, then I use a little propelling pencil, a metal one, and I touch the letter or the map and then the old pendulum starts to wobble and gives me an answer.

Never, never, never let anyone else touch your pendulum. It's got to be saturated

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with your own impressions. You should have several pendulums, one of wood, one of neutral metal, that is something like type-metal, and-well, you may want a glass one or you may want a plastic one, you may even have one which is hollow so you can put a specimen inside instead of sticking it up with Sellotape. But you will find one pendulum is more responsive than all the others for personal things, and you can make it even more responsive by carrying it on your person, getting it saturated with your own impressions. If you do that and never let another person use it or even touch it, then you will find you have something as potent and as useful as radar is to aircraft on a foggy night.

The pendulum cannot be wrong. George cannot be wrong. You can. You can go wrong with the form your questions take and your interpretations of the answers. Now, with computers one has to use a special language, otherwise the computer cannot make sense of what one is trying to get at, so pretend that your pendulum is a computer and frame your questions in such a clear one-way form that no possibility of error can occur because the pendulum can only indicate Yes or No. It can indicate uncertainty by doing a figure of eight. It can also indicate what sex a thing or a person is because most times for a man it can rotate in a right hand circle, clockwise that is, but for a woman it will rotate in a left-hand, anti-clockwise, circle.

But if the man is very feminine then the poor old pendulum may go the wrong way, but it's not actually the wrong way, it is just indicating that the man isn't-he's more female and just has the necessary attachments, as one would say in the best circles, which would enable him to pass physiologically as a male specimen. All his thoughts may be female, so in that way the pendulum is far better as a judge than the best doctors! Oh yes, I must be sure to tell you this; make sure your hands are clean before using the pendulum, otherwise, if, for instance, you have been gardening or stubbing out a cigarette butt in some poor plant's plant pot home, then you will get a reading for the soil content of the pores of your fingers. So be sure that your fingers and hands are clean. Be sure that your table is clean. It's no good, for instance, turning around and finding that a big fat cat is sitting on a sheet of white paper, and if it is then you have to use a different sheet of white paper! With a pendulum and practice you can know how to dowse for minerals from a map. You go along looking for gold, if you like by having a little particle of gold attached to the pendulum. Then you let your finger go along the map to the location where you think there may be gold, and you think strongly of gold to the exclusion of all else. Or, if you are looking for silver, think strongly of silver to the exclusion of all else. All these things are very, very simple; until you get used to them you will be sure they are utterly impossible-they are not for you. But they are. It is only practice that makes a pilot able to take off in his aircraft and bring it down in one piece. It is only practice and faith in yourself that will enable you to go to your table, produce a map and a pendulum, and say, 'There-there is water, floods of it,' and then go to the actual site and find upon digging that the water is at a certain depth.

You can get a good idea of the depth of a thing by the strength of the oscillation or movement of the pendulum. This is not a book on pendulums or dowsing, but practice will soon teach you how to shorten or lengthen the chain or string, and how to gauge depth. But remember again that you must very definitely and strongly concentrate on

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that which you want to find or know.

You can also find out a lot about a person by using a pendulum over the signature on the letter. It is quite a useful exercise. But, remember, you must be sure of what you want to know, you must be sure of what you are asking, because if you are asking a thing in two parts then George is sure to answer the wrong one! And be very certain that you tell your sub-conscious-George or whatever you call him or her-precisely what you are trying to find out and what you expect the pendulum to do to indicate the information you desire. Since writing the above I have 'tried it on the dog' because it seemed clear enough to me, but then I know it all, so I got someone who did not know it all to read it and now I am going to give some supplementary information.

'Well, how does one hold this pendulum?'

One rests one's elbow on the table, as already stated, and it should be the right elbow for a right-handed person and the left elbow for a left-handed person. Then you bend your arm so that your hand is at such a height from the table that your pendulum, which is suspended at the end of its chain, rests about two inches above the surface of the table. You actually hold the chain, string, cord, or whatever it is between your thumb and forefinger, and if you want to shorten the chain an inch or so in order to get a better swing-well, do so. Always adjust the length of the chain or thread between your finger and thumb so as to get the best swing or indication. Now, that should be clear enough-you just hold your forearm at such an angle that you are comfortable. You must be comfortable or you will not be able to do pendulum work. Similarly, if you have just had a heavy meal you will not be able to do pendulum work, or if you have something bothering you greatly unconnected with this pendulum, it will distract your attention. You must be in a fairly quiet state of mind, and you must be willing to work with the subconscious.

Now, I am also told, 'You've got me all confused; you say the Overself is going to vary the current-well, what is the connection between the Overself and the subconscious?' Let us try to get this clear for ever and a day or a bit longer; there is you who is just one-tenth conscious. You are bottom man on the ladder, or you might even be bottom woman on the ladder. Above you you have your subconscious, and your subconscious is like the operator who controls the switchboard, etc., which is your brain. The subconscious is in touch with you through your brain-through your joint brain would perhaps be a better term-and the subconscious is also in touch with your Overself. So it's like you, the ordinary poor worker, who cannot get a word with the manager, you have to go through the shop steward or the foreman first. So you sort of hang around, try to make yourself obtrusive in the hope that the shop steward or the one above you will notice you, and wondering why the (you-know-what!) you are not at work will come and see what it's all about. Then you have to get your point of view over to the shop steward or foreman, and persuade him to take up your case with the manager or whoever is above him. This is similar to conditions with the Overself and you. Before you can get through to your Overself you have to enlist the aid of your subconscious, and once you can convince your subconscious that it's really necessary for your joint good, then the subconscious will contact the Overself and the pendulum will be varied according to the indications which you are 'perceiving'.

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Incidentally, if you can get through to your Overself by way of the subconscious you can cure a lot of illnesses which you may have. The Overself is like the president of a company and he doesn't always know what minor ailments affect the lower departments. He knows it in times when conditions are very, very serious, but often he is in complete ignorance of some grievance which the lower order of workers have. But if you can get your shop steward to take up the matter with the Overself, or president, or general manager, then a grievance can be settled before it becomes serious. So if you have a persistent ache here, there, or somewhere else, then keep on at George or Georgina, say clearly what the trouble is, what is this pain, what does it feel like, why do you have it, and will the subconscious please see that you are cured. The Overself is the unapproachable. The subconscious is the link between you, the one-tenth conscious, and the Overself which is all conscious.

Oh sure, of course the pendulum can help you pick the winner of a race if you phrase your question sensibly, but look at, this-'Can you tell me who will win the two-thirty race?'

Now what sort of a question is that? Look at it seriously and you will see that you are asking your subconscious to tell you this; can you, subconscious, tell me who will win the race? The answer, of course, would be 'Yes', and if you get a yes in answer to your question, you would think you were being fooled, wouldn't you? You can't do it that way at all. Read back a bit to where I tell you how to locate things on a map. Now, in this case if you want to know who is going to win a certain race you will have to get a list of horses, the horses who are going to run in that specific race, and you will have to think definitely, 'Will this horse win?' And you will have to bring the pencil in your left hand slowly down to each name in turn, leaving it there about thirty seconds and thinking about that horse for about thirty seconds, asking if this horse will win the race. If the answer is 'No', then go on to the next horse until you've got to the one that is going to win. You can do it with practice. It's not very moral, you know, because betting and gambling are bad things, but anyway that is your own responsibility. I am just trying to make absolutely clear to you that you won't get any satisfactory result unless you quite definitely phrase your question in such a manner that there is only one question involved, a question which can be answered by a plain 'Yes' or a plain 'No'. I suggest you read that bit again because otherwise you are going to be really cross when you get a mixed up answer which really will be a mixed up questioner.

The last question here is, 'Yes, but where do I buy these pendulums?'

Actually they are fairly difficult to obtain because so many quick-money operators are out to make a fast buck and they are selling absolute junk, little things like key chain ornaments which they swear is a pendulum with your birthstone attached or something. But that is utterly useless. I am going to persuade Mr. Sowter to stock really reputable pendulums of a special type. There will be wooden ones and there will be neutral metal ones, and the metal ones will also have a recess or opening so one can place a specimen inside (such as a piece of hair picked up from a missing person's hairbrush or something like that). In that way the missing person can be missing no longer. Mr. Sowter of Touchstones of England will also be able to supply you with books. I will give you his

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address later, at the end of this chapter. But I do repeat again that it is utterly useless to buy a cheap little junk affair which is just a gimmick to get money out of your reluctant pocket. If you want a thing you have to pay for it, and a worthwhile pendulum will cost anything from \$15 to \$30, let's say in English terms from five to ten pounds. But you would pay that willingly for a small transistor radio, and a good pendulum is by far more useful to you than the aforementioned transistor radio. With a pendulum you can find a fortune- if you read this chapter properly and if you do really seriously practice.

Practice is the key to everything. You cannot be a great pianist unless you practice. The more important the pianist the more he or she practices-hours a day of those silly scales going 'bonk, bonk, bonk'. It is the same with a pendulum; you have to practice and practice and practice so you can do it by instinct, and you can practice with people's letters, with metals and all the rest of it, and that's the way you will make a success-practice.

Oh yes! There is one other little point which I should mention. I will mention it but, literally, I would expect that the ordinary rules of politeness would apply; it is very, very important indeed that after you have used your pendulum you clasp it in your two hands to your forehead and then you solemnly thank George or Georgina for assisting you in this reading. 'Thank you' three times, do not forget that because if you do not thank 'him or 'her' according to the elementary rules of politeness you may not get a response in two or three times hence, and-remember, your thanks must be repeated thrice just as your requests have been.

I am informed that there is some slight ambiguity in one part of this chapter (probably the whole thing is ambiguous but let's not dig up that problem). I am told that I do not make it clear how some poor wretch should stand when he or she is tuning the pendulum with a lump of gold or a crummy bit of silver between the feet. Okay, here it is again-you get your gold, silver, tin, lead or copper and you put it on the ground between your feet. Then you stand upright with your spine straight and your left arm down by your side. Then you elevate your right hand so that your forearm is parallel to the ground and you see if that is a convenient method of doing it because if you brace your right elbow against your side you will not get undesired wobbles or squiggles in your pendulum but only what George dictates. But the main thing, of course, is hold your arm at any distance convenient for you and convenient for the pendulum. And that's all there is to it!

You may obtain pendulums, books and other supplies from:

Mr. E. Z. Sowter,
Touchstones Ltd.,
33 Ashby Road,
Loughborough,
LEICESTERSHIRE, England.

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CHAPTER TWO

Chill blew the wind. Icicles formed and hardened on projecting stonework. A skirl of dust around the concrete pillars, and the wind moaned off along the covered ways, keening a dirge to the departed summer.

In the waterway named Bikersdike roaring icebreakers heaved and groaned as they charged into the thickening ice. Charged and charged again; backing off cautiously along the just cleared channel, stopping, and rushing forward with great gouts of diesel fumes spraying from exhausts until the reluctant ice gave, protesting with sighs and a last long CRACK, followed by the grumbling crumble of fractured edges.

Shrouded figures bent listlessly over snow shovels, trying to spin out the time and still work hard enough to generate some heat. The wind freshened and wailed more sharply. As one the hooded men shouldered their shovels and shuffled off through the snow. A green shape momentarily hid the window and then blew away on the increasing gale; a garbage bag lifted bodily by the storm and strewn across the gardens.

The gloom deepened. Snow swirled more thickly around the hard-seen skyscrapers, blotting out the lights and turning the vista into a mysterious scene of shifting shadows and vague, ill-defined, pinpoints of flickering lights. Motor traffic skidded from side to side and finally ground to a complete halt as the visibility lowered and lowered.

Snow fell, and fell, and fell. Throughout the night the mindless flakes came teeming down, twisting and eddying as though imbued with a crazy half-life. By morning, when the first faint glimmers of light struggled feebly through the opacity, the 'world' was at a standstill. Not a human, not a vehicle, not a bird broke the even shroud of freshly fallen snow.

Crack! A sharp, pistol-shot of sound rang out. The old man in the bed jumped and painfully turned round. A great split was growing across the floor-to-ceiling window pane. Warm in the room, and far, far colder than normal outside, and the glass had not been able to stand the temperature differential. Through the spreading crack the freezing air spewed into the room. Colder and colder dropped the temperature. The crack spread and spread, and widened. Soon the room was unusable.

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The old man sat shivering in his wheelchair on the small gallery outside his door. All over the building-complex windows were shattering in the record cold. The day seemed endless; the bitter cold seeped through the whole apartment. At the cracked window, where the freezing air streamed in, mounds of frost formed and fell as a white dusting on the floor.

The following day, after much persuasion, men came to replace the broken pane. The work of half a day, and the new glass was fitted. The men went to other apartments, where the windows had cracked. Slowly warmth returned to the rooms. Slowly the cats emerged from piled blankets which had been warmed by hot-water bottles.

Lower and lower dipped the temperature during the night. Suddenly, in the very early hours of the morning, a loud report awoke the old man. Horrified he watched, in the moon's pale glow, as the crack again spread all the way across the six-foot pane of glass. Again the cold with frost forming in the room. And later in the day-the workmen found that the window frame was distorted, so there was nothing for it but to move to another apartment.

The days passed, and the weeks too, and at last the old man was again able to get on with his work. Answering questions, questions and more questions. As one lady wrote: It is so nice that I can write to you to get my questions answered. You charge nothing at all. But I don't ask Mr. XYZ any more as he charges fifty dollars a question! Lucky Mr. XYZ, the old man thought, people don't even send me return postage!

But if some questions are answered in this book, then people will not have to write to me on the same things, right? So here are the questions and the answers.

Now here is a question from a woman who writes: 'What sort of adventure are you going to have when you have finished on this earth? Are you coming back to this world, or are you going to move to a different planet? I should be so interested to hear of your forthcoming adventures.'

Well, madam, my life is not an 'adventure' — it is hard work. Hard work fighting against bias, prejudice, and the hatred of people such as pressmen. You will find, if you study, that everyone without exception who has come to this Earth to do something special has been persecuted unmercifully by those who have no understanding. It reminds me that dogs bark at the heels of anyone who is strange. It reminds me that fleas can bite anyone irrespective of the status or stature of a person.

I do not live 'adventure'. I have been living, instead, in considerable hardship trying to do a specific task, and encountering all manner of quite unnecessary hindrances. So please do not write to me about 'adventures'. None of these have been such to me. They have been unnecessary suffering such as a well-intentioned teacher might suffer at the hands of unheeding, demented children.

When I leave this Earth I shall never at any time return to it, nor to this system. No doubt when I have passed on some stupid person will delude the credulous with advertisements in the occult papers claiming 'In direct touch with Lobsang Rampa-your questions answered from the Heavenly Fields'.

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Well, don't believe a word of that. I shall not be in this zone at all, and I tell you quite definitely that people who advertise saying they get direct information and answers from those who have passed over are not really doing themselves or the deceased a service. People who have passed over have another life to live, another task to do. If you, for instance, emigrated to a far distant country where communications were poor with the area you had just left, could you stop doing your new work just because some stupid dope in the 'old country' was saying, 'Oh, you must help me, I have advertised saying I am in direct touch with you-you must help me.' No, of course you wouldn't! You have your own work to do and you would not be interested in these advertisers who are just out to make money fast on the credulity of the average person.

When I have gone from this Earth, then, I shall have gone to a completely different zone. I know where I am going, I know what I am going to do. So when I have gone do not be deluded by stupid advertisements from stupid people in the press.

Here is a question: 'You say that there cannot be a positive without a negative, a good without an evil. Does this assertion hold true in some or all dimensions for some or all of time? Will not God eventually illuminate the darkness everywhere by the sheer power of His love? Or will there always, somewhere on the outside, be an unending blackness or vacuum for God to light up and fill with His positive embrace?'

The Christian 'belief' as taught nowadays is not at all as Christ Himself taught. Various priests throughout the ages have messed about with the teachings and the translations to get a bit more power for themselves.

Of course there cannot be a positive without a negative. It is absolutely clear. All life consists of impulses, vibrations, electric currents if you like, and you try to get your radio to work when you only have one wire connected to the plug. It cannot be done. Or if you prefer a nonelectrical system you try to get a bath tap to run when there is nothing else coming into the system-you will soon find there is no water left. A positive and a negative are utterly essential, otherwise there cannot be any 'flow' and it is so stupid to think that God is some old geezer who goes about with a flashlight in His hand lighting up dark places. It isn't God who does it, it is the people who live in the places, light or dark. On Earth, for instance, the majority of people are busily engaged in cutting each other's throats behind their backs or doing whatever harm they can. This is the Age of 'pulling down'. You get cheap morons pulling down people like Churchill and other great men because it makes the cheap punks feel great; it makes them think, 'Oh, he's only human like us, he can fall down too.'

Christians always imagine that there is no other form of religion except Christianity, they always imagine that the Christian God goes about with a flashlight in each hand and perhaps a few candles in His mouth trying to illuminate the ways of the heathen who were managing quite well before Christianity started. Furthermore, Christianity is merely a hotchpotch of Hinduism, Buddhism, the Jewish faith, etc., all cooked up to suit a different time and age. So please do not write such a lot of rot about God lighting up and embracing everyone everywhere. It just doesn't happen that way.

The questioner goes on: 'As soon as Prince Satan is banished by the bright glare

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of His love will he then just retreat, bringing his darkness with him into the unending space and time? Will he, at some time find it to his advantage to unite with the Creator in perfect balance and harmony, or is he for ever committed to defying the will of God?

You must have a positive and a negative, you cannot have just one, and there is no possibility of 'Satan' running hell for leather, or should it be 'leather for hell?' to get out of the way of some imaginary God who is hot in pursuit. If such a thing could happen there would be stasis-a state where everything was stationary, where nothing could move. I repeat again that you have to have a positive and a negative, and one is as important as the other. If you do not have a negative then you can't have a positive, and that's all there is to it.

This person says: 'There was a war in the heavens, thereby leaving open the possibility that there was once a complete unity of all and everything with no conflict between positive and negative. If so is this conflict now irrevocable?'

But, my dear madam, it is not a conflict in the connotation of a good guy and a bad guy knocking lumps off each other. It is not like that at all. You take a battery and a bulb. You've got your battery-flashlight, if you like-and when you switch on (read this carefully) you just complete the circuit so that positive and negative are connected to the bulb and so you get a light. So if you go and bump off old Satan, or negative, whichever way you like to call it, then the light stops, everlasting stops, and before too long, with nothing to do, the poor old battery decays and goes dead. Try it yourself and see. Go out to a store somewhere, buy a battery-perhaps a 4 -1/2-volt battery-and buy two lumps of wire, perhaps two feet long each, and then get a bulb. Connect up the battery and the bulb, and you will have light. Disconnect the negative and you won't have any light, and that is all there is to it. This 'never-ending struggle' is the struggle of life itself. A baby struggles to get out of its mother, it struggles against illness, it struggles against cramps as it is growing, it struggles when the teeth are coming through-and makes a horrible noise in the process of struggling!-and all through the life there is struggle. Struggle to get a partner, struggle to get divorced from the partner, struggle to get a job, struggle to knock out the boss above so that promotion may be gained. Oh no, there must be struggle! It doesn't matter what you do, you still have to struggle, you even have to struggle out of bed in the mornings!

When struggle ends life ends. When life ends on this Earth, then you go to another existence and you start struggling all over again. You might struggle in a more gentlemanly or ladylike manner on another world, but it is still struggle, get that clear.

Our enquirer goes on: 'Initially I am distressed at the prospect of a never-ending struggle between an ecstatic happiness and an empty despair, with no anticipation of its resolve into a final happy ending even though it be trillions of eons in the future. But as in the case of exploring into and analyzing other truths which at first alarmed me, I am of the firm conviction that the truth shall make one free in the final outcome, no matter what it is.'

Well, there it is, I am telling you the truth. I tell you the truth in all my books so if you believe me you would have known the truth before this. The truth is this; we are all

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struggling upwards to a final goal. That final goal is not sitting around like a crowd of hippies with some larger-than life God decorated in gold and poster colours parading before one. God is quite a different thing from that. God is utterly different from the average Christian conception. As the Christians visualize 'God' it's just a parody of what the ancient 'heathens' visualized as the Gods on Olympus. They thought of Jupiter and a bunch of other Gods and Goddesses, all making merry on the top of some mythical mountain. They must have been mighty cold up there, that's all I can say, because the imaginary pictures of them show them as being remarkably poorly clad and if they had ever cavorted on the top of a mountain in that lack of clothing then they would need to keep cavorting to keep warm. But, anyway, this is the way it is:

Let us get rid of bias first, and let us look at the real problem, let us look at Communism; a certain little gang of people at the start thought 'Oh! why should this group of people have everything? We are the workers we want everything too.' And so they ganged up and they formulated some sort of a policy. The Communist thought that all men and women should be equal and everyone should have the same amount of money, forgetting that if all the world had the same amount of money today they would all have different amounts tomorrow.

But the Communists didn't like the way the 'Capitalists' were going on so they formulated some kind of policy-if it can be termed policy-in which all the values of the Capitalist were completely reversed, and then they went out to get converts, even if it made them out of work, even if they starved to death from hunger, and even if it brought misery to the world. In the early days of the Romans and the Greeks and a few other assorted people there was a very good religion, a very good code of living, and people were happy, much more so than they are now. For example, there was much more freedom, cleaner freedom, in sex. There was much greater companionship, comradeship, between men and women, but then a little gang of people were jealous of the way the Greeks, the Romans and assorted other races were going on; they were too happy to be natural, they thought. So they took the Teachings of a great man and altered them, bent them around, twisted them in a circle, and reversed everything that the Romans, the Greeks, etc., had been doing. Sex became something despicably filthy, and sex was awarded only to men as an inducement to do certain things which the priests wanted them to do. Women, instead of being the equal of men as they had been in the days of the Romans and the Greeks, women were now slaves, chattels, baggage's for men to do with as they wished. But you often get situations like that when these little groups, possibly homosexuals at that, took a dislike to anyone. And so throughout the years Christians have worked hard to get converts, and they were going to make converts even if it killed the human concerned. If you think that is strange, then remember the Crusades; armed bands of brigands invading other peoples who were peacefully inclined. If you want further food for thought think about the Spanish Inquisition where they 'tortured a man to save his soul'. What a stupid lot of rot! If I see one side of a coin that is what I see, but a person looking at the obverse of the coin would see a different picture altogether. It is the same coin but we have different viewpoints.

And all this talk about exploring; other 'truths'. The truth is that humans are upon

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this Earth to grow, to develop into more spiritual creatures, and if they do not do it they will be removed and other creatures will be put here. It is like plants in a garden; a gardener plants a whole bunch of plants and watches them carefully, and if they do not develop as they should then they are pulled out and fresh plants of a different type are put in. That is all humans are, that is all horses are, pigs are the same; different plants, different growths, different things which are being observed upon this Earth.

Our querist goes on: 'If such a thing as a perfect, final peace were to come about in the worlds of rational beings would the opposite worlds then be doomed to an opposite fate, to so-called hell for ever, or would their outcome, more hopefully, be also one of a kind of peace that manifests itself somehow in an opposite manner, whatever that might be? Will not all Gods, intelligent, rational beings some day learn all their necessary lessons once and for all and return to a complete awareness of and oneness with the Creator? Or would it always be in His scheme of infinite love to be continually creating new beings who can choose to give themselves to Him, after first undergoing great struggle between positive (good) and negative (evil) forces? Then, after they have passed all their tests and returned to God will they be followed by other new created beings in a never-ending creation?'

If 'peace' comes to this world, perfect peace, that is, then it would mean that people here would not have to come back again, they would have learned a lesson, the lesson of keeping the peace, and then they would move on to some higher state of evolution where they could go to school again and learn something else. But all this about 'returning to God' is nonsense. You don't return to God at the end of this life on Earth just as a small child returns to Daddy or Mummy, it is not like that at all. There are many, many things to be learned.

There are billions, trillions of years to live in different states and I must tell you in this connection that I had a most offensive letter from two people in Australia. A man and a woman claimed that they were 'in touch with the Gardeners of the Earth', and the Gardeners of the Earth were such wonderfully good people, and all I write in 'The Hermit' must obviously be imagination because the Gardeners of the Earth would never do anything to harm a human. My goodness me! These people in Australia-they must have a hole in the head or something! Humanity is not the highest form of creation, it is just another specimen the same as an ant is a specimen, the same as a tapeworm is a specimen. A tapeworm is learning one thing, a human is learning another or rather-correction-they should be learning, which is a different matter altogether.

But again, let me state definitely that we are here to learn certain things and to do certain things, and life goes on and on in cycles. I prefer to regard it as the swing of the pendulum; we have a pendulum swinging, now it is at the top of its stroke and we are at a Golden Age where everything is wonderful everything is peaceful-but where nobody learns. And then the pendulum falls and things become worse and worse, lower and lower. When we reach the lowest point of the pendulum swing there are wars and rumors of wars, murders, everlasting, the whole crime calendar rolled into one. But after that the heedless pendulum continues upwards and so we get a Golden Age again wherein no one learns for it is a fact, a sad fact but still a fact, that people only learn by hardship

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and by suffering, and when a person has all that he wants he sits back and enjoys comfort and does not do anything to try to help others or even himself.

Another person writes to ask: 'Can we ever meet our individual opposites?' By that, presumably, is meant the twinsoul and if that should be so then the answer is no, you do not meet your twinsoul on this world because if you did you would be complete and thus could not stay here. You can only stay here if you have an 'anchor' which moors you here, some defect, or some artificially induced fault which enables one to stay here.

People who come from beyond the spheres are like divers, they have to wear the equivalent of a lead belt, lead boots, etc., in order to keep submerged in this dreary world. So if a person met his or her twinsoul there would be the nearest approach there can be to perfection, and you cannot have perfection in a world such as this. So you will have to wait for your twinsoul until you leave this world.

Now another person says: 'You emphatically declare that each one of us finds God alone through individual effort, and that we should not depend upon others for assistance. Do you mean that the ultimate responsibility for use of one's freewill in committing oneself to God rests squarely upon each individual's shoulders, no matter what kind or unkind things have been done to us by others one consciously chooses the direction of his vision. Of course truth and justice or deceit and injustice can affect the course of our lives either way towards or away from the light, but isn't the application of the Golden Rule vitally important for each of us to practice, thereby helping others?'

I say quite definitely that every person must stand alone. It is silly to join cults, gangs, associations, institutes, etc., etc., and to expect 'salvation' thereby because you won't find salvation in these money-making cults which are merely out-to-get your money! Look at it like this; a person dies- leaves this Earth for the astral realms-and that person is going to go to the Hall of Memories and answer to himself or herself for things which have been done or have not been done. There is no one else there except the newly arrived soul or entity or whatever you like to call it and the connection with the Overself. Now, I tell you quite definitely-quite, quite definitely-you answer alone. You won't get the secretary or chief tutor of the Hot Dog Society, or whatever you like to call all these cult things, to come and answer for you. You won't find the President of the Rednose Association coming and saying, 'Oh yes, Overself, you don't know anything; I told this person to do such a thing because the rules of our Association say that that is so, so he should take your place.'

You have to stand alone, then, naked and probably ashamed with it. And if you toss out all thoughts of these associations and cults on this Earth, then you will be in training to answer alone when you reach the Other Side.

Of course, if you are going to answer to your Overself then you need to have some good answers, and the best way is to obey the Golden Rule which is, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This person who writes this question seems to be wriggling and writhing and doing anything to evade the simple truth, the truth which is-you have to learn to stand on your own two feet, no matter whether they are flat or not. You have to stand on them, you have to be responsible for yourself, and if you help oth-

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ers by adherence to and obedience of the Golden Rule, then you will have much good in your astral bank account

Let me again state that God is not standing there with a whacking great cane, and the devil is not standing there with branding irons either. God is a positive force, the devil is a negative force, they are not people who praise or torture.

While down here on this Earth you cannot understand things which happen in many more dimensions. In the same way a sea slug sitting on a bit of slime in the bottom of the ocean could not possibly understand what people on the Moon are experiencing, it could not even understand what people in high-rise buildings are thinking or doing, nor could it understand the commotion which is caused when people turn their television sets full on. All that would be completely beyond the comprehension of people here in the third dimension to try to understand what people in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, or twentieth dimension are doing. So everything is relative. We might understand more or less what other people on Earth are doing, we might have a greater feeling that they are doing right or they are doing wrong, but how could we possibly attempt to understand what twentieth-dimension people are doing? You cannot comprehend the concepts of another dimension unless you have had some experience of that dimension.

Actually you can get an idea, a rough idea, from thinking that everything is vibration. One end we call 'feel', a bit further we say 'sound', higher up still it is 'sight'. Everything is vibration, on any planet, on any system, or any universe, so that gives us some faint illustration of other dimensions. It is rare indeed for a person to feel a sound or see a sound, yet they are all vibrations, all part of the same scale. There are entities who can see sound. There are animals who can hear different sounds, those which are beyond human range. Dogs, for instance, will respond to a whistle which is completely silent to humans. Cats see colors on a different spectrum; cats, for example, see red as silver. But to give another slight illustration which might help, try to work out this for yourself:

We have a person who was born blind. Now, you have the task of explaining to that person who was born blind the difference between red and pink, or between yellow and orange.

How are you going to do that? You can't. There is no way in which you can explain to a blind person the difference between yellow and orange, or amber and brown. You could possibly explain the difference between red and green if the person was extremely sensitive and could feel the difference. But you work that out-you want to know what other dimensions are like, so cut off a dimension that you know, cut off sight. Then how are you going to explain to a person who has never known sight the difference between pink and red?

Supposing you have a person who is completely deaf; how are you going to get that person to appreciate the difference between two fairly similar musical notes? Not so easy, eh? So unless you can give me answers to my questions I cannot tell you of the experiences of the ninth dimension.

Here is a question which will make your hair stand on end, so ladies, put on your

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bath hats; gentlemen, if you are bald, your hair will be standing up on your bald skulls! Here is the question: 'According to the Zen philosophers there really is no right or wrong thereby eliminating the need for judgment.'

Can you answer that? Well, I see the point behind it, and the answer is this: on the Greater scale of things 'right' and 'wrong' are completely different from what they are on Earth. Here there are certain rules or laws which have to be obeyed for what is commonly thought of as the common good. For example, it is not right to steal, so a man, in theory at least, should starve to death rather than steal money to buy food.

If a man is smoking and for some reason he puts his still alight pipe in his trousers pocket and sets his trousers on fire then in theory he shouldn't pull them off because then he would be naked and he would offend public decency, and he could in fact be charged with 'indecent exposure'. So, according to law, a man should be definitely hotted up in all the best places rather than expose himself to the lewd gaze when his trousers were on fire. Which do you consider right?

While on the subject of indecencies, in some places the lady must keep her face covered from the gaze of all mankind. She can leave the lower part of her body quite uncovered and still be decent. Yet in other parts of the world she can have her face bare but the lower part of her body must be covered, otherwise she is very much in disgrace. So what is right in one part of the world is wrong in another. Right and wrong are man-made precepts, and these have no basis of stability beyond the Earth.

At the same time, if one is judging oneself in the Hall of Memories one has had to go according to the rules in force during ones lifetime. It would not matter in the least if you had transgressed against the purely artificial laws, for instance, if you had removed your clothes in public-that would not be an offence in the Greater Reality of the astral world. Anyway, Christians believe that man is made in the image of God and yet they make an awful hullabaloo if a person appears naked, but why? Are they saying that God is indecent? But anyway, that is just a personal thought of mine.

What does matter in one's 'judgment' is that you have to answer-Have you harmed another person? Have you helped another person? As examples of this, a person had a job which you coveted. You very much wanted that job, you could see yourself exactly fitting into that position, and so you made a little plot against the incumbent of that position so that he was discharged from his employment and you took it in his place.

Now that, of course, is a sin, because that is going against a law of the Universe which is 'Do no harm unto others'. But if you told a little white lie in order to help a person get a job which he really could do, then that lie would not be an offence it would be good!

Far away, above all the trumpery laws and regulations of mankind, there are basic truths, basic rules which we transgress only at our peril. The laws of Man on Earth are not made for the individual but for the majority, and so that the best interests of a majority can be served often a law will appear to inflict hardship upon the individual. Never mind, that is one of the things we have to put up with if we are crazy enough to live in communities because liberty is a relative term. If we were free to do anything at all then

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we could go into anyone's house, take anything we wanted, do anything we wanted, and then we would be entirely 'free'. Actually, that would not be to the benefit of the community as a whole and so there are laws to protect the majority against the minority, and we break those laws at our peril, peril on Earth, that is; most of them don't matter the slightest beyond this Earth. What does it matter, for instance, if a person buys a packet of cigarettes in England after eight o'clock in the evening? What does it matter if, in Canada, a person buys a newspaper on a Sunday? All these are childish stupid things, but somebody Had an idea somewhere even if nobody knows what the sense of the said law now is!

Here is another question: 'I understand that entities of the fourth and other dimensions are all very busily occupied in helping souls in this, the third dimension, and they stay exclusively helping us upon this world. What do they get out of it?'

No, of course that is not true! Let us consider life, all life, as a school-of course somebody will write to me and say, 'Oh, you are repeating yourself, you've told us all this before.'

But obviously I couldn't have told it very clearly or people wouldn't still be asking me about it, so you people who want to write and complain, just be quiet for a bit, will you?

All life is a school, then. Different classes, different grades. We on this Earth happen to be in Grade Three (third dimension). People in the fourth dimension are in Grade Four. People in the fifth dimension are in Grade Five. Now tell me seriously, thinking back to your own school days, can you truthfully say that the students in Grade Five at your school were very interested in staying on and helping the students in Grade Three? More likely the Grade Five students thought the Grade Three students were crummy little punks who were beneath even a contemptuous notice. That is so, isn't it? So let me tell you this: there are certain people who are teachers who are unfortunate enough to be persuaded to 'volunteer' to come to Grade Three to teach the crummy little punks in this class, and when they get down to Grade Three they find that the students are not at all anxious to learn (were you anxious to learn when you were at school?), so the teacher gets all sorts of nasty things said about him and eventually he gets really fed up with the whole procedure and he says to the Headmaster 'Well Boss, I can't stick all these punks, I have to go to a different class or I shall go even crazier. Where can you move me?'

So take it from me, the teachers on the Earth-teachers from other dimensions-are trying hard to do something to help the people in Grade Three, help the people in the third dimension. And if the people in the third dimension would be a bit more appreciative they would get on much faster because there comes a time when even the best of teachers get sick and tired of continual persecution and wants to move on.

Now I have been taken to task, not for the first time and not for the last but I have had a comment. 'Oh, but you can't leave it like that!! People will not at all understand what you mean by 'God'. In some places you say that God is a concept and in other places you say that God is a person. How are you going to account for that?'

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Oh dear, oh dear, troubles never come simply, do they? Well there are Gods and Gods. The average person prays to his or her 'God'. Actually the prayers are going on the first-class route to the Overself, but if you want to get a bit higher up then you can pray to the Manu of the planet. Or, if you have 'connections' up there, you can pray to the Manu of this whole Universe. As I have tried to make clear in my books (apparently without any success!) the God-system is very much like a multiple store or a chain of stores where you have each branch manager as 'God' to his cohorts or hirelings. But all the departmental managers or branch managers look upon the President or Chairman of the Company as 'God'. So let's try to get this clear; one can pray to a person whom one regards as 'God'. He may be the Overself, he may be a Manu, or he may be a Chief Manu, or he may even be the God of the Universe. But he is not the 'top God' by any means. The 'top God' is something completely different, something which one can only regard as a concept at the present time because, as I have already been telling you, you cannot discuss, nine or ten or twenty dimensional things in three-dimensional concepts.

So go on regarding your God as a person or entity, but keeping clear in your mind that there is something very, very much higher than all this.

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CHAPTER THREE

The Most Honest Man in Montreal stood square behind his shuttered door and peered through a crack at the scene outside. The street was like a battlefield; police cars and motorcycles roared around. Bottles and rocks flew through the air landing with a satisfying 'crunch'. Across the road from the store where Hy Mendelson stood on guard over Simons Cameras the great embattled promises of La Presse loomed as a symbol of might of the Press.

Yes-the striking pressmen had brought the great roaring machines to a halt. No longer did the ticker-tape spew out miles of messages. No longer did yammering reporters hound those who were deemed 'newsworthy'. The press strike was a time when, for some, the 'air was cleaner-may the strike long continue!'

But for people like Hy Mendelson, boss of Simons Cameras, the loss of business was great and serious. Behind his store a new thoroughway road was being cut. In front of him-the La Presse strikers, police, barricades, all the impediments to honest trade. (Now, of course, the strike is over and Hy Mendelson is prospering again!)

Why do we have to have strikes when so many people are out of work? If people aren't satisfied, then let them give up their jobs to those who will do the work. Why blackmail a whole country, a whole continent just at the whim of a few money-hungry leaders of Communist-inspired unions? The Press-and the unions-the curses of modern day life!

Hy Mendelson, a good man, an honest man. Why should he and others like him be almost ruined by fighting strikers? If it is not embattled pressmen stopping trade on the street, then it is striking mailmen preventing him from running his very efficient mail-order business. I have known him for years; he is a good friend of mine, and I feel strongly that all these vicious strikes should so harm the innocent and just.

Montreal was like a beleaguered city. Roaming strikers, very efficient police, and gangs of would-be revolutionaries lounging insolently on street corners. Long-haired men revelling in their dirt and deliberately torn rags swaggered along the streets muttering outlandish and uncouth greetings to others of their ilk whom they met briefly and passed on.

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Montreal, where French-Canadians did not like French-Canadians! Where it was frequently very difficult (as I found) to get any attention in a French-Canadian store unless one spoke French. The City of Two Tongues, a city which I found it delightful to leave when the time came for that action as you will read later.

The old man often watched from his home in the river. Watched the flash of explosions by night. Watched the flashing light of police cars in pursuit of arsonists, revolutionaries, watched the F.L.Q. crisis where a good and just man was murdered at the behest of some illiterate punk.

Watched too, when Mayor Drapeau came by. Mayor Drapeau, one of the finest, if not the finest, man French-Canada has produced. Mayor Drapeau, who is so hounded by a Press with no understanding nor conception of Greatness. For it is truly a fact that Mayor Drapeau has made Montreal into a city, instead of the collection of hovels it was before his advent. Yes, His Worship is one of the truly Great in this age of very very little men.

The old man in the wheelchair watched when the F.L.Q. hoodlums went rushing by his window, escorted by grim police, when they were taking Diplomat Cross to the 'foreign territory' of the Cuban Pavilion on the site of Man and His World. The helicopter that took these gangsters off to the airport flew over the old man's head.

But now, in the gathering dusk, the old man lay upon his bed watching the lights of Montreal come on. The first dull glow of the newly switched-on street lamps as they burned dull first, then quickened into yellow-green light. The multicolored neons on the advertising signs and the tall skyscrapers as they suddenly blazed into the light of night life. Way up on Mount Royal the great metal Cross stood limned in light against the darkened sky as somewhere a robot sensor responded to the stimulus of darkness and turned on a switch.

Downriver, beneath the fairy tracery of the Jaques Cartier Bridge, a liner came steaming along all aglow with strings of lights twinkling from forepeak to mastheads to sternposts and jackstaff. Little tugs, with sides beribboned with lights, fussed around the ocean giant while from them came shouts in the peculiar patois which the French-Canadian believe is French. Gliding lights in the night sky and the muted roar of jets showed the arrival of aircraft from the capitols of the world. Sabena from the Belgian cities, Lufthansa, K.L.M., and the streaming crowds from Britain. There came too a plane from Russia, a rarity which now is a rarity no longer. The aircraft of the nations of the world flew overhead. Now, though, an increasing number flew nonstop to Toronto to avoid the inconvenience and rudeness of the airport of the City of Two Tongues!

But the hours crept slowly by. Lights changed. Fresh ones were lit. Others were extinguished. Traffic on the roads slowed but never stopped, for this city never slept. The old man turned, glanced without affection at the pile of letters yet to be answered, and mentally consigned them to a warmer place. Tomorrow, he thought, he would start early and clear up the lot before the next day's bunch arrived.

So thinking, he turned over and went to sleep. Others in the house may say that he snores like a grunting pig with the overtones of a rusty gate, but when one is astral trav-

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eling-well, one is entitled to snore!

Morning came as morning will in even the best regulated of households. Morning came, and with it came the time, once again, for work, the never-ending drudgery of letters, letters, letters.

Here is a question which is very topical because acupuncture is very very much in the news at present. The questioner writes: 'I have read so much about the wonders of acupuncture, no one seems to be able to explain exactly why it works. Could the twelve major areas of insertion of the needle correspond to twelve psychic centers of the body, thus explaining the 'mystery' and perhaps providing a link between the third and fourth dimension of existence?'

Yes, there is so much mystery about acupuncture. Unfortunately the Press have overdramatized things. Acupuncture is far more effective in the Far East than it is in the Western world. Now, the reason for that is not difficult to seek. I repeatedly state the truth that humans are just puppets of the Overself. All right, when was the last time you went to a puppet show? Have you ever had a puppet in your hands? Even the simplest of puppets have a string which controls the head, other strings control the arms and legs, so even the simplest of puppets have five controlling strings. How many more strings then, can a human, which is quite a complicated sort of puppet after all, have?

Acupuncture works by intercepting a nerve stream, by shorting out a nerve stream which has some defect. For example, you might have a car and you find that you cannot use it because every time you switch on the ignition and associated circuits the fuse blows, and you cannot exactly find out what is wrong with the car. So, if you do not have all the time in the world to spare, you locate the area in which the trouble occurs. It might be (purely for example) the horn which has a defect, so if you cut out the horn for the time being you can drive your car and go to a garage where the car can be repaired. The acupuncture process temporarily shorts out a defective part of the nervous system and causes a stimulation to go in a reverse direction which causes very considerable alleviation of the condition giving distress.

We have our puppet; the puppet strings go to the hand of the operator, but the hand of the operator is controlled by the brain of the operator, and so if the puppet does not manage too well it may be that the hand of the operator cannot manage to carry out the commands of the brain. Now, let us replace that; let us say the puppet is a human, the hand is the brain of the human, and then we can see that if the brain cannot give the right messages to any limb or portion of the body then a dysfunction occurs, and if it is in an ordinary puppet then possibly a string could be lengthened or shortened to carry out a temporary repair. We do the same type of thing, in principle at least, with acupuncture.

But why does it work better with the Easterner? Well, the Easterner has a different set of vibrations from the Westerner. The Easterner is more concerned about the things of the spirit, more concerned about the life after death, more concerned about moral values, ethics, and all that. So the Easterner is more able to accept the reality that sticking a needle or two into one's shuddering anatomy can cause a dramatic decrease in the physical symptoms.

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The Western world is more concerned about the things of this life, more concerned about getting power over others, more concerned about making money in a hurry and not parting with it except for one's own creature comforts.

The Western world is not able to believe anything unless they can get hold of it and tear it to pieces, and when they have utterly destroyed it say: 'Well, fancy that! It did work after all. Too bad it was destroyed in proving it was right!' I believe even the Christian Bible has something to the effect that unless one be as a little child one cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. All right: Unless one can have a childlike simplicity and a true faith that there are things which humans on Earth cannot explain, then one will not be benefitted by acupuncture!

Acupuncture is not a faith healing thing at all, there is no faith in it because acupuncture really does cure. But first you have to have the metabolism of a sensitive person who can accept the reality that a cure is going to be effected. Now, that is different from faith healing. Some people say: 'Well, you prove that to me and I still won't believe it.' (Like the old woman who went to the Zoo and saw a giraffe and exclaimed 'Gee, there ain't no such animal!') So-no matter how good the acupuncturist, no matter how brilliant his needles, unless the person who is to be treated has the necessary spiritual apperception a cure will not occur, and the Press hearing of such a case will eagerly rush into print and thoroughly discourage and lower the perception point of others who could, without Press intervention, have been cured.

Now, here is a nice little question which also, undoubtedly, is in the minds of many people. The question is: 'Does one ever have to return to, say, the fourth or third, or even the second or first dimensions after having existed somewhere in the fifth through the ninth dimensions for reasons of having led a wantonly evil life in one of these higher planes?'

The answer to that is a very definite no! If a person is a Naughty Boy in the third dimension he comes back to the third dimension, he does not go to the second. I believe you get the same sort of system in schools; if a student doesn't do his work very well while he is in Grade Three then at the end of term he goes on vacation and has an unpleasant interview with his parents, at the end of the vacation he goes back to school in Grade Three; he doesn't get shoved down to Grade One.

In the same way a person struggling along through the School of Evolution does not come back to a lower Grade but only to the same Grade. So if you misbehave or do not learn your lessons properly, then you will be coming back to this poor sorry old Earth again where conditions are going to be a bit worse for quite a long time.

People come down to lower dimensions for special purposes; they are volunteers (do you remember the old army story of volunteers-the Sergeant says : 'Hey you, I want ten volunteers-you, you, and you!') Well, perhaps people in much higher dimensions take a look at the Earth and shudder at what they see. Then they go back and come to the conclusion that someone-some specialist-will have to return to the Earth as a volunteer and find out what is wrong, and then help the people of the Earth get on the right path.

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There are a few snags attached to that because one of the greatest laws is that you cannot use for your own gain knowledge which you have acquired in a different dimension, you have to live as a denizen of the third dimension, or whatever it is, and make do with the facilities inherent to the third dimension.

Another usual reaction is that the volunteer is 'different' so he or she is persecuted and, all too frequently, disliked because the person is, in effect, a foreign body, a splinter in the body of the Earth. You, for instance, if you get a splinter stuck in any part of your anatomy—well, you make quite a commotion until the splinter is dug out. The volunteers have also the painful experience of finding that they are not popular. It doesn't matter who they are. Even Christ was persecuted. Even Gautama was persecuted. Even Moses had more than he could deal with. And during their lifetime they were not popular, they were regarded as nosey-parkers, as do-gooders, etc., etc. Only after such a volunteer has been gone from the Earth plane for many years does it dawn on the Earth people that—oh well, the person must have been some good after all, and then they write a Bible or two about him. But that doesn't help the volunteer very much, does it?

At the present stage the poor wretched volunteers have a further hazard to the success of their work; the pressmen are always looking out for anyone who is 'different', and if a person is 'different' he doesn't 'play ball' with the Press and so he gets persecuted and he is called a fake, and that further inhibits the success of what he is trying to do. He may, for instance, be doing very well indeed at his voluntary task, but then some crummy pressman cooks up an entirely imaginary story together with 'documentary proofs' and that really does cause a very considerable obstacle to a good task.

There is another question which fits in well here. The question is: 'Having achieved the ninth dimension, is one crystallized to become one for ever with the Creator irrevocably and for ever and ever?'

Well no, one is never 'crystallized', there is always some thing higher to reach for. Do you know the old statement—'there is always room at the top of a ladder!' I have often referred to the ninth dimension—okay, let me give you a new target, the nine hundredth dimension. Now, there is no point at all in trying to explain to you what the nine-hundredth dimension is, but there is a nine-hundredth dimension, and there are some higher. But if you cannot even understand the fourth or the fifth dimension, how can you even begin to understand the nine hundredth?

One rises and rises and rises. Of course, if one fights every inch of the way one is slower to rise, but people always have their opportunities, and I state definitely, definitely that no one is ever destroyed, not even the press people. Hey—you think I am going on about the press people? I have reason to, you know. I have had a lot of trouble with the press people in England and in Germany, in France and, as you will read later, in French-Canada too. But no, I am not bitter against the Press, I am not bitter against anyone. But it is stupid to sit down like Ferdinand the Bull and just smell the flowers while some ill-disposed people are trying to cut off one's tail for oxtail soup. Oh no, do not think that I am bitter, because I am not. Do not think that I am attacking the Press unfairly. I am not. I am telling the truth, they are the ones who cook up the tales!

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But back to our dimensions; old Hitler, or Stalin, or a few others of that type, well they will not be bumped back to the first dimension, you know. They won't even get bumped back to the second dimension. They will come back to the third. And let me whisper something. Is your ear ready for a nice juicy whisper? Here it is then.

It is a fact that the real villain and tyrant of this life comes back to a new life as a ranting preacher. For instance, a man who has been a real sex pervert in one life may come ranting and preaching against sex in any shape or form, without having any regard as to how the race is to be continued. In the same way a fellow who was the chief torturer of a very fierce country will come back as a very, very sympathetic doctor, maybe. Things have to be equalized, you see. It is a case of lose one, gain one. You have to balance things out. So if you are a real thug in one life you come back as an imitation saint in the next because when you go to the Hall of Memories you see what a mess you made of things, so you return full of bitter remorse thinking what a scoundrel you were, and you go overboard rather, you overdo things, you become extreme, and so you get a real hearty old sinner coming back as one of these galloping priests who roar around the world teaching people to do nothing except squat on their haunches and bellow out a hymn or two. So-if you get any really good preacher in the next few years-well, it might just be old Hitler come back! Now, how did I get into a bunch of questions like this?

What am I having to work out by having myself saddled with such queries? Look at this one:

'Is all Creation composed of the vibrations of the musical octave with most of these octaves higher, or perhaps even lower, than human ears can detect?'

Everything is vibration, every single thing, even so-called dead matter vibrates, otherwise it could not exist. You get a lump of rock and you can't hear the noise it makes, but some creatures somewhere could, and they perhaps call the rock the singing stones or something, which would be a change from the Rolling Stones, wouldn't it? But all vibration is life, all life is vibration, and humans can perceive only the very minutest spectrum of vibrations. There are some places where rocks sing, and there are some places where rocks are, in fact, creatures. They may take a hundred years or so to make any movement which would be perceptible to humans, but these creatures, having a few millions of years of life according to Earth standards, are quite satisfied with their rate of movement. In any case they all go at the same rate so they don't know what slow pokes they are!

This next question logically, I suppose, should have been placed two questions higher. The question is: 'Is the Earth itself designed to evolve to a higher plane? Is the Moon on a plane below that of the Earth, and is this too destined to evolve to a higher plane and be replaced by another creation on the original level of the Moon's lower plane?'

Now my head is in a whirl with all that. How many questions is that in a bunch? I'd better stop for a moment until my head stops whirling!

Seriously though, the Earth is like a classroom. You wouldn't say that a classroom

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evolved, you wouldn't say the classroom of the Grade Three student suddenly evolves and becomes a Grade Four classroom or a Grade Five classroom.

A classroom is a classroom and that's all there is to it. Of course many different collections of students pass through the classroom just as many different collections of civilizations pass through the Earth, and every so often there are tremendous cataclysms upon the Earth which plough up the surface of the planet so that all trace of life is lost and buried a few miles below the surface. That is why there is no trace of Mu or Lemuria or Atlantis. That is why there are no traces of civilizations aeons before Atlantis itself.

Think of the farmer; he goes along with some horrible looking implement and all the surface of the field is churned up and turned over and ploughed deep so that there is a new surface ready for the fresh seeding. That is how the Earth is, that is how the Gardeners of the Earth go on. When a race gets too bad, along comes Something to turn over the surface of the earth and to bury all that which appertained to a previous decadent civilization, and then there is fresh earth upon which to plant fresh specimens.

The Moon, or the Moons, as the case may be, are not in any way inferior to the so-called parent planet. The Moon, in fact, may just be a large asteroid which has been caught by the gravitational field of that world which is about to become the predominant body, such as the Earth has the Moon as its satellite. And then you must also remember that people are used to life on Earth, they consider that all life must be that which is acceptable to them. It doesn't mean at all that life on the Moon (for example) must be identical to that upon the Earth. The people could, for instance, live inside the Moon.

To reply to this question, then, one can only say, No, the Earth does not evolve to a higher plane. It is just a classroom for people who are evolving.

A sudden commotion. The old man looked up from his work in some exasperation. Letters were bad enough to answer without unwelcome interruption, but the Visitor came in sight.

'Hi,' he said exuberantly, then sobered up a bit. 'Say, you never read the French language papers, do you?' 'No,' said the old man, 'I never read them at all, never even glance at them.'

'Well, you should, you know,' said the Visitor, 'they've been running quite a lot about you lately. Dunno what's bothering them, I'm sure, but they seem to regard you as a personal enemy. What's the matter, wouldn't you give 'em an interview, or something?'

'No,' said the old man, 'I do not propose to give interviews to the Press because on every single occasion when I have given an interview my remarks have been grossly distorted in their reports. So it's better not to see any pressman and then we know that any "interview" is entirely imaginary.'

The Visitor plucked at the lobe of his ear. 'Well, I dunno about that, because how are you going to tell people that you didn't give an interview after all? And even if you tell 'em, knowing how people are nowadays, they probably wouldn't believe it.'

'No,' replied the old man, 'this is one of the cases when you can't be right what-

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ever you do.'

"Tell you something," said the Visitor, 'I used to think you were a bit paranoid about the Press but some of the things I've seen lately and some of the things I've read lately lead me to believe that you're not such a nut after all. Seems everyone's had trouble with the Press. Listen to this.'

He ruffled about in his pockets turning out bales of paper and sorting through the tattered mass he came to a sheet which seemed to satisfy his search, so carefully he unfolded it and read: 'Now here's something for you. It's something that Thomas Jefferson said some years ago. He said-"Even the least informed of the people have learned that nothing in a newspaper is to be believed"-Now, what do you think of that? Now here's one, a real gem; Winston Churchill once wrote, "The essence of American journalism is vulgarity divested of truth. Their best papers write for a class of snotty housemaids and footmen, and even the nicest people have so much vitiated their taste as to appreciate this style.'" '

The old man smiled and said, 'Oh, I can do better than that or if not better-as well. You know General William Sherman, a big American general, well, he once wrote, "I would rather be governed by Jefferson Davis than be abused by a set of dirty newspaper scribblers who have the impudence of Satan. They come into camp, poke about among the lazy shirks, and pick up camp rumors and publish them as facts, and the avidity with which these rumors are swallowed by the public makes even some of our officers bow to them as spies which, in truth, they are.'" '

But there was no point in going on on such lines so the old man said, 'Well, I've got work to do. You'll have to make tracks elsewhere for the time. I must get on with this or people will think I am a very bad author, that I can't reply to letters. Beat it will you?'

With a sigh and a hunch of the shoulders the old man turned back to his work again.

Now here is a question which should be of interest to many. It is: 'When I go to the Hall of Memories, if I decide I have learned what I set out to learn on this Earth do I move on to a plane of existence an a spirit world or do I take the human form again but live on a different planet in a different Universe?'

Well, if when you get to the Hall of Memories you decide that you have accomplished that which you set out to do, then you will not return to the Earth. There would be no point in so doing because you will have 'passed'. Think of school life again. Think if you go to a University or to a school, then there is no point in returning to cover a Course for which you already have a diploma. If you succeeded, and if you are satisfied that you have succeeded, then you can remain in the astral plane for an indefinite time or you can go on to another form of world where possibly the carbon molecule is not the basic brick of life, but maybe there is a silicone molecule or some other type of material. And there you could learn by kindness instead of by the hardship you endure on this Earth. There is hardship on this Earth because this is one of the hells. Cheer up, this hell will not endure for ever.

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The same person asks: 'On the next plane of existence is the routine similar to that of the Earth, suffering, pain, and hardship until we have learned more lessons so that we may progress to the next plane of existence?'

Actually I have answered this quite a number of times, but let's go back to it again; Basically no, as you evolve higher and higher you have less and less to endure. Take as an example conditions on this Earth where the laborer gets the hard work, the bruises, and the bad language, etc., whereas the president or general manager of the company seems to make most of the profit, or at least that was so before the labor movement got under way and sort of reversed things-to the detriment of the world. But anyway, the point is that the higher you go the more rapidly you will progress and the easier are the conditions.

Mind you, I am actually referring to the basic physical things. No one will disagree that the laborer, digging holes in the ground, has quite a lot of physical hard work, he gets messy conditions, he gets the 'rough side of the tongue' from his foreman if he doesn't do his work properly. So he gets hard physical work.

But-the president of a company or the general manager may sit in comfort in a padded chair, but he does have a lot of 'nonphysical' work to do. His is the responsibility for seeing that the less evolved (the laborers) are doing their work. So I do want to make it absolutely clear that the higher one goes the greater are one's moral responsibilities.

Look at it this way; the lowest laborers can go out and get drunk and have a fight and no one thinks anything about it, but if you got the higher people-a duke or a prince-if they went out on a pub-crawl and got involved in a fight, well, that just wouldn't do. And anyway, it wouldn't happen because as they progress upwards they get increased moral responsibility, increased moral and ethical discipline. They get greater respect in themselves and in their abilities, but the physical work is for the lower people, so that, when you are on this Earth, if you are in the lower stages, you have the hard work. When you progress upwards to other dimensions you do not have such hard and unpleasant conditions but, of course, you have greater responsibilities for which your hard work will have trained you.

Well, this person seems to be getting his money's worth; he's got a whole list of questions, but they are questions which seem to puzzle a lot of people. So here is his next question:

'What is the end going to be of all these planets that people live on, all these planes of existence? When the time comes that everybody has been through all the planes of existence and gained all the knowledge from these numerous lives, what do we do then?'

You cannot discuss this at present because of the limitations of the human three-dimensional comprehension. If you go into the astral world consciously you will know precisely what happens, and in terms of Earth or even human comprehension there is no end to it, it is like leftover meals; you start off with a good meal one day, the next day you get the thing hotted up, the day after that they make it into rissoles or something, and

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eventually it returns to the Earth, makes fresh plants which feed fresh humans, and so it goes on. It is an endless cycle of existence.

‘You’ve told us in your books,’ the questioner continues, ‘that there are many Universes. Does our Universe overlap with any other or are there just voids of darkness between?’ There are billions and trillions of Universes. Now how can I make that clear to you? Well, let us imagine that you are on a seashore. At your feet there are all the grains of sand and these are in touch with each other, but you would not say that they overlapped, would you? Some are so small that they are dust, and some are great rocks, or even mountains, and, in fact, there are mountains beneath the sea just as there is sand beneath the sea. Think of all the grains of sand and all the rocks upon the Earth, but all the grains of sand upon the Earth, and all the rocks and all the stones upon the Earth do not in any way equal the number of Universes there are in the whole general system. And beyond this system there are others, on and on and on, ad infinitum, until we reach numbers far beyond human comprehension.

Still with the same gentleman. I have to answer this gentleman because up to the present I have done so many questions for the ladies that I do really welcome a gentleman with some sensible questions. But, anyway, he goes on: ‘In one of your books you describe how you went astral travelling with your Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and someone called Jigme to a Red Planet. When you were there you talked to some other people there who told you it was a dying planet. Were those other people in the astral form or in the human form, or did you materialize in front of them?’

You mustn’t become confused between what is astral travel and what is physical travel. I didn’t take a Greyhound bus to the Red Planet, that’s for sure. But when one goes astral travelling one can still be completely visible to a clairvoyant, or completely audible to a telepath. So the Red Planet to which I went was populated, although extremely sparsely, and the population consisted of very highly evolved people who were clairvoyant and telepathic just as on this Earth people hear things and they see things. So they could actually see us just as if we were solid lumps of flesh and bones. They could talk to us and we could talk to them. We could see everything on their planet and they could see us. Actually, it was astral travel, conscious astral travel, astral travel under full control, but that made no difference at all to them and it made no difference at all to us. We were ‘there’.

Now, here is something for you to think about. You read this a few times, then scratch your head and think about it some more:

You may be out in the street and you may see in front of you a person walking about in a perfectly ordinary and natural manner but-are you sure he really is there? Are you sure he is not an astral traveler who is stimulating your sensory perceptions to an extent that you believe he is a solid figure, whereas actually he may be in the astral vibrating on a frequency which is compatible to you and so you are sure that you actually see him with your physical eyes. You can’t go up and take a poke at a perfect stranger and say, ‘Hey, you, are you there or is it something else I see?’ But if you could, and if your poking finger went right through him, you would probably drop from the shock,

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wouldn't you?

Another little thought, oh a nice little thought, this; you know all that talk about people who come out of Flying Saucers, or, to be more respectful, U.F.O.'s? Have you ever thought that if these people who came out of such things were so frightfully alien that we couldn't believe them, then we wouldn't see them, would we? Think that over. If a thing is too different from what humans can believe, they won't believe it, and, not believing it, they won't see it.

Yet another simple little thought; these people may be of a different vibration, a vibration which is in the band of invisibility so far as humans are concerned. They can see humans, but humans can't see them. You think that sounds crazy? All right, how about this; dogs can hear sounds which humans cannot, so are you going to say that the sounds which dogs can hear and humans cannot are not there? The dog can hear the sounds and also hear the sounds which humans hear. The dog can hear both, so why should we not have people from another world on such a different range of vibrations that humans cannot perceive them? You think about that and then see if you don't feel somebody looking over your shoulder!

He has two other questions here which have already been answered in a previous book of mine. He asks: 'Did Man evolve from the sea-into apes-into Man? And where do the different races come from, out of space? The Gardeners of the Universe?'

That's easy! All you have to do to get those answers is read *The Hermit*; the how's and why's and wherefore's are given clearly in that book.

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CHAPTER FOUR

One-Who-Could-Have-Been-A-Friend chuntered along the concrete-carpeted corridor. Breath coming in short, sharp gasps, he propelled his rotund body around the stone pillars, to come to a stop before a door hidden in a dusky alcove. Panting, he stood a moment to regain his breath, then with a stubby finger, he stabbed at the bell push. Inside the apartment behind the door a bell clanged noisily.

Inside the apartment the old man rested upon his bed. Sunlight streamed down upon the harbor waters. Down by the children's wading pool fond mammas gazed protectively at the end product of their amatory efforts. On the branch of a nearby tree a bird stood and sang of the joys of nesting time.

The day was warm, cheerful, without a cloud in the sky. The bell clanged. The sound of the door being opened. Mutter of voices: 'Can I see him a moment. It is urgent?' The clatter of footsteps and One-Who bustled beamingly into sight around the corner. 'Have you read this?' he squeaked, brandishing a copy of a very sensational French-language weekly. 'All about you. Libellous. Scandalous. They are going to write a book about you. Why don't you do something about it?'

The light of the sun gave no more warmth. A chill came to the air and a darkness crept over all. No more was the day gladsome. From the crumpled paper came the sinister emanations of hate, the hate of jealous men. A hate that had continued throughout many years. The hatred from authors whose books were not selling so well. Hatred, jealousy, concentrated venom against one who spoke and wrote the truth!

One-Who fidgeted with his hat and looked as though he were having second-thoughts about imparting his information. 'You don't like the Press at all, do you?' he queried. 'The French-language lot seems to be writing quite a bit about you. And on TV too. Last night a Book Critic held up your latest book and said that he could not even read the first page of the first chapter, then he launched into a bitter attack on you personally. I wondered how he could attack so much if he had not read the book.'

The old man sighed. 'Yes,' he replied, 'there is a certain very noisy minority who are trying to harm not merely me, but the special work which I am trying to do. But never mind what a critic says, he is just a person who lacks the brains to write his own book-and is jealous of anyone who does. They confuse vicious sarcasm for wit. Don't bother about them!'

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'But there must be something in it,' said One-Who, 'or the Press would not keep on so. There is no smoke without fire!' The old man snorted with indignation. 'Shows how little you know,' he said, 'or you would not make such stupid statements.'

For a time he lay upon his bed just thinking of the past, thinking of the events of a decade and a half ago. In those days he had been living in London, England, and since the publication of the first book there had been difficulties. An Agency in Switzerland had put a wholly misleading advertisement in The Times reading, 'If Lobsang Rampa will communicate with-he will hear something to his advantage.' So Lobsang Rampa, scenting a trap by intuition, got an Agent who was then Mr. Brooks of A. M. Heath & Company, to get in touch with the advertiser to see what it was all about. It was very informative. The Agency admitted they were doing wrong but said they had instructions from an author in Germany to find out all.

During those days the old man had been followed about, spied upon, and his life had been made a misery. During those days Buttercup came to live with him and Mrs. Rampa, came to live as an adopted daughter. Later she was to come to Canada as an adopted daughter. But prurient-minded people immediately saw sexual perversions in such an arrangement, perversions which in actuality did not exist. The young lady was accepted as a full member of the family, as an adopted daughter, but of course people with filthy minds could not accept such a statement.

The family left England, the land of persecution, and went to Ireland to the beautiful little village of Howth, near Dublin. There they made some very good friends indeed and still have those very good friends. But spurred on by a lot of lies the Press mounted a campaign of hatred and incorrect statements against Lobsang Rampa, saying all sorts of things, all sorts of untrue things. The stories they invented were far more miraculous than the absolute truth which Lobsang Rampa told. One day a whole horde of beastly-minded British reporters descended upon the formerly peaceful village of Howth. They shattered the peace, they upset everyone, and one reporter in particular stole a garbage bin outside the Rampa house, ransacking it for anything he could find, and then threw it in someone else's garden, complete with all the garbage. Fantastic, ferocious articles appeared in the English Press and in the German Press which was acting in close collusion with the English reporters. Lobsang Rampa was not able to do anything about the matter because he was ill in bed with severe coronary thrombosis. It was thought he would not live, but the Press seemed to hope that he would not live because that would have added to the sensation.

Pressmen came to the house. They yammered at the door like mindless creatures seeking only that which was evil, and not finding it, invented it. Mrs. Rampa was told they didn't want the truth. She was told that they wanted only sensation. The reporter-in-chief swore that he would stop the publication of any other book by Lobsang Rampa-this is the fourteenth! -and he seemed to be beside himself with insensate fury. The whole point of the matter was, though, that because of illness, because of extreme illness almost to the point of death, Lobsang Rampa could not bring a law case for libel. And because that opportunity has been lost the Press of the world now seem able to quote whatever they like from the original articles published in England and in Germany. Ap-

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parently, because no case was made within a certain time, it cannot be made now.

The British Press were filthy. The German Press were full of outraged indignation. But why? They worked themselves into insane fury without cause because The Rampa Story is perfectly true, and the whole family has without any exception whatever affirmed that the whole thing is true. Lobsang Rampa is who he claims to be. One particular reporter printed a report saying that Mrs. Rampa had 'confessed'. It is not so. She had nothing to confess!

The story is true. Lobsang Rampa is all that he has claimed to be. He can do all the things he writes about. But because through illness he could not go to Court and defend his reputation, now the Press, like insensate morons, copy the original false articles and add to them out of a perverted imagination.

The French-language newspapers seem to derive a high delight out of what they imagine was the sexual aspect of it, quite oblivious of the fact that there was no sex connected with the affair. It was all a completely innocent, completely 'pure' association between two women and one man who lived as a hermit.

The old man thought of all these things. He thought of the difficulties which had been made not merely for him but for those who would come after, those who also would try to help this troubled world. He thought of the time of another press attack-

Lobsang Rampa was living in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Unknown to him, in California, U.S.A., a man was claiming to be T. Lobsang Rampa, he was trying to collect 'disciples' and he was encouraging them to take mescaline and peyote, saying it was good for their psychic development, etc., etc., and that Lobsang Rampa, without any exception whatever, has said that drug taking is absolutely harmless.

But Lobsang Rampa was in Windsor, Ontario, and the false Rampa was in Los Angeles. Inevitably the Los Angeles fraud was reported in the Press, and there was a great commotion about it. Eventually it was proved that Lobsang Rampa was not in California and the uproar died down, but the Press did not at any time publish an apology or state that a mistake had occurred.

The old man turned over on his bed and rustled some papers. Quite by chance he came up with three or four letters.

Glancing at them his thoughts ran on -

Two or three months ago letters began to come in, 'Where are my books? Where are the books you promised me?' A mystified Lobsang Rampa couldn't make head or tail of it until eventually there came a letter from Colorado saying that in the high part of Colorado there was a man living in a cave announcing publicly that he was T. Lobsang Rampa. He was telling people to drink intoxicating liquors and take whatever drugs they fancied. It was good, he said. He also advised people to write to 'Headquarters' and they would be sent a free set of the Rampa books. Hence the mail which descended on Lobsang Rampa, then living in Montreal.

An aroused Lobsang Rampa got in touch with the police in Colorado and applied

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quite a bit of pressure to the Chief of Police, pointing out what a bad advertisement it was for American justice if frauds could continue like this. So again another impostor was stopped.

There have been many such cases. The old man thought of the time when he had had letters from airline hostesses thanking him for the promise of the books, and asking where they were. Further letters produced the information that an impostor had been aboard the plane on their flight and had made quite a lot of ostentatious publicity. The fellow had said that he was Lobsang Rampa. He was going about with a lot of flair, a lot of bounce, saying how wonderful he was, promising free books for all. But not coming up with the books. And then hostesses and others writing in revealed the whole trickery.

The Press never take such things into consideration. They never consider that people, like a horde of midges, persecute those of whom they are jealous. And so it is that the Press actually help those who are evil. The Press, it seems, will only give publicity to bad and never to good. They do nothing to correct a wrong. It seems-the old man thought-that in my case they have really gone overboard with their hatred, with their bias, they have quoted from my books, they have quoted from articles attacking me, and when complaint has been made they said, 'Oh, it's in the public domain, there is nothing you can do about it. We are within our rights.'

The television stations have been just as bad. There was, for example, a call some time ago from a television station. They issued an invitation. 'Come on television,' they said, 'tell us the story. Tell us the truth behind the Rampa Story.' So I was going to, I was going to say, Yes, the story is true, the Rampa Story itself is true; it tells the whole story, nothing more and nothing less. But they would not let me give my story. They insisted that instead I should read a prepared script, and that I refused because they wanted me to say I was a fake. But I am not. I am genuine. And that is why I could not appear on television.

There have been other cases like it. I have been given absolutely wonderful guarantees that I could write or say whatever I liked-'Put your own story over,' they said. 'Come on TV and say what you like. We won't stop you.' But as soon as an offer is taken up-no, they don't want the truth, they want only that which is sensational, only that which is untrue, only that which panders to the worst emotions of mankind. Hence, throughout these books, I have attempted to get at least one message over, and one message in particular is-All that I have written is true. My books are true, they contain my own experiences.

But One-Who was puttering around, fiddling with his feet, twiddling with his fingers. 'You ought to do an article yourself, you know,' he said. 'Why not tell the Press your side of the story? You know a man who is connected with the Press, why don't you call in Mr. Telly? He'd be glad to publish just as you tell your story. Sure, I can make the arrangement for you! I know him well. He'll come along, you'll find he is easy to get along with. Will you do that?'

The old man thought about it. He thought about the article in the crummy French-language newspaper, and then, reaching a sudden decision, he said, 'Yes! Tell the fel-

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low to trot out his questions. Bring him along here, I'll give him an earful!!'

So One-Who smiled benignly, turned on his heel, and trotted out. The family came in, took one look at the old man's glum face, and said, 'Oh dear. More trouble? Is there never any end to it?'

But what is truth? What is your conception of truth? Do you know truth when you see it? How would you assess the truth of a statement? Would you prefer to accept the word of a person who can demonstrate truth, or would you prefer to accept the word of people like press reporters who just want something which is sensational? But, of course, not only the press people are at fault. The public are at fault also because just within the past few weeks I have heard of an absolutely authentic case of a man in the U.S.A. This man had what he believed to be the right idea. He wanted to bring good to the people so he started a newspaper devoted to good, devoted to the better aspects of the daily news, and now the paper has closed down. People do not want to hear good news, they only want to hear bad news. People do not want to hear how well a person has done, but they are interested only in the bad things.

Many people are now trying to 'pull down' Churchill and others of that immense stature because it makes them feel 'great' to find out something about Churchill-it doesn't matter if it is something true or false, if it is repeated enough people will believe it. But let me tell you what I think about truth.

In this day and age when fourteen-year-olds complain that they cannot 'communicate' with even sixteen-year-olds, we must define our terms so that the reader can understand what the writer is trying to say. What-is-truth? Truth, as I see it, is a statement of facts, things which have occurred, things which are, things which are not the figments of an imagination but the quality or state of being in accordance with experience, in accordance with that which actually occurred. That is truth. Precisely! That describes my books exactly; 'The quality of being in accordance with experience.' I-experienced-all-that-which-is-written-in-my-books, wherefore it is that I write truth.

Imagination, conversely, is the act or power of creating mental images of that which has never been actually experienced. My powers of cerebration are not those which would enable me to write fiction; my astrological makeup absolutely inhibits such a display of cerebral virtuosity-wherefore it is that I am compelled to write only the truth.

Let me repeat myself a little, even at the risk of some ill-natured person writing to say, 'You told us all that before.' People do write in such a manner, you know. So many people are wholly unable to understand the viewpoint of others. They have never had any experience themselves and so they just like to be vicious and-as I said before-pull everyone down to their own miserable level.

Every so often there is a silly season in the Press; there is not much news about, a war has ended, or the latest sex symbol has got married or has died or something else, and so bored reporters react to bored editors made irate by idleness by hatching up some 'scandal' which really does not exist in fact. Sometimes some poor wretched school-teacher is accused of a heinous crime and is pilloried on hearsay evidence for some-

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thing of which he is quite innocent.

Having been framed, accused, judged, and condemned by the vicious Press of England and Germany with papers in other countries copying, I am going to give some details about it because, as you will have read in the foregoing pages, the Press is still attempting to 'execute' me as they have attempted unceasingly during the past fifteen years.

In my innocence I thought that every person accused of something had the right to be confronted by his accuser, I thought that every person had the right to defend himself, but-and I say this to you very seriously-the Press have without exception refused to allow me to give my side of the story. They have refused to allow me any opportunity of defending myself. It is like some big bully with a high-powered public address system trying to shout down a person who can only whisper. Okay, I am whispering to you. Will you listen?

I am an author who really had no intention of becoming one. In England many years ago I tried without any success at all to obtain employment. I was too old or too 'different', or too this or too that. I went (as you can read in my books) to Employment Agencies and to all manner of strange places, all without success. Then I was given a personal introduction to see an Authors' Agent who, it was said, might have 'something useful'. Well, the Agent, no doubt with an eye to profitable business, refused to give me a job, saying, 'I've heard about you; write a book about your own life.'

I left his office in disgust and, I admit, with considerable anger because once again I had been brought on a fool's errand. Nothing was further from my mind than book writing. I thought that it was such a silly sort of thing. Unemployment and the hunger which it caused prevailed, and eventually with extreme reluctance I wrote a true book about my life, a true book ! I bared a past which I very much wanted to conceal, I bared it and wrote about it so that I could eat.

But there was jealousy; the fact that I was a success aroused the ire of certain people with much money and-to put it bluntly-I was 'framed' and attacked when through serious illness I was quite unable to defend myself.

No one has ever been able to prove me a fraud; for every 'expert' who claimed that I was such-three or more attested to my complete genuineness. I was never accused before a Court of Law, instead there have been only the sickening innuendoes of the Press and others, innuendoes which I could not refute at the time because of coronary thrombosis.

The Press, the television stations, and the radio have consistently refused to give my side of the story. They have refused to print or transmit my statement that all my books are absolutely true. Instead they keep on hatching up a rehash of the whole affair, adding lies to lies until in the end one just does not know what is what.

I am reminded of the person of whom I have just told you, the man who started a good newspaper and whose venture failed because people like scandal, people like doing harm to others. The Press know that if I should prove myself absolutely true then it

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would not help their circulation. Only scandal, murder, rape, etc., is a useful commodity to the Press. People like to say, 'Oh yes, I know it's true, I read it in the Press.' It's a case of give a dog a bad name and hang him before he can say anything in his defense. In my case this attitude really has caused much harm. I had hopes of being able to help Tibet by speaking before the United Nations, and, in fact, I claim that my books have helped Tibet and the cause of Tibet enormously because my remarks have made the country known, my remarks have made the 'strange' people 'human'.

Yet, in spite of the help I could give, some of the exiled 'high officials' in India have said unkind things about me because, I understand from a reputable source, they have been told to discredit me or lose the help given by certain religious organizations. It may be asked how can these spiritual Leaders (so-called) discard one of their own? But Chairman Mao and General Chiang Kai Shek are both Chinese, both try to discredit the other. Even here in Canada where I now live, Mr. Stanfield tries his utmost to discredit Mr. Trudeau, or old Tommy Douglas chips in and tries to discredit everyone. It seems to be an occupational hazard.

But let us look at another case; in Northern Ireland Christians kill each other because two sorts of Christians each think that only they are right, both sides are Irish, both sides are Christians, both sides appear to believe in the same things, yet they fight and kill each other, and the Press by inflammatory reporting add fuel to the flames. If 'good Christians' behave like this is it not understandable that Tibetans in India, under considerable political and religious pressure, may 'under orders' repudiate one of their own elsewhere 'for the great good of the majority?'

My books are true. Yes, but people lose the whole point of the matter. It does not matter if I was born in Lhasa or Londonderry; the author does not matter, what the author writes, does. Have these books helped you? Have they helped anyone? Has anything been learned from them? Yes? Then they are worth while. You, the reader, pay a few cents or a few pence for a paperback book. That minute sum does not automatically entitle you to set up as a prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, yet that is what some of you are trying to do and actually loving it.

But there it is. It is your choice what you believe. I say my books are true. Now I do not claim that idly, I claim it because thousands of people have written to me and told me that my books have helped them, have stopped them from committing suicide, have helped relatives who were dying, have removed fear of death, etc., etc. Do you not think that in view of all this I am entitled to a little consideration, to a little politeness instead of the ranting Press always hanging around my doors? As you will read later they eventually drove me away from Montreal.

I am going to quote from The Gazette of Montreal for Thursday, June 15, 1972. The headline is 'Tibetans in Quebec are Trying Hard to Keep Tradition Alive. Strangers in a Promised Land.'

' "We are going to be strangers for a long time," Lynne Borjee murmured softly over the top of her teacup.

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'She glanced quickly at her friend, Kesang Ichhemorito, and smiled wistfully as she hunted for the right English expression.

'-Kesang at 22 is a shy, reticent girl with high cheekbones and an infectious grin, but she admits to a distrust of Montreal newspapers.

' "When we first came here a French paper wrote a story about us which said that we didn't even know what a swimming suit was and that we went swimming in our rain-coats. We may be from another country but we are not stupid." The story did not please Lynne much either, "WE NEVER EVEN SAW THE REPORTER WHO WROTE THE STORY," she said.'

Where is the truth in that? The Press reporter or the Tibetan refugees?

Yes, I certainly get to know all manner of strange things. For example, our old friend Mr. John Henderson, of whom you have heard in the past, sent me a cutting and apparently I cannot quote much from it because-well, because my publisher thinks I should possibly be infringing someone's copyright, and one has to please a publisher, hasn't one? Anyway, Mr. Henderson sent me a cutting from the Charlotte Observer dated August 26, 1971, and the headlines are startling enough: 'Japanese Say Jesus Died, Buried There At Age 112.' The headlines go on: 'Jesus Not Crucified-Documents. Japanese Claim Christ Sacrificed Brother On The Cross Then Fled.' The article is by John Justin Smith. Apparently the fellow is a reporter on the Charlotte Observer staff, but it would be quite interesting for some of you who live in the U.S.A. to get hold of that paper and read all the details which are given there. They are very circumstantial details-very authentic reading.

I have a very close friend in Japan and this young lady to whom this book is dedicated made some inquiries for me, and -well, I strongly advise you to get hold of that newspaper because some of you will find it really interesting. But I have to remember the exhortation and injunctions of Mr. Publisher (bless his soul!), and so the best thing we can do now is to answer some more questions. I have some very good ones here.

Yes, that's right too, some of these questions are quite good. For example, 'Please can you explain how Art or other creative activities increase one's vibrations? And how beneficial are such vibrations?'

Actually everyone and everything, as I have told you before, consists of vibrations. There are negative vibrations and there are positive vibrations, and I do not know how many of you have ever played with tuning forks. But if you have two tuning forks you can hold one with its end on a table, and then you could bang on the other tuning fork to set it humming, and place that with its end on the table quite a distance away from the first tuning fork-and the first tuning fork would start humming in sympathy with the other. Get hold of a pair of tuning forks from your music store, they are cheap enough, try it and you'll find it is really quite interesting.

When we get vibrations which are pleasant it makes us vibrate more pleasantly, that is, it increases our rate of vibration and thus makes us happier, more spiritual, more perceptive. But if we get a thing which depresses our vibrations then we get nasty-minded,

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lower spiritually, and it definitely stops spiritual progress.

Painting, after all, is just a set of materials arranged in such a fashion that the entire vibration is such that it pleases us and increases our rate of vibration. So Art, whether it be a picture or music, can increase our spirituality by raising our vibration. Remember, high vibrations are good and positive, low vibrations are negative and not always so good.

The next question is a good one, and it really does fit in with the question above. A lady writes: 'This is a question so many people would, I believe, like some information on-fear. You have described how fear is nothing more than uncontrolled imagination struggling with willpower and that willpower will always fail in the struggle. What is the cause of fear?'

Let's go back to Art; if we see something beautiful we appreciate it, we like it, we get pleasure from it. But if we see something terrible-what shall I say? A picture of devilish tortures?-whatever it may be, if it is a terrible, beastly, horrible thing it depresses our vibrations and we get to thinking, 'Oh, suppose that should happen to me!' Then immediately it sets up a chain reaction in our vibratory makeup and the unpleasant vibration which we call fear feeds upon itself and produces more fear.

You get the same thing sometimes when people pass a graveyard at midnight and something stirs. The hair on the back of their necks sticks up and there is a great temptation to start off at a run because the imagination lowers the vibrations so that one is susceptible to impressions from the lower astral of disembodied spirits, bodies in coffins and all the rest of it, and we think that such things could happen to us, we think that a ghost is going to come out and bite us behind, or something. Well, we think about that and we fail to be rational about it, and so the fear grows and grows. In other words, the vibrations become lower and lower and we become gloomier and gloomier.

Fear is nothing but uncontrolled imagination. If you want to overcome fear just be certain that nothing is going to hurt you. Nothing can hurt you. Tell yourself that you are an immortal soul and although it is possible for someone to temporarily damage your clothes or your body that will not hurt the essential you. The less you fear the less you will have fear, so that in the end you can discipline yourself so much that fear does not exist, cannot exist, in your makeup. Then you will know contentment and satisfaction, then you will walk with your head up and your shoulders back (unless you live in a wheelchair!).

Now, listen to this- 'You have described how drugs can do great harm to one's spirituality. Can such damage be repaired within a lifetime? You say, also, that one should never take drugs, but surely you will agree that many people have secured out-of-the-body experiences by the use of drugs, have secured spiritual enlightenment through the use of drugs. I believe you are wrong when you say that drugs are harmful. What do you say about that?'

Yes, ma'am, I do say that drugs are wrong. I do say that drugs are the work of the devil himself because if you take drugs then you are altering your vibrations artificially

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and you are making it almost impossible (I said 'almost') to develop spiritually without the aid of such props.

Drugs are terrible things indeed and they definitely stain your astral body and impair your physical body.

Do you believe that athletes should be given drugs to make them run faster or jump higher? Do you believe that people should take Benzedrine tablets to keep them going longer? If you do you should read some of the police reports. For an illustration I will tell you about long-distance truck drivers; these men drive vast distances every day and, naturally, they get tired. So many of them have been in the habit of taking drugs or, as they term them, 'goof-balls', and police records and insurance statistics quite irrefutably prove that the use of these drugs causes accidents, death, and mental impairment.

Now if drug firms could do so with safety they would sell all manner of drugs, they are in the business to make money, but it is stupid to go on selling stuff like LSD, goof-balls, and the like, and then find that they are injuring the health of so many people. I say that drugs should be quite definitely banned. But those who have taken drugs, what hope have they?

They have every hope provided they most rigidly abstain from taking drugs any more, provided they eat sensibly and drink sensibly, and provided they do not go in for too many forms of abuse-self-abuse, that is. No one is 'beyond the pale'. Everyone can be helped if they want to be helped. So if any of you who are drug addicts really want to 'kick the habit', then you can 'kick the habit' and by the time you get to the Other Side you will find that your astral form has recovered from the psychic shock of your physical drug addiction.

I do want to say something here about suicide because of late I have been shocked at the number of people who have written to me saying that they have been on drugs and they see no way out except to commit suicide. Well, my goodness me!

Suicide is very very wrong indeed. You harm yourself, and you have to come back to much worse conditions if you commit suicide. If you have difficulties which make you think about suicide, then talk over the matter with a priest, or even with the Salvation Army, or look in the telephone directory and find some Association or Society connected with Welfare with whom you can discuss your problems. So let me emphasize as I have emphasized so often in the past-never contemplate suicide. Never commit suicide. You are hurting yourself if you do. If you commit suicide, well, you have abandoned help. If you stay alive there is always some way out of your problem. Suicide is not a way out because-I repeat-you come back to harder conditions.

Now another question: 'How is it that some people come to one sign of the Zodiac and some to another sign? If we come as a Taurus person how can we appreciate the problems of a Cancer person or a Leo person or a Scorpio person, or something else? I don't understand this problem about how we come under different signs of the Zodiac. Will you tell us?'

Yes, I can tell you. Every person goes through every sign of the Zodiac, and there

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are twelve signs. And every person has to live through each quadrant of the Zodiac. So you can be just entering the sign of Libra in one life, then in another life (not necessarily the next) you can be right midway in the sign of Libra, and in yet another life you can be just leaving the sign of Libra, or, of course, all the other signs of the Zodiac. So you have to live through every sign and every part of the sign so that you get full experience of each of the signs.

Question: 'Tell us about the future. Are we in the West all going to be "in for it", or will things suddenly brighten for us? Tell us, will you? I've just bought a place up in the Rockies in Washington State, I am having a house built there, and I am hoping to be free of all troubles. Will I be?'

Well, we have to remember that everything comes in cycles. Imagine that you are watching a great big pendulum. The pendulum is at the top of its stroke. Let us say you are facing this pendulum and it is up at the top of its stroke on the right-hand side. Then you release it, and it moves down and eventually it reaches its lowest point, and then it rises to go up to its highest point. Then it reverses and comes down to the lowest point, and up again. Life-existence-is like that. You get a Golden Age and then people are too self-satisfied so things get worse and worse, things get lower and lower just like the pendulum on its downward swing. And then, when it is nearly at the bottom of its swing, you get the negation of all liberties, you get Communism when people get horribly sick of being dictated to. After that they strive again for freedom and so, just as the pendulum moved to the upward stroke, people strive for more spirituality and they work hard at it, they put aside their petty bickering, they put aside their fighting, conditions improve. Eventually life becomes quite pleasant, then it becomes exceedingly good, better and better. And so we come again to a Golden Age, an Age in which people get complacent, too self-satisfied, too content. So they sit back, they've got everything, there is nothing more to work for. And then the pendulum starts on its downward swing again, and so people find hardship coming, they find Communism comes again, and so we get the same thing cycle after cycle. Now upon this Earth we are having a hard time. The pendulum is still going down, and it has to go down still further before it can go higher, but cheer up-the Communism the world will know will not be so severe as that which initiated that evil cult or policy into this world because each time conditions get a little better. So-we are approaching the darkest hour before the dawn, but after the darkest hour shafts of light will shine across the sky, the gloom will end, the day will dawn, and again we shall come to the Golden Age. But at the end of the day the night will fall again, to be followed by gloom and darkness until again dawn will burst upon the world and life will become brighter and brighter until, with increasing complacency and self-satisfaction, conditions will deteriorate. And so until the end of Time the Earth and all worlds have these cycles of good and bad, and good and bad.

So be of good cheer because no one is ever alone or deserted. There is always hope, so keep that in mind. You can be as good as you want to be. You can be helped at any time if you really want to be.

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CHAPTER FIVE

It was becoming difficult to go out in the grounds or to drive along the Plaza in the wheelchair. Curtains would twitch slightly at my passing and perhaps just one eye would show as an inquisitive person followed my transit.

Whispers came: 'Yes, that's him all right-that's him.'

Others, more forthright, came out in the open and said they had heard about me on French television or they had read about me in the French-language papers. Some went so far as ' to say that there seemed to be quite a conspiracy to do whatever harm they could.

The number of visitors who were 'just taking snapshots' increased. It was noticeable that they all managed to aim the camera in my direction. On one occasion I was riding along in my wheelchair by the side of the road and a car came rushing out of the distance and slowed up with a screech of brakes beside me. The driver drove along at my speed and-highly dangerously-he used a cine camera to film me at the same time as he was trying to drive his car on a public road! There came the time when the whispers and the irritations became unsupportable, so we discussed matters and I said,

'Oh, let's get this Mr. Telly* in then, but I will tell you what I am going to do; I have had so much double-crossing from people, not only the Press but from all manner of people, that I think I will use a tape recorder and record what is said so that afterwards, if there should be any dispute-well, then I shall have evidence to prove what happened free from defective memories, free from what I may gently call "reporters license" '

Within a very few days there came a rush and a roar, something like a modern jet plane taking on or a space capsule or something, and the very fast modern car belonging to Mr. Telly swooshed up the road, violently turned right, and swung down to the entrance many floors below. Minutes later there came hurrying footsteps and almost a 'skid stop' followed by pounding at the door. Mr. Telly entered.

Of course it must be very clearly understood that 'Mr. Telly' is not his real name. His real name doesn't matter, it has nothing to do with this book, but I thought that as television and newspaper, radio and all that were much the same sort of racket I would

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invent a generic term. This must be made clear because in the past I have really, truly, honestly, seriously had people write to me and ask me about Mrs. Hensbaum and Rosie Hipps, and people like that, not realizing that I was just using made-up names.

Well, Mr. Telly came in. We had a few friendly words of greeting and then he told me that he'd got a whole list of questions, and I said, 'Well, look, I am a very sick man indeed and I do not know that I can stand all the time and hardship or many hours of interview, so what I suggest is this; you give me all your questions and I will answer some of them here and now and I will answer the others in writing.'

Mr. Telly nodded wisely and produced wads of paper from his pocket. Some had pretty doodles on them for he was a great doodler. And then he put the questions on the bed before him.

'Before we start,' I said, 'I do want you to understand clearly Mr. Telly that in this material I retain my copyright because I propose to use all this material in a book which I am going to write for the English language. You do understand that, don't you?'

Mr. Telly looked a bit sour, and said, 'Oh well, how am I going to manage then if it is your copyright? I cannot use the material myself, can I?'

'Well yes, you can, Mr. Telly,' I said, 'for I am telling you that you can use all this material in the French book* which I understand you are going to write, and I will use it in the English book so then we shall not conflict with what we are going to do, shall we?'

Mrs. Rampa, who was listening intently, nodded sagely and then Mr. Telly said, 'Oh well, that's all right then.'

'Now then,' I said, 'this picture you brought from that French-language paper-well, it makes me rather sorry that I am not more proficient in French. It's interesting that these fellows label me as a "gentle fake". Actually I am neither gentle nor a fake, but surely their comments are some sort of a compliment because there is so little gentleness in the world today; it seems that Jews and Arabs are knocking the stuffing out of each other, and Christians are trying to see what is inside the other fellow, and bombs are being tossed about in Montreal, and the Press and Television are being savage to anyone. Yes, I suppose it is quite a compliment to be labeled "gentle" even if it is in the connotation of fake.

'But, you know, this just shows how inaccurate the Press really is because I have always maintained that it does not matter who writes a thing so long as the person writes stuff that is of benefit to other people, so long as he writes the truth. That is what I say, I say it does not matter about me, it does not matter who I am, it does not matter what I am. If what I write brings some good to someone-and letters which I have prove that I do bring good to people-then my precise identity, or whether I sign my name with an A, a Y, or a Z, surely does not matter. This interview, you know, is really just pandering to the inquisitiveness of the public. You seem to think that it is a good idea but I am not sure that I agree with you.

'One of the complaints I have is this; I tell the absolute truth and yet the Press

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wriggle around taking my statements out of context, and making up something quite different which I certainly did not say and did not imply. I state that all that I have written is true. How can anyone distort that? But I have no doubt that the Press will distort it somehow. Why do not the Press go in for some research? Surely they have enough money for it. They could do some research into authentic cases of transmigration. Even in the Bible there are cases of transmigration, and throughout history, throughout the Libraries of the world, there are many really authentic cases recorded (I must be careful when I say "really" authentic because otherwise some moronic Pressman will say, "Oh, he uses 'really' therefore he is implying he is not genuine." But that is not so at all). I state that I have experienced definite, authentic transmigration.

'Now you ask about this plumber business. Well, what is wrong with being a plumber? I am sure you have found the services of a plumber extremely useful at times, in fact at times the services of a plumber can be a darn sight more beneficial to you than the services of a pressman. You get locked in the smallest room, for instance, and it takes more than a pressman to get one out.

'However, whether you believe it or not (and I couldn't care less), no-I have never been a plumber. If I had I would be far richer than I am at present because I believe that plumbers are extremely well paid. Certainly they charge enough!

'I have just said about you being locked in the smallest room, but there is one report which I had repeated to me some time ago which gave me very considerable glee; there was a pressman with a very bad character-one who persecuted me without mercy-and he went aboard a ship to do some interviewing and he was not at all wanted, he was not popular even with his fellow reporters, and if anyone is unpopular with a fellow reporter then he must be a pretty crummy specimen indeed. But, anyway, this reporter had to go to the you-know-where, and while he was in that very small space some of his associates barricaded the door preventing him from coming out. Consequently he missed the interview altogether, and that was a good thing because he was not a good writer nor did he know the meaning of truth. But then, this could apply to all pressmen, couldn't it?

'Returning to this plumber business-no, I do not know anything about it because, as I have stated, my story is a true story and the pages in The Rampa Story will give you as much as I know about this past life. Look at it like this; you go to a cinema show and you see a film which, for some extraordinary reason is being run backwards, that is, the film runs from now to then. Well, you become confused, your sense of time is altered because everything is reversed. But you try to remember a film you saw-oh, what shall we say?-twenty years ago? How much do you know about it now? Probably you were not all that interested, and if you wrote out exactly what happened in that film which is being run backwards, it would not necessarily tally precisely with actual events. I have a completely eidetic memory about everything which has happened to me-to me personally. But I am not good at all at trying to portray the life story of a person whom I have never met and whom I never want to meet.

'What is transmigration? Well, I thought everybody knew what that was. If they

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don't know what it is then they can't be very good at their religious studies, can they?

'Transmigration is stated to be the movement of one soul from one body into another body. There are many, many recorded instances in the world's history in which the soul of a person has departed from a body but before death occurred to that body another body was taken over. It is as simple as that.

'You can say if you wish to make it clearer that there is a car. The car stops and the driver gets out. Another driver gets in and drives off. The driver, in this case, can be likened to the soul. So the soul, which is the first driver, left the car which is the body, and a fresh soul, which is the second driver, got into the car and drove off. Just as you can have a car which is driven by two people-one after the other of course-so you can have a body which is occupied first by one soul and then by another. There is nothing very strange about it.

'Another way in which you can look at it, if it helps to make it clearer, is this; you have a storage battery, and the charge, which in this case is the soul, goes out of it with use, so then it is charged up again and, in effect, the same battery gets a different soul.

'The difficulty is that here in this Western part of the world people are more interested in making money and in harming their neighbors, but in the Eastern part of the world there is a completely different concept of the purpose of living. In the Far East people are more interested in the spiritual side of life, things of the spirit have greater value than the things of the flesh.

'But you are still on about this plumber business and how it started. Well, in England there are many snobs, we must admit that, and if a person is a plumber or a garbage collector then he is considered to be pretty low and not to have any education, and is supposed to touch a greasy forelock and say,

'Yes, God, No, God,' to the customers who do not pay their bills. So the best way to pull a man down in England is to say,

'Oh, he's the son of a plumber,' or 'He is a plumber himself ' which, I gather, is considered to be even worse. I cannot help smiling, though, when I think that the Founder of the Christian Religion was a carpenter, which is no higher than being a plumber! 'I have been reminded of a case which illustrates this very well. Lord Hambledon is an important and cultured man but there was someone talking about him in a disparaging manner, and remarked, 'Oh that fellow Smith who sells books.' That, however, still does not affect the true status of Lord Hambledon whose name is also Smith and who is, after all, England's biggest and perhaps most important bookseller.

'This is the Age of Kali, the age of disruption where the crummy little man-in-the-street and his snotty-nosed wife, done up with loads of powder and face goo, try to pull down all that really matters, try to sneer at tradition, try to sneer at culture, and have no time for education because through television and the Press people are very superficially educated above their means and above their brains! They hear fantastic tales about Hollywood homes, and they get Communist ideas that they too should have such homes, homes which really exist only in the fevered imagination of the film people.

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‘The worst aspect of our present civilization is how a very noisy minority can make it appear that a person is a fraud or a person is hated, etc. We get the same thing in strikes. We get a few hooters rousing the general people to an absolute frenzy. We get strong-arm goons who beat a person senseless if he tries to stand on the side of decency. And so the average person who would like to know the truth is driven by fear to listen to the rabble and the goons and the Press.

‘But you tell me something; if a man has a big firm, or if he supervises, does he necessarily have to be classed as the lowest of the lot? For instance, if a man owns a newspaper does he have to be just the copy-devil or whatever you call the fellow nowadays. Or if a man has a great big home appliance firm, does he count as a pipe-fitter or a plumber, or is he the head of the firm? It is a terrible thing nowadays how people are so unutterably snobbish. What was Moses? Surely Moses was a waif, a homeless child who was just picked up somewhere. And what was Jesus? The son of a carpenter, we are told. And Northern Ireland trying to destroy all the other Christians here again, as I said previously, that is an even older trade than that of a plumber.

‘To bring it back to our present era the Press have also started a good thing in their own mind by bringing down royalty. Do they not refer so frequently to Princess Margaret as “Mrs. Jones”? Do they not refer to that very great man, Prince Philip, as just a foreigner who managed to get adopted into the British Navy or something? Strange, isn’t it? And so why should we not call the Editor of a newspaper a rag-picker? After all, he does have a rag, does he not?

‘Again, I am going to state that all my books are true, and I am going to tell you that I have a very special reason for insisting on this truth. I will even tell you why I so insist; transmigration is fact, not fantasy, and there will be many others like me coming to this world. If I can save any of those from the misery and hell and persecution which I have endured through hatred here, then my own suffering will have been more than justified.

‘People who have accomplished transmigration, and have talked about it, have been regarded as something strange. Some have been put in mental homes! But if a person appears strange to another person he is feared, and if he is feared he is also hated. Have you ever seen a dog approaching a strange dog? Have you seen how it circles around, sniffing and growling, and is always afraid it is going to lose something? Well, that is how humans behave with me because they consider that I am different in some way, and so they try to claim that I am a fraud, they try to claim that because I am so strange I must be a fake. I am not, you know. I am one alone at present-the lonely man-but there will be others coming by transmigration, and they will carry on where I have to leave off through ill health and poverty, both caused by persecution.

‘People persecute and fear that which they don’t understand. People hate those who take them into realms which they have not before entered. People loathe those who write about matters beyond the limited experiences of the reader. People try to destroy that which does not conform to their own concepts and patterns, as witness the assorted Christians in whose concepts may be microscopically different. As witness the American Whites trying to enslave or destroy the American Coloreds because they do not

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conform to the white pattern. The path of the bringer of truth is hard; only the sadist and the pornographer is lauded and loaded with gold. No matter the consequences, all my books are true.

'My wife has been approached by pressmen who wanted her to write something sensational, something that the public could lap up. It did not have to be true. If it was the truth, so they said, it would not be sensational, it would be just-the truth. But one man offered her quite a considerable sum of money to deny everything that I claim and to make out all sorts of strange things. He wanted sex orgies, he wanted underground temples, and obscene rites. Naturally my wife refused. But it shows that there is a little segment of the Press out to falsify the truth. They cannot bear the truth, it has no interest for them.

'There has been an astonishing interest in my sex life! Now, I can answer that easily, that is very very simple to answer: I do not have a sex life, I live as a hermit. One could say (and it has been said too often), that I live as a lodger in my own home, but there is no trouble with morality here. Each of us has respect for the others, and, you know, we are not all sex mad perverts. We leave that for others.

'Oh yes, I must tell you this; this should make you laugh. I had one communication from a lady, a French-Canadian of course, who stated with great triumph that she knew I was a fake because I looked at my cats with love when she saw me on a filmed program. Love my little cats? Of course I do! I really, genuinely love both these little people, I love all cats, but I do not always extend that love to humans.

'Now a word straight from the horse's mouth, or am I just a donkey instead, for being lured into this? But anyway, here is a word straight from my mouth; it really astounds me how Press people drum up a lot of criticism when they have not even read my books. Now if somebody wants to criticize my books, and if they know something about the subject, why do they not read the books first? Probably because they will find that there is nothing they can criticize after. However, there it is. Yes, you can put all this into print if you want to, I would agree to it, but only if you include this sentence:

'I, T. Lobsang Rampa, state definitely that all my books are true and I am whom I claim to be, and I state that others will come by transmigration. I hope they will get a better welcome than I did.

'Oh, good gracious, I thought we had finished all these foolish questions. But if, as you say, it is so vitally important to answer them, what are they? Critics' queries? But, I don't mind critics! These people who criticize because they are ignorant and don't know anything. But come on, bring out your questions. What are they, and what is the first one?'

Q: 'People write in and say that you do not look like a Tibetan.'

A: 'Oh, they do, do they? But how many people of any nationality look as popular imagination would have them look? Take, for example, England, a small country. Can you say that anyone is a typical Englishman? Consider a small dark Welshman, compare him with a big blonde Scotsman. Do they look alike? They are both still people of Great

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Britain, aren't they? Then take a person from Manchester and a person from Cornwall, they are both English but they may be utterly, utterly different.

'Consider high-caste Indians. Some of them are so white-skinned that they can and do pass for Europeans. But the typical Indian of distorted imagination might be a small dark little man, usually clad in rags. That is nonsense. It is quite absurd to say that there is a classical person of any race. For example, John Bull, the typical British cartoon figure; is there such a person? Or Uncle Sam-is there such a person as Uncle Sam? No! People who say, "Oh, he doesn't look like a Tibetan," are just displaying their ignorance of life and life's forces. The average Tibetan of popular Western imagination is of Mongolian origin, but the higher the caste of Tibetan the whiter and the more "European" he appears to be.'

Q: 'What can you tell us about reincarnation? People write in and say that reincarnation is a thing they really cannot accept.'

A: 'What a fantastic thing that is! Reincarnation is or has been taught in most religions. For an illustration, let me remind you that the original teachings of Christ are very very different from the teachings of the present. Things are changing. Often the Vatican will issue an edict changing an interpretation; a person who has been a saint for centuries is no longer a saint. Dogma which has been accepted for centuries becomes changed overnight by papal edict.

'The same thing happens in the case of reincarnation. Christ taught reincarnation. He taught that people came back time after time and then went back to the place where "In my Father's house there are many mansions". But the priests round about the Year 60 decided to alter the teachings of Christ and they found that it was not wise to teach reincarnation because people would have a jolly good time in one life thinking they would pay for it in the next life, in the comfortable distant future. So in the Christian belief reincarnation was dropped. The original documents, the Dead Sea Scrolls and all that type of thing teach reincarnation. But isn't it amusing that I, a non-Christian, should have to teach the Christian belief to Christians?

'Many religions believe that people have to come to this Earth as children return to school time after time. Children first go to the infants' class, then at the end of that term they go home for recreation. At the end of the recreation they are "born" to the school life again. If they have done well enough in their previous term they come back to a higher grade. Then, when they have continued successfully for that term, they "die" to the school life and return home again, going back to school after the suitable holidays. So they go on like that, returning to school until the end of the school career. At the end of each successive term they return home, only to go back to school in a higher grade until they have progressed through the school, or, as we have to point out, life. Then they return home to come back to school no more, or come back to Earth no more.'

Q: 'I have here a French magazine. It prints the information that you are a plumber. It says that you have been a plumber all your life. What about that?'

A: 'So we get back to this plumber business again, eh? Well, I wish I could charge

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the going rate for plumbers. I could do quite well on that money. But no, I repeat, I am not a plumber, I have never been a plumber, and-well-how can they possibly say that I am now living as a plumber when actually I am either bedridden or confined to a wheel-chair? That just shows how press reports are frightfully inaccurate.'

Q : 'People say that you are very rich, that you live in absolute luxury.'

A : 'Just look about you! Do you think this is luxury? Did you not say that the floor is cold and I should have some carpet on? There is no carpet on my floor, Mr. Telly, and, while on the subject, I do not even have a television set nor do I have a car. Is that luxury? It is very, very far from luxury. But I will give you a definite answer-No, I do not live in luxury. No, I do not have a big income as you seem to imagine, or, let me be fair to you, as some of your colleagues seem to imagine. To start with, some publishers in England take as much as fifty per cent from my small royalties before I get anything. Then, of course, there are agents' fees. Incidentally, the agents' fees are an investment because my agent, Mr. Stanley Knight, saves me an awful lot of work; he keeps me on the right path!

'If a book is published in a different country there may be two sets of agents' fees, and then there is tax. In addition, of course, there are all manner of expenses connected with book writing, typewriter, typing, copying, and all the rest of it.

'If the complaint is that I live in this particular apartment building, well, let me tell you this; it is cheaper living here than in many other apartment buildings. There are many advantages to living in a place such as this. I have no car, as I told you, for the simple reason that I cannot afford one, but one exceptionally good advantage in being here is that there are doormen, people who keep away unwanted, uninvited guests. People come here and unless they can produce some conclusive evidence that I am willing to see them, they are just told, "No, no admittance," and to me that is worth quite a lot of money.

'But if you really want to know what I do with the small amount of money I get I will tell you; I do research. I am doing research into the matter of the human aura. All humans have an aura around the body. There is no point in going into details here because all that is written about in considerable detail in my book *You-Forever*. If people could photograph the human aura they could tell in advance about illnesses which were likely to affect this physical body, tell in advance while the illness was preventable or curable. You see, illness shows in the colors of the aura long before it manifests itself in the physical body. Research, equipment, costs a lot of money, and because I spend so much on research I have little indeed left for myself. Sometimes, not even enough for medical necessities.

'By the way, let me just interject my own remarks here for the moment, apart from questions. I cannot understand why all these personal and impertinent questions are asked. I write true books and it does not mean that because a reader pays a few cents for a book he has the right to inquire into my private life. Why should I not write to some of my readers and ask how much money they make and what they do with it? And why should I not ask about their sex life? Do you think they would answer that? But no matter,

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let us get on with these questions and answers because I have already told you I will answer some more.'

Q : 'You say you are a monk. Then why are you living with two women?'

A : 'Now that really is an utterly absurd question. Why shouldn't I live with two women? Doesn't the Pope, for instance, have women around him? He does, you know; he has a Housekeeper for one. But anyway, why not say that I live with four females? Two of the females are Siamese cat ladies and real ladies they are, too. But I have already made it clear about my sex life, or, to be more precise, my lack of sex life, so there is no point in going further into that except to point out that even Gandhi had women attendants. Christ had women about Him, and if we are to believe the Bible Christ even mixed with prostitutes. So what is wrong in mixing with women? They are humans, aren't they? You will find that in Tibet some monks were even married and their wives lived in the lamaseries. No, I cannot help pondering upon the reason for such a stupid question.'

Q : 'Why did you come to Canada? The Press in England said you had gone to your Canadian hideout. Did you come here just to hide?'

A : 'Why did I come to Canada? Why not? I have to live somewhere, and if I had gone to Timbuctu some clot would have said, "Why did Lobsang Rampa live in Timbuctu?" After all, why do people live in Canada? Is there anything wrong with the place? Is it a crime to live here? The answer is that I live in Canada for probably the same reason as you do; I live here because I want to live here. I have taken out Canadian citizenship and now I am a full citizen of this Canada.'

Q : 'Why are you so antisocial? Why do you live like a hermit? Why don't you meet people? Are you afraid, or something?'

A : 'You know, I would love to stop here and have a jolly good laugh. But time is pressing so let us get on with a sensible answer to a foolish question. I live as a hermit because I am utterly sick and tired of senseless questions and senseless people asking senseless questions. I have had people visit me and I have been absolutely sickened by their selfishness. They say, "Oh, what you can do for me! I want you to do this, I want you to do that." People rarely ask what they can do for me. And another thing; before I learned by hard bitter experience I did see a few people, but many of them went away from me and completely misreported everything that had happened. Some tried to make money out of the Press and they went along and sold misinformation for quite a packet of money. Now I have decided that there is no reason why I should pander to the senseless curiosity of people. I am not a freak in a cage, nor am I a sideshow attraction in a circus. So I do not and I will not see people.'

'I am not afraid to meet people. Why should I be? I have told all there is to be told in my books. But then again, why should I meet people if I don't want to? Do you, Mr. Telly, meet everyone who thinks they can just drop in and waste your time? Why should I meet people when so many are just trying to criticize me or trying to get something for nothing? It seems to be thought that because I write books which people can buy for a few cents, that I have to put myself up as a sort of Aunt Sally and answer any fool ques-

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tion, or see any mentally bereft person who can manage to totter to my door. Let me state finally that people do not have a right of access to see me, they do not have a right to come and see me whenever they think they will.

‘I must tell you this, it has overtones of humour to it; when I lived in a different apartment here I had a man come to my door after midnight. He was from a Middle Eastern country and he arrived with quite a few suitcases. He came to the door and when it was opened he tried to get inside, saying, “I have come to live with you as your son.” Well, that’s something eh? Eventually we got rid of him, but I saw him much later in the morning, and he went away apparently satisfied.

‘Some months after I received a blackmail demand for \$2,000 and a very savage demand that I should embrace and write about some peculiar religion that I had never even heard of before. He was very insistent that I should write books in praise of that religion. This was quite fantastic to me, but serious to him, and I have never been easily intimidated so, unfortunately for the man concerned, he quite accidentally enclosed an indication of his address on about his sixth letter to me-the first letters were quite anonymous. Anyway, I got in touch with the U.S. Postal Inspection Department and with the Police of the relevant area.

‘The gentleman concerned was living in the U.S.A. illegally.

‘He is not there now!

‘While still on the subject I can tell you this; I have had people who have come to me in the greatest distress and have written to me claiming that the most dreadful things were going to happen to them and only I could save them. So, out of compassion, I have agreed to see them. One woman immediately wanted to jump in bed with me, an offer which I refused, and so incurred her enmity. She has ever since been trying to harm me. But others said they invented the whole thing because they knew that without very good reason I would not see them. Because of treachery of this nature I do not see people any more.’

Q: ‘You have a business in England making Touch Stones and phonograph records. How do you say that you are poor when you have these business interests which bring you in money?’

A: ‘No. I do not have a business in England or anywhere else in the world. I have no business interests of any sort except in writing my books and Mr. Knight, my wonderfully reliable Agent, looks after that business for me! But of course there are Touch Stones being made, and I designed them, but it is not my business and I am no part of the business.’

Q: ‘The Press here-publishes a letter which they say is from the Dalai Lama and saying that you were a fake. What do you say about that?’

A: ‘The Press made much of a purported statement by some secretary employed by the Dalai Lama to the effect that I was not genuine, but the Dalai Lama himself has never said such a thing, nor has his secretary said I am not genuine. The letter, for ex-

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ample, said he places “no credence”, which is a horse of another colour. But let us look at this matter; anyone with even the meanest intelligence would know that people in “high places” have quite a number of secretaries. Leaders of countries have several secretaries, and sometimes these secretaries have limited authority to write what they consider to be fit because their employers do not have time to deal with all the correspondence themselves. So if the fellow has a personal dislike then he gets a wonderful opportunity to vent his spite on the object of his dislike and, in this particular case, I state absolutely that there is a secretary to the Dalai Lama who has no liking for me at all, and so this secretary makes remarks about “we place no credence-” which is quite a different thing from what the Press try to convey.

‘By the way, you have just told me yourself that there were two “lamas” discussing the Rampa affair and one “lama” was supposed to be very opposed to me and the other was absolutely fervid in his support. Yet the Press, of course, take the side of the opposition. Why?’

‘There is a very well-known American author who went to see the Dalai Lama in India, and when Mr. B. came back he sent me a special message to the effect that when Tibet was free again the Dalai Lama would gladly welcome me to the Potala. No, do not place words in the mouth of the Dalai Lama which he has not uttered. Instead, regard the backstairs secretaries as suspects. You don’t know their motives? Perhaps I do!’

‘Once again I will make another remark which doesn’t, so far, come in your questions, but I gather you have a whole bunch of the wretched things. The Press seem to be very confused about my identity. But why? Look at some well-known cases—who was Shakespeare? Who was Bacon? Who was Moses? I mention these merely because they are so well known, and again, just to show how remarkable some Press statements are, I have already mentioned a Press statement about Christ going to Japan after He “ran out” on His brother. Well, what do you think about all that? Do you believe all this? It is in the Press you know. But if one is to believe all the muck the Press publish about me, well—why not believe all muck published about everyone?’

Q: ‘How old are you? Why do you refuse to give your age?’

A : ‘But I do refuse to give my age. It’s nothing to do with anyone else. My age, which is far more than you would believe, does not affect my book writing, it doesn’t add any proof to anything, and in any case I do not want to give any proof because I just couldn’t care less about pleasing the Press. The ordinary decent people who read my books do believe me, but as is always the case an extremely noisy minority make a commotion quite impossible to credit unless one is the victim. But the answer is—No, I will not give my age, and the sole reason is because I do not want to!’

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CHAPTER SIX

It was very tiring answering these questions. The old man lay there propped up on his bed and Mr. Telly was sitting on the foot of the bed shuffling a great sheaf of papers, and all the time he was continually fishing fresh scraps of paper out of his pocket, papers with fresh questions. Ever and anon inspiration would strike him and he would grab a pencil and write out yet another question. When he was not writing out questions Mr. Telly was doodling. He was a great doodler, and his doodles were most, most revealing!

‘Well, come on then, let’s get on with these questions,’ said the old man, ‘what’s the next one?’

Q: ‘If you are so strong and know so much, why can’t you cure your illness?’

A: ‘Now that really is the depth of absurdity. Let me tell you something; fifteen years ago I went to one of the most famous London hospitals. There I was very carefully examined, and the opinion was made that I had not more than six months of life remaining. I then went to another equally famous London hospital. They confirmed the estimate of the first, and that was more than fifteen years ago.

‘Two and a half years ago in Canada I was told that I had not more than two or three months of life left. Two and a half years ago that forecast was made. Let me tell you something which may not have occurred to you; all the Press persecution is not helping my health in any way, but even the greatest of faith healing will not grow an arm or a leg which has been amputated, not even the greatest faith or medical science can grow a lung which has been removed. So whatever silly sort of person asked a fool question like that?’

Q: ‘The French Press say that you probably copied Madame Blavatsky. Did you? Or if you did not copy her, then you must have copied Alexandra David-Neil. Is that correct?’

A: ‘This really does seem to be a comic session, doesn’t it? No, I have not copied anyone. I have no books of reference. I have never read any of the works of Madame Blavatsky nor any of the works of this Alexandra David-Neil. I write exclusively from my

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own personal knowledge and experience, and that seems to be entirely adequate. But why do you not read Madame Blavatsky and David-Neil and see if my books are similar. If they are, then do please come and tell me because I shall be most interested!’

Q: ‘Here is a report from a French newspaper in which they say you were hired by Hitler to go to Tibet to learn all you could then you could return to counsel Hitler on how to win the war.’

A: ‘Well, do you seriously think I am going to answer a question like that?! I will, though, although you do seem to have been combing the mental homes to find the most crazy people to ask the most crazy questions.

‘No, I have never been hired by Hitler to go to Tibet. If you want to know the truth, the real truth, and nothing but the truth, then read all my books which are in print then you will know the truth.’

Q: ‘Will you tell us some of the questions you are asked, reincarnation, for instance, people don’t understand it. Transmigration, people don’t understand that either. So will you answer questions about that?’

A: ‘Well, I don’t know what else there is to tell you. I have told you that if you read all my books you will know all this stuff, that’s what my books are about. If people read my books they will know about transmigration, they will know about reincarnation, they will know about the aura.’

Q: ‘Well, won’t you give us just one thing about changing bodies? What is it like?’

A: ‘I’ll tell you what I will do; I will let you have an extract from The Rampa Story, you can print it and then you will get the actual incident recounted for you.’

Q: ‘Why have you kept things concealed so much about a changeover and all that? Why not come out into the open about it?’

A: ‘Wait a minute. Now here is an extract from The Third Eye which was copyrighted in 1956. This particular extract I will pass over to you. Perhaps you will be kind enough to publish the statement in full and then it will clearly be understood that even since 1956 I have been making things “open” and I have not been “concealing things”.’

Q: ‘But why is your name now Rampa? What did you change it for?’

A: ‘You’d be surprised! I went to South America, to Uruguay as a matter of fact, and they seemed not to believe it possible for a person to have two names, a pen name and an identity name, so they would not let me have mail which came for one name. They told me that I had to stick to one name, so I made a legal deed of name change, a change made specifically according to law. It is a perfectly legal thing and my only name now is Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. Yes, you can have a copy of the legal deed and you can publish it.

‘Oh, you don’t mean to say you’ve got another load of questions there! I thought we’d got rid of all this lot. But I do want to tell you that we’d better get these questions settled here and now because after this I am not prepared to answer any more questions,

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so if people do not want to believe-well, let them disbelieve. It is like taking a horse to the water; you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. You can give a person absolute irrefutable proof but you cannot make him believe if he doesn't want to believe or if he's got a closed mind. Well, what's the next question?'

Q: 'Many people ask serious questions and they don't get any answers. They ask about this business of transmigration. Well, actually, what is it? How is it done?'

A: 'But good gracious me, I have gone into this so much that I am thoroughly sick of the whole thing. It is all given in my books, you know, and it is incredible to me that you cannot get down to it and read the books. That is why they are written! But what is transmigration?'

'Well, it is a cross-migrate. It just means that one soul leaves one body and takes over another body which has just at that same instant been vacated by its previous occupant. There is nothing at all difficult in it. It is done very frequently. But let us start a bit further back.

'If we are to believe in a God or in a Supreme Being of any kind then we must believe in the essential goodness, the essential fairness of such a Being. Now if we are to believe that-and I am only putting it like this because you are so appallingly ignorant of the whole thing-then surely we have a right to expect that a beneficent God will be fair to all, so why should a person be born to a very high estate and have everything he wants, have no troubles, no persecution from the Press, no hatred, and another person of about the same age is born perhaps with serious illness and in poverty, and at the same time press hoodlums persecute him if he looks the wrong way or something? They both live and they both die, one to acclaim, one to sorrow. If we are to believe in a just God that cannot be, and in any case, there are definite evidences, established cases, where bodies have been switched over. You see bodies are just vehicles. The Western science is now groping towards the truth which the Easterner has known for centuries. Man is a vehicle of a Higher Being, Man is controlled by a soul or Overself-call it what you like. Let us call it a soul because unless you have studied this a bit you could be led astray. I think you have been led astray by being a member of the Press, but that is another thing altogether. However, when a person is in the soul state he is in a much more glorious state, a state where he cannot suffer pain or suffer from vindictive persecution, but it may be necessary for him to learn something and the only way to learn, really, is by a certain amount of suffering. Suffering can be overdone, from my own experience I say that it can be overdone. But this soul selects a body to occupy when it comes down to this Earth. If you want to go touring then you select a car which will give you ample power and will carry you safely through possibly the backwoods. You will have a car which is proved to be of a reliable type, you want a good plodding workhorse of a car. Or if you want to go in for racing you will have a much more temperamental affair for race cars are temperamental indeed. But just as you would select a car for the conditions you have in mind and for the things you want to do, so the soul selects a body which will give him the range of experience he has to endure or surmount.

'Now when one is on the Other Side of life much can be seen of probabilities on

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this Earth. It is much the same as one can be on the ground in a little wood with trees all around you. You think you are in a vast forest, you can't see very far because you have this wood about you, and perhaps you are circumscribed by a river or perhaps you may be on a small island. If you are, then that island may be as your entire world, but if you pass over in an aeroplane you think-that mighty forest, well, it is just really a small copse. The island which was your entire world is just a spot in somebody's farm lot. That is how you would see things from the Other Side of Life.

'Of course, jealous authors and idiotic pressmen are a decided nuisance when one is on this Earth, but they will have to go through it themselves in a future life. It might teach them something, and if it doesn't they will come back time after time until they do learn. But this is taking us away from transmigration, so let us get back to our cars.

'Let us say you are touring and you have reached some distant place. Circumstances urgently require that you should do something necessitating a special type of vehicle. It might be a race car, it might even be a bulldozer, but the whole point is that you, the soul of the car, get out of your touring car and you, the soul, move over to-what shall we say? A racing car or a bulldozer?-Let us say you move over to the bulldozer. You get in the thing, you do certain actions, and the bulldozer bursts into life. You, the soul, make known to the machine that which you need to have done. You steer the vehicle, you pick up all sorts of impressions from it, especially if you drop the thing into a big dip! But you are in much the same position as a soul taking over a different body.'

Q: 'Yes, but why should a man want to take over the body of another? That is a thing people ask-why does one person take over the body of another?'

A: 'I thought it was perfectly obvious. I have tried to make it clear enough. But let us take the instance to which you are so obliquely referring. Here we have a person who most desperately needed a body so that he could continue with a task which had been set for him by others, a task not at all of his choice, not at all to his liking, but a task set at the insistence of others. His own body, through the cruelty of humans, was in danger of collapse. His own body was too old, too tattered, and too unsatisfactory for the task to be carried out through its assistance.

'Now let us look at the other body; that was of a person who was heartily sick of life, a very sensitive person whose sensitivities had been beaten down by many unfortunate circumstances in his own life. He was a defeated man, a failure, if you like, but what may seem to be a failure to you was not a failure in his case. He may be the gainer in this, and you, who have tried to impede the task, well, you sure will be the loser. But anyway, this other body had a soul who was sick of living on Earth, who, sometime before, had taken a wrong Path and so he knew that his own task would not be completed in that particular life. He had contemplated suicide, he hoped to die, he wished that he could will himself to death, he wasn't happy. Yet his particular body vibrated on a fundamental harmonic of that other body which was falling to pieces. It was a body which would be compatible.

'Let me digress for a moment and remind you that you may like a car very much indeed, and then you may get into another car and it will remind you strongly of the car

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you just left, you get on with that particular car. But if you had moved from your own car to the famous brand X, you might have found that it just did not suit your own temperament. So, while it would work just as it would for everyone else, you still would not be entirely at ease with it, not entirely happy with it, and all the time you would wish you had something better to suit you, more compatible with you, not necessarily better engineering or better condition but something better in the compatibility line. So in this instance this particular person was able to contact the occupant of a body and an arrangement was made. You will find it all in The Rampa Story so why we have to keep on groaning away about this particular subject I just don't understand. It has been written, it has been discussed, and throughout living history there have been many cases of transmigration.'

Q: 'Yes, that seems clear enough but it still isn't absolutely clear why this particular body was taken.'

A: 'I confess that I am not at all clear about your question! Supposing Body Y had been taken instead of Body Z, for example. You would have been asking the same thing again-why take that body? But I have already tried to make it clear to you; because the two bodies had a fundamental frequency, a fundamental vibration, because they were compatible with each other, because the "controls" were similar, because, as controls were similar, immediate takeover would be easy, because the body was there ready to be vacated, and because the person was so willing and anxious. What more can one say? The significance of this case is that the body was there at the right time for the right purpose and so it was not necessary to be like the gentleman of old who wailed and wailed, crying, "My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse!" The "horse" or, more properly, "vehicle" was there. And that is all there is to it. The fact that the person was married was just a side issue and-well, I suppose it wasn't adequately considered, and as it turned out things were entirely satisfactory.

'By the way, you know, you are asking a lot of questions. Now, why shouldn't I ask a question or two and get your answers? So here is something which I want to know: You and I have been quite good friends and I thought there was loyalty in friendship. I have tried to help you, but ever since we heard this affair, this report, your attitude has been very antagonistic. But I am the same person. There is nothing coming out now that didn't come out some twelve or thirteen years ago, so why have you changed? We have heard that some jealous person and his immature cohorts are going to write a book about me because this particular person feels resentful that my books sell. Well, I am still wondering why your attitude has changed so much, why you seem so antagonistic towards me. I am not antagonistic towards you because I can see a bit further than the mere superficial shell which surrounds most people. So, do you have any worthwhile comment which I can put in the book which I am writing for the English reading world? You see, for many years I have been attacked and attacked by a moronic type of person who knows nothing about the subject, who has never bothered to read my books. Found near him the book was labeled "the murder book". But I state definitely in all my books that I am greatly opposed to suicide. Suicide is no way out, it is the way back. And yet the Press, of which you are a member, attacked me and said that I was encouraging suicides. I got in

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touch with the Press in England and challenged them to show me any place in any of my books where I in any way encouraged or condoned suicide. They did not take up my challenge. Now, are you going to take up my challenge? Have you truly read all my books? All the salient facts about me are given in The Rampa Story. Have you read it? Then, if you have read it, why has your attitude changed so much towards me? Now it seems to me that you regard me as some particularly offensive effluvia which the dog has just dragged in. I have my feelings just as you do, perhaps even a little more. So, there it is. Now the ball is passed to you.

‘But let us leave that for the moment and get on with these other things which apparently puzzle the great brains of the Press.

‘You say, I believe, “Why don’t I remember my out-of-body experiences?”

‘I get a lot of letters and a tremendous number of people who have read my books write to me and tell me that they now do remember their out-of-body experiences. So, as one progresses, one does remember. Once you remember properly then you always remember properly. The thing is this; down on Earth the average person is not meant to remember his out-of-body experiences, nor is he intended to remember what he or she was in a past life or a past, past life, and that is rightly so because if a man had been a king in a far-distant life and he was now a beggar, then he would find his position intolerable, it might even make him too much of an arrogant beggar. So isn’t it true that there is somewhere a sentence written about those, who having drunk of the Waters of Leith, forget the past that they may live in the present in preparation for the future? I have read something about it. But it is a kind provision of Nature, or of God, if you like, to give people temporary forgetfulness of the past so that they may live in the future, and the present.

‘You see, I started this off by saying that if we are to believe in a good God then we have to believe that there must be some sort of recompense for those who come as beggars and sufferers. Otherwise, if there is only one life, how can you, Mr. Pressman, explain the fairness of a God who lets one person come as a very wealthy man with all the position and power he wants and no troubles, and another comes as a deformed person, perhaps even mentally impaired, and in poverty? If there is only one life then quite clearly it would be an injustice to the underprivileged person, and too much favoritism for the one who had everything. Of course that is just one aspect of the thing. There are various proofs which have been established in Indian religions about the truth of reincarnation. Christianity, you know, is quite a modern religion compared to some of the Indian religions, and actually the Indian religions are the forerunners of the Christian. It is known that Christ took over the body of Jesus-”And the Spirit of the Lord entered unto Jesus”-and then Christ “wandered in the Wilderness”. Sure He did, He went to the Far East, He went through India, He went through Tibet, He met with the wise men of the time, and He formulated from all the religions He had studied a religion which at that time seemed to be most suitable for the people of that time. So that Christianity, as devised by Christ, was a mixture of Oriental religions as well as the religions of Mythology.

‘But then in about the Year 60 many of the priests who rushed to jump on the band-

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wagon and get in on the ground floor, so to speak, thought they were losing power because of the simplicity and purity of the Christian religion, and so they messed about with the religion. They decided what they were going to have taught, and in many cases it was the complete opposite of what Christ taught. Christ was not a woman hater, He did not think that women were unclean. In fact if you study the real records you will find that Christ was a married man with a family, but that is a fact that is carefully, carefully hidden, and Christian “experts” like to keep such information from the ordinary people because they think that Christianity would then lose some of its mystique.

‘But you still cannot get over this business of reincarnation? Well, I am not going to prove anything. There is proof, you know, there quite definitely is proof, but I have found in the past few years that one just cannot prove anything to a person who doesn’t want to have the proof. It is like taking a horse to the water; you can take the creature to the water but you can’t make him drink. If you try to he just chokes. So I say there is proof of reincarnation for those who will study Eastern and Oriental religions, but if you people can’t even bother to read my books before condemning me then how are you going to study Hindu, Brahmin, Muslim, etc., religions? The best that you can do is to just give it up and wait until bitter experience teaches you that there is a bit more to all this than you had thought up to the present.

‘Now, you have a question here which I thought I had already answered.’

Q: ‘What am I doing wrong? Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?’

A: ‘But surely we have already been dealing with all that almost ad nauseam! Wait a minute-where is that question again?- “Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?”

‘Well, people used to be, and I am referring to Christian people now. It used to be a part of the Christian doctrine. People puzzle over, “In my Father’s house there are many mansions,” but they do not understand what it really means. What it actually means is many planes of existence, many levels of astral life.

‘In the old days when Christianity started and when it was formed from some of the Indian religions, reincarnation was taught, the whole mechanism of it was taught, and it is still taught in Eastern countries. But unfortunately Christians re-grad Christianity as the only doctrine or teaching which can possibly be considered. So if you say, “Why are we not taught?” I can say, “But you are taught. It is just that some of your teachers try to obscure the issue.” Christianity is not the biggest religion numerically, so it doesn’t become the most important. If you would study other religions you would find that reincarnation is taught.

‘Unfortunately the Catholic belief is that it is wrong to accept the truth of anything except a remarkably rigid doctrine which was set down by priests to safeguard their own power. They made a lot of hoopla about it being a mortal sin to think for yourself. They taught that you had to believe everything that the priests tell you, lock, stock, and barrel, even when it is obviously too ridiculous for a normal person to believe. But the

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Catholic priests have got their public hocused, hypnotized into a state of terror wherein they just dare not think for themselves. Even the Pope nowadays seems to think there is quite a lot wrong with the Catholic religion, that is why he is making so many changes, isn't it? And even the Dalai Lama has admitted-to the Press, I believe-that he was not a reincarnation of Chenrezi. I believe I am correct in saying that he gave the complete circumstances of how he was picked to be this Dalai Lama. But anywhere if you study you will find out-yes, there is the truth of reincarnation available for those who are prepared to accept the truth and who do not go about with their eyes glued shut.'

Q: 'Why do we live beset by problems?'

A: 'If you go to school, if you go to college, you have problems all the time and you have to solve the problems. You go to school to learn things and to learn how to solve problems. If you are in the Arithmetic class, for instance, you are given a problem about a man who can mow a field in so many days, but how quickly will the field be mowed if you use three and a half men and a dog, or stuff like that. It is all questions. It might seem utterly stupid while you are at school, but afterwards you find that you can apply the solution of the problem to other problems which occur in the greater life beyond the school. In the same way, down on this Earth there are all manner of problems and the more evolved a person becomes the harder his problems become. But then when he goes to the Greater Life beyond this Earth, beyond all thought of returning to this Earth by way of reincarnating, then he finds that the knowledge he gained on this Earth with his problems helps him in other spheres of activity.

'If there were no problems on Earth then there would be no point in living here. If people just sat about all day and played with money or other things that money could buy, they would not be learning anything, they would be idling away their time. So instead a person gets more and more problems, and the further he progresses and evolves the greater his problems become. In the same way, in a school a University graduate would have no problem at all with the questions set the First Grader or the Kindergarten people, but the problems of the Undergraduate would be completely beyond the comprehension of the kindergarten child. So the difficulties which a person encounters are not an indication that he is a bad person, that he is having to pay for sins committed in the past; instead it is an indication, pure and simple, that he has evolved enough so that he can be tested by quite difficult examinations.

'So when I tell you that you are adding to my problems, well-I am learning how to solve them! But all the injustice that you are showing to me will have to be paid back by you. If you want money and you don't want to work for it, then you can only borrow it from someone, but it has to be paid back with interest. And I tell you in all seriousness, all the hatred that has been directed at me by misguided people who condemn without hearing the story for the defense-well, all that is going to come back on those haters plus accrued interest. Now, that is not a fairy tale, that is a fact, as you will find out. You will find out, too, in your own hour of need that loyalty, friendship, are things beyond price. If you do not give loyalty, if you do not give your friendship, when your time of trouble comes you will find that you lack the loyalty and the friendship which would help you in your difficulties. It will come for sure. Just make a note of it when this book is published,

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keep it in front of you, put a book-marker in, and then you see if you don't get some troubles and you find that people whom you trusted are not loyal to you.

'You see, the whole position is this; I have done nothing wrong. I have told the truth all the way through. I have concealed nothing. And yet the Press, of which you are a member, has set itself up as accuser, judge, jury, and executioner. But I am not dead yet, I have a lot more active life in me. I can only say to you of the Press that it might be very profitable for you to read your Christian Bible, read Exodus, Chapter 22-21 which reads, "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: For ye were strangers in the Land of Egypt." But in place of "Egypt" why not put "Canada"? I am sure it would be applicable.

'Here is a further question which apparently originated with the Press:

Q: 'Do animals go to the spirit world and do we see them again? Do they have souls and intelligence?'

A: 'Animals have intelligence? Good gracious me, yes! Some of them are more intelligent than some humans. My little Siamese cat, Cleopatra, is truly the most intelligent little person I have met. She shows high intelligence and high appreciation. And Tadalinka is exceptionally clairvoyant and telepathic, and you can't say that for most humans, can you?

'Yes, animals go to the spirit world. If we are to assume the existence of a God-and how can we exist without a God?-then we must agree that little animals and big animals too have their rights, have their right to be considered by a God, because humans are only one specialized form of animal, a more savage form than is common among animals. It is said that only humans and spiders commit rape. That's worth a thought, too. But animals-yes, they go to the astral world in precisely the same manner as do humans. They are born again and again, but of course each species reincarnates according to its own classification. That is, humans do not become animals and animals do not become humans. They are different things altogether. But again, if you have read all my books you will have read about cats and what they do in this life.

'It is only Christians who deny that animals have souls. But then most Christians show little appreciation for their own souls. They do whatever they can to harm others, always ready to take the advantage, but animals do not do that. Animals kill only to eat, they do not murder for money and all that sort of thing. They live according to the Law of Nature which is how they have to live, but you have never heard of an animal going out shooting partridges or duck just for the fun of it. You have never seen animals rushing along a road trying to run down a weaker animal just for something to do. But humans do that. The answer to your question is-yes, animals have souls, animals have intelligence. And, yes, if a human and an animal want to meet on the Other Side of life then they can do so provided both want it because the human is not the Lord of Creation. In other worlds and in other existences humans are not much more than the earthworms are on this world.'

Q: 'Why will you not see people? Why will you not be more sociable and mix with people?'

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A: 'Well, I have already answered this. I have already told you that everyone has a right to decide if they are going to meet people or not meet people and quite bluntly, why should I meet Press people? My attitude about the Press is this; Press people go out of their way to try to prove me false, to try to prove that I write lies. But my dear man, fancy the Press-the Press-of all people, doing this! Who are they to set themselves up as judges? Before the Press can write about the lies or alleged lies of others they should make sure that their own conscience is clear. It has come to a bad thing, you know, when the Pope and Bishops and other equally important people have to ask the Press to be more truthful. And yet, these are the people who try to judge me. It makes me laugh!

'But you know, there is a very good reason for remaining what I can only term "solitary". I have different abilities different powers, because, at risk of repeating myself, I am going to tell you that all my books are true and I can do every one of those things that I write about, but that means I have different sensitivities from the average. I cannot do some of the things which the average person takes for granted, but because I live alone I develop other senses. Look at it like this; if a person is blind then he develops an increased sense of touch or an increased sense of hearing which, in some degree, compensates for the loss of sight. Again, if people live in a herd then they all come down to the common herd level, but if a man goes away into the wilderness for a time he finds that his senses became far more acute, his sight becomes more acute, his hearing becomes more acute, and so does his sense of smell. Trackers who live in the wilds have a very, very keen set of senses, in fact some of the aborigines in Australia can track a man several days after he passed that way when there is no sign of anything at all unusual to the average white man.

'So if a person is going to develop and retain special abilities he has to live alone. If he mixes too much then his sensitivities become blunted. You find monks living as recluses will get increased power. They become telepathic or clairvoyant, but they call it communing with God or similar. Actually it is just that which happens in the normal course of events.

'But if you wish to develop then you have to be alone and that is about all there is to it. Perhaps I should say that what really happens is that when you get a lot of people together you get some with negative auras, others with positive auras, some with strong thoughts and some with bad thoughts, everything is mixed up and it leads to a depletion of nervous energy. How many times have you felt drained, depleted, tired out after going and mixing with a lot of people? Suppose you go to a big party-everyone is drinking and chattering and dancing about from place to place. It may be all right while you are there, but afterwards you feel drained, you get a hangover or something and you think it is solely the fault of the alcohol, but it is not; it is through draining of the nervous energy through mixing with so many people of conflicting auras.

'Suppose you got a whole bunch of magnets and you tossed them in a pile together. Some would cling to some, and others would be repelled, depending, of course, on which way their poles were facing, that is, whether they were positive or negative. And people are just the same as that because the vehicle called a human is, after all, just an electric device. There are brain waves-well, it is admitted nowadays that there are

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brain waves, it is admitted that thoughts can be charted with squiggly lines on paper and brain voltages can be readily measured. So all these are in conflict when they are too mixed up with the others.

‘Every person has a basic note-I might call it a music note except that some of the frequencies are not too musical after all-but every person emits a noise, a noise like static with a hum behind it. You may have heard something like this if you got close to a bee hive. But people buzz, and tick and hum, and humans are so utterly used to it that they no longer notice it. In the same way, every race has its own distinctive smell. White people cannot get too close to black people, they say, because they allege that the black people smell, but usually the black people are far too polite to turn around to the white person and say, “Well you stink a jolly sight worse!” But it is true. Everyone has their own race-smell upon which is superimposed that person’s own particular aroma, and every person also emits a note which can be detected by instruments and the note is the note of that person’s race on which is superimposed the person’s identity-note. The two may result in harmony or discord, and if it is discord then the person is very hard to associate with because one has the feeling of being badly drained, one has the feeling that always in association with that person there is an unfortunate clash of personalities.’

Q: ‘What do you really think about meditation?’

A: ‘Meditation is a very real, very necessary thing. American researchers have recently found that when a person is in a state of meditation his general metabolic responses are considerably affected, his blood changes, his general being changes, and all this can be detected very readily by instruments. The worst thing about meditation is all the rubbish being written about it. All these cults, correspondence courses, etc., etc., are absolutely unnecessary, you don’t need all this guff to help you to meditate. It seems that the only help is to help the bank account of the one who is teaching meditation. Meditation is natural, it is as natural as breathing, it is as natural as thinking. But the fantastic tales which go around about how to meditate and what meditation is-well, it is enough to put anyone off. One of the biggest difficulties, of course, is that there are so many fakes in occult work, but that again is the fault of people because if people as a whole would be more open-minded then definite research could be done in the matter of investigating what was genuine and what was not genuine. This is a thing about which I feel very strongly. We send men into space, which is quite unnecessary, because it could all be done by astral travel with far, far better results. But anyway, men are sent into space but no money at all is being spent on investigation of what comes after death. Is there really astral travel? I know there is, of course, but it could be investigated for the ordinary man or woman in the street. If scientists would keep an open mind then those with genuine abilities would gladly cooperate to demonstrate their abilities.

‘Now we get a case where a self-styled “researcher” browbeats a genuine psychic person and says, “Okay you perform for me and I’ll do my best to prove you are a fake. I don’t believe what you do and I will prove that it is all a fake.” In such conditions proof cannot be given because some of the occult sciences are very delicate things indeed, very fragile things indeed, they have to have the right conditions. You wouldn’t suddenly say to a photographer, “Okay, I’m coming into the darkroom with you to see

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exactly what you are doing,” and then go into the darkroom and switch on all the lights. That would ruin whatever the photographer was trying to do, and it would be too stupid for words. So, if there is to be proof there would have to be researchers who were sympathetic. They would not have to commit themselves to believing, mind, but they would have to be sympathetic, they would have to keep an open mind and be ready to accept. It is the brutality of the present “investigation” that shocks the psychics into refusing to cooperate, and of course the Press must bear the greatest responsibility for that because they come along with their blaring trumpeting voices and their hard-boiled skeptical attitudes and they are not ready to believe anything even if it is proved. If a thing is proved beyond any genuine doubt, then the Press will insist that there must be trickery somewhere and it’s just too bad that for the moment they can’t point out where or what it is.

‘Anyway, the time will come when it will be necessary to carry out a proper investigation into what is death, what comes after death. The Press say you can’t weigh a soul; no, but who wants to, a soul is in a different dimension, they are using the wrong yardstick. Everyone consists of a bunch of vibrations just as a radio signal is, in effect, a vibration or a frequency or a wavelength. Humans are on part of a certain spectrum. While down here on Earth we have weight, we can feel resistance if we poke something which we consider to be solid. But if we go into a different dimension then the things that down here are solid are no longer solid, in fact they may be so insubstantial that they cannot be perceived at all. A similar thing happens to the other side of the scale; a soul departs from a body but it is on a different time, a different dimension, and so the crude three-dimensional equipment cannot detect it.

‘When we get scientists who will listen to the advice of occultists as to how things can be tested, then indeed adequate proof will be coming forward because there are genuine occultists. There are, of course, many fakes, but there are quite definitely thousands of genuinely occult people who can do what they claim to do. They should be preserved and the fakes should be weeded out.’

Q: ‘How do you say one should learn to meditate?’

A: ‘I have gone into that quite a lot in my books. There is no difficulty at all in it. The main difficulty is caused by people who won’t believe how easy it is. They want to work hard at it and so they are so busy working hard at it that they don’t get results. If you want to know how to meditate then read my books. After all, even the Press should read the books before they attempt to express any opinion because if they just blare out an accusation without having read the books then how can they possibly know what they are talking about? Not that they do in any case, but let us be fairly polite even to the Pressmen.’

Q: ‘What is this astral travel stuff you are always talking about? Is there anything to it?’

A: ‘Yes, there most definitely is, there absolutely definitely is. But it is a very difficult thing to explain to a person who doesn’t want to believe, wherein the case of a sighted person trying to explain to one who was born blind the difference between, let us say,

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orange and pink, or two shades of green. How would you explain to a person who had never had sight what was the difference between a cabbage green and a lettuce green? Or the difference in color between an orange and a lemon? How would you set about it?

‘I have already said that you can liken the human body to a motor vehicle, and the soul or astral body, whichever you like to call it, can be likened unto the driver of the vehicle. Now, if you go out driving and then you return you switch off the engine of your car and the car stays in a certain spot. You get out and go somewhere else. That is just how it is in astral travel.

‘The physical body is tired out, perhaps; you might have done a little work trying to chase up a scandal story or something and then you have had a lot of entertainment. After that you are tired and so you come home and you go to bed. That is like parking your car, you have parked your vehicle when you go to bed. Then you switch off, in other words, you go to sleep. But the driver, your soul, or your astral form, whichever you want to call it, leaves the body and goes elsewhere, it goes to a plane of existence where there are others also doing astral travel. Of course you come back to your body because you have a link, what is called the Silver Cord, which can be likened to a carrier wave in a radio program on which the ordinary program is superimposed.

‘You get out of your physical body, then, and you travel away somewhere into the astral world. There you may meet a person whom you are going to meet in the flesh the next day, and you discuss things with that person. Then when you are back in the flesh and in the presence of the person you think, “Funny thing! I’m sure I have lived through all this before!” If you have done that, if you have made your contact in the astral, then your meeting goes very much more smoothly as if it were foreordained, which it probably was. Many of the world’s most successful men know the secret, consciously or unconsciously, of astral travel, and they are able to make contacts in the astral so they pre-plan and prepare that which is going to be accomplished on the Earth plane in the Earth body in the following days. Because they prepared everything so thoroughly there is no problem, everything runs smoothly, all decisions are cut and dried, and everyone “falls into place” with clockwork precision.

‘Oh yes, definitely there is such a thing as astral travel. It is a very simple matter, anyone can do it if they have faith and the patience to try a few elementary steps. But of course if you are going to start off with a whole load of disbelief and dislike and all that sort of thing, then you will not remember your astral travels. I state quite definitely that everyone does astral travel because you wouldn’t imagine a fellow parking his car and just sitting in the thing until next day, would you? He would have to get out and stretch his legs. He would have to get out and have food or something. In just the same way every person gets out of the body and into the astral but many people do not remember their experiences because they are afraid to or because they don’t believe in such things.

‘Some people have dreams. Now frequently the dreams are rationalizations of what actually happened. The person is a doubter to start with and just would not believe the possibility of astral travel, and so as a solution to what would be a difficult problem the subconscious of the doubter cooks up a fantastic image or dream which truly is

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stranger than anything that could happen in real life. Dreams, then, are either the rationalization of an astral experience or the mindless wandering thoughts of a body of which the soul or astral form is away, away so far that no check is being kept in the mental processes of the sleeping form.

'Again I say, yes, you can do astral travel consciously. Everyone can do it when they sleep. Not everyone remembers it. People with a little training can do it while they are awake. It is very very interesting. The biggest difficulty is that you cannot carry anything with you, which is a bit inconvenient at times.

'So you want to ask more questions, do you? Well, in this instance I will answer your questions because as I said, I propose to use this material in the book which I am now writing for the English version and which I started about a month ago. Your first question then:

Q: 'What is your comment on pollution, its causes, its problems, its effect, and its solution?'

A: 'Undoubtedly there is a very grave problem with pollution, but of course everything is entirely manmade. Nature doesn't cause pollution, Nature tried to overcome pollution. First of all Man is depleting the atmosphere of oxygen. In Brazil one of the rain forests is being cut down and it is estimated that if that is done, as now planned, there will be in thirty years time one third less oxygen in the air than there is today. That is a very serious thing indeed because the less the oxygen, the more the pollution. So humans are committing suicide in bulk.

'There are other problems which arise when forests are cut down. The Americans found that after they cut down their wooded areas they had dust bowls as the result. Trees, in addition to providing oxygen for the atmosphere, also hold the top soil together. The roots of a tree go deep into the top soil and hold the soil together so that it cannot blow away. The trees also help in the conservation of moisture in the soil. They keep the ground alive. But when the trees are cut down there is nothing to hold the soil together, the nature of the whole area changes and it becomes more arid. And so the soil dries out and because of the lack of moisture the grains of earth do not adhere together. The winds come and there is nothing to stop the winds, and they sweep across the face of the barren earth carrying off the soil. It may be blown into the rivers, it may be blown into the sea, but anyway in just a short time what was a fertile healthy region becomes a barren desert made so by Man. One of the biggest troubles with the earth is this awful petroleum muck; that is indeed a curse. Steam engines are the things because steam does not pollute and the moisture in steam returns to the earth and helps it, whereas the horrid fumes of petroleum products poison everything, everything. Look at a jet plane taking off or landing. Look at the filthy stuff spewing out astern dropping out oily film over everything in its path.

'Fifty years ago there were steam propelled motor vehicles, the old Stanley Steamer for example; well, nothing can approach that at the present time. The Stanley Steamer was extremely comfortable and exceptionally fast, it had great power and it did not at anytime under any condition pollute the atmosphere nor pollute the earth. But

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vested interests-money-mad men—killed the steam car and instead started a bit of race suicide by producing petroleum-run engines, leading to cancer and all the other types of illness to which mankind is now so very prone.

‘If mankind, with its insensate lust for money, goes on producing all these devilish chemicals and synthetics, then soon there will be no life on this earth. Many of the synthetic compounds are lethal indeed. Our lakes and rivers are polluted. They are just masses of flowing poison. In many areas people can no longer bathe in the rivers nor swim from the beaches because the pollution is so bad. Ships making landfall encounter great masses of floating garbage, seamen can tell right away when they are approaching land, they don’t need radio because they can tell by the discoloration of the waters miles from the land.

‘You ask what can be the solution. Well, there is a solution, you know, there is a solution to all our problems. Mankind will have to return to a religion. It doesn’t matter what religion it is as long as it is a religion because religion gives one the necessary spiritual discipline with which one can regulate one’s own acts. Truly religious people would not put money before the health of others. They would attempt to conserve life instead of just to accumulate cash. There would have to be a return to Nature, to natural things. People would have to return to the countryside instead of going off like sheep to the cities. There are vast tracts of land virtually uninhabited because people do not want to work the land, they want to stick in some stinking factory making products which poison the population. That would have to be changed. The farmers have little status in the social scheme of things, and they would have to be given status before they could again attract workers to their farms.

‘Many many years ago when the Earth was young the atmosphere was very different from what it is now. Human life as we know it at present could not live under such conditions because there were sulfur vapors from raging volcanoes, there were gaseous stenchs from quaking bogs where methane and all the rest of it was ejected into the atmosphere. The atmosphere, too, was much heavier, much denser than it is at present. With the passage of many, many centuries the atmosphere changed and became purer. As vegetation flourished on the Earth more and more oxygen was poured into the skies, and human life developed in a manner which could make the best use of that oxygen. But now oxygen is being denied us, pollution is being substituted, lung complaints are on the increase, health is deteriorating, and unless there be a return to the simpler things of life with an outlawing of petroleum products and an outlawing of some of these devilish synthetics, human life could soon become extinct. It could become extinct by the year 2000. But every country is vying with every country to put more pollution into the skies. They call it social progress. Countries are in competition with each other; how much of the forests can be cut down to be made into paper for useless newspapers. I have long stated that the Press is the most evil force on this Earth, and I firmly believe so, and one of the ways in which the Press is evil is that it uses such a vast amount of paper. Paper-for-newspaper use-comes from trees, the flesh of trees, and the greater the demand for newspapers and their sensational contents, the greater the demand for trees. And so more and more do men go out into the wilderness to search for forests which so far have not

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been touched.

'As the tree men go out over the land they leave a scene of desolation behind them, a scene like something on the Moon, craters where tree stumps have been pulled out, rocks where the soil is blown away. So unless the trend can be reversed, unless trees are planted instead of felled-well, you might as well say goodbye to human life, you might as well say goodbye to all life on this Earth until a new type of person can be produced which can live under these stinking conditions. It does not refer just to human life but to all life; in the seas and in the rivers fish are dying from pollution, in the air birds are dying from eating polluted fish. It all comes back-one must have a return to religion and a return to the land. Nowadays men and women rush off to work, scrabble for money. Their children, the future race, are just more or less abandoned on the streets to fend for themselves, to live under the domination of the stronger characters who, all too often, are evil characters.

'And so all the time conditions are becoming worse and worse and worse. If we want to have a beautiful orchard then one goes in for selective pruning, selective grafting, selective planting. If one wants the best type of stock-horses or cows or anything else-then one sees that the breeding is controlled. Unsatisfactory stock is not permitted to breed, to reproduce its own species of defective creature, yet humans, the "Lords of Creation", live according to a reversed order; the scruffier the human, the crummier their morals and their brain power, the more children they have and the more abandoned those children are because both parents are busily scrabbling for money. But the vested interests make this artificial state of affairs. If there is going to be mass production, then there must be plenty of money to buy things. If the man only is working he either does not get enough money to buy all they want, or rather, all they think they want, or the factories do not have enough cheap labor and so women are more or less drilled into thinking that they haven't enough to live on. So mother and father, husband and wife, work in the factories and the children are neglected and the race becomes worse and worse. It is like livestock deteriorating under haphazard breeding.

'The only solution is that the leaders of the world should form some world government. The religious teachers of the world should cease fighting among themselves and they should try to do something for humanity. They should teach that salvation doesn't live in the factory but on the land, and unless there can be a return to religion then there is no hope whatever for the Earth.'

Q: 'What do you think about students' protests, all kinds of protests in Universities, etc.'

A: 'I really think that these University students have a quite inflated idea of themselves. Let us look at the question properly; if people are going to school-and a University is only a school-then it means that they don't know everything or they wouldn't be going to school. It is a matter of complete amazement to me that these students-school kids-dare to think that they have the power to set the world right. It seems to me that they should occupy their time in studying so that when they have completed their studies and passed examinations to prove it then, and then only, should they set about reorganizing

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the world. By that time they will know something about it so they will just put up and shut up!

'I have no sympathy whatever with these school kids who think they know so much that they can, let us say, "outmaneuver Churchill" and people of similar status.'

Q: 'What of strikes and unions in general?'

A: 'I think there should be no strikes. Strikes are a vicious form of blackmail. At the time I am writing this I am here in Montreal which is a sick city indeed, a sick city in a sick Province where strikes and violence seem to be the everyday method of life.'

'So far as I can see strikes cause the workers to lose money and the employer to lose money. There should be arbitration, there should be definite legal Courts, industrial Courts which settle the problem. But in my life I have met a few Union organizers and I would prefer to call them stinking goons. It seems to me that the average Union man is scared stiff of the Union goon, enforcer, and if I were approached by any of these goons I would soon report it to the police. But it does seem to me that the Unions are run for the benefit of the Union leaders because, from what I have heard, the more the Union leaders get for their members the more they demand for themselves. We get cases of jury tampering, we get cases where innocent work people are attacked with iron bars. Well, how can one justify the existence of Unions? I think they should be banned by Law just as strikes should be banned by Law.'

'Many, many years ago in England workers had a much better system, they had Guilds who helped them and I think all workers should have specialized Guilds and not Unions. In other words, I am definitely opposed to Unions.'

'Just a short time ago there was a hospital strike and more than one medical friend told me, "Oh yes, we know that many people died through the withdrawal of hospital service. But what can we do about it? We know about it, but if we try to make a case about it the Unions will call the people out on strike again and it will just be worse." I needed to go to hospital during the strike and, of course, because of the strike I couldn't go, so perhaps I am biased against such strikers. But I cannot help hoping that sometime when there is a strike some of the strikers' relatives are the losers.'

Q: 'The violence in the world-what do you think about that? What can be done about it?'

A: 'Of course the violence in the world is a simple matter to explain. People are being given false values. Religion is being torn down. People no longer believe in the simple things of life. They listen to the radio, they watch terrible things on television, and they read the gory details in the sensational Press. So people are conditioned by the radio, conditioned by television programs, and, of course, "hotted up" by the Press who glorify in gore. You get people watching a TV program and they see some highly mythical house in Hollywood and they think, "Why should they have a house like that and not me? I should have the same. I want a Cadillac, a houseboat, a speedboat, and an aeroplane." And so they get discontented. Discontent breeds discontent, and eventually gangs set up, robberies are done, people are kidnapped, people go in for law cases

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for all manner of imaginary complaints. At present one "sports woman" is suing a club for a few million dollars-a few million dollars! More than she could make in ten lifetimes. But people have an altogether inflated idea of their worth. A million dollars nowadays seems hardly anything when it comes to making claims. But that, of course, is caused by the Press. The Press egg people on to do these foolish things because if the people didn't have such crazy ideas the Press would have less to write about. Many years ago I was told that the Press didn't want the truth, they wanted to print what people thought they should read. They wanted sensation, and I was told that no matter if I wouldn't give an interview, an interview would be "dreamed up".

'Here is a little example: Last week a Tibetan woman was widely quoted in the local press. It was stated that she gave an interview to the Press and said all manner of remarkable things. But the woman complained that she hadn't even met a pressman! No pressman at all had approached her. There had been no interview except in the Press reporter's imagination. Having suffered from that myself I quite believe her, and I do not believe the Press on principle.

'But the violence is caused by lack of parental supervision. The fathers and the mothers work in the factories, and after that they have to rush to the pubs or to Bingo or to anywhere else, and the children-legitimate or illegitimate-are left to fend for themselves on the streets and to be contaminated by the stronger and usually more evilly disposed youths who rise out of the maelstrom.

'Again, only a return to religion can save this world. The human animal is deteriorating, becoming less and less able to decide which is right and which is wrong. The religions of the present day are staffed by men with clay feet, not able to teach religion but instead more intent on dabbling in politics and presumably getting a bit more money from that. Priests should be priests. Priests should attend to a person's soul. They should not bother with a person's politics.

'So it is. You have asked me a question, and I say that unless there be a return to religion and a definite censorship of the Press there is no real hope for humanity which is all the time deteriorating.'

Q: 'What do you think of the Viet Nam war?'

A: 'Well, I would like to heartily congratulate the Vietnamese! I think it is highly amusing that what the Americans have regarded as "poor ignorant little colored men" can stand off first all the might of France, and now all the might of America. America cannot win in Viet Nam so long as the people there are of good spirits. What is the point of dropping a hundred thousand tons of bombs on marshland? It makes a frightfully muddy splash, agreed, but it doesn't do much harm. The real type of war is that which the Vietnamese fight-guerrilla war. And if the Vietnamese were as vicious as the Americans pretend, believe me, the Vietnamese would chase the Americans out of Viet Nam as if their pants were on fire because the Americans-well there seems to be a lot of graft out there. The Vietnamese go about their particular tasks trying to ensure that their country continues in the way they want it, not in the way the Americans want it.'

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Mr. Telly gave a slight start as the old man said, 'Well, that's it. I've answered all the questions I'm going to answer.'

Mr. Telly fidgeted about, shuffled his feet, and fiddled with his doodles, then said, 'My! Why don't you have carpets on the floors? It's so cold in here. You could buy carpets cheaply, you know. Wait a minute, I'll tell you a place where you can get them at a very, very cheap price.'

The old man snorted and said, 'But I've just been explanting, I don't go in for luxuries so I am not interested in getting carpet.'

Mr. Telly fidgeted around and then he said, 'What we must do, we must get a television crew here and make a little film of you. Everybody wants to see you on TV.'

The old man nearly jumped off his bed in annoyance. 'Oh no, I'm not interested in TV. I am not interested at all in the idiot box or the idiots who watch it. I think, second only to the Press, television is the greatest curse of our time. It pretends to show people the better things of life, but instead it just gives people dissatisfaction.'

Mr. Telly said, 'Well, can I bring my Bolex cine camera here and lights, and my recorder, and you say just a few words -just a few words? It'll help me so much if you'll do just that, and it won't inconvenience you at all.'

The old man thought about it and was getting heartily sick of the whole affair. It was another of those instances of give a man an inch and he'll take a mile, but at last he said, 'All right, provided that you and you alone come, you can bring your camera and you can bring your recorder, but understand this-if you bring a television crew with you the door will not be opened.'

The next day the big powerful car of Mr. Telly swooshed by with a rush of displaced air and a loud zooming noise. Minutes after he came running along the stone corridor red in the face with exertion, draped about with cameras, lights, and carrying a recorder in his hand. 'I've come-I've come,' he said, stressing what was already distressingly obvious.

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With considerable expertise he set up his lights, set up his camera, and got his recorder working. He seemed to be like the mythical McNamara's Band, or a one-armed juggler. The lights were bright and Miss Cleopatra came along and sat beside the old man so that she, too, should have her photograph taken. And after Miss Cleopatra had made her debut on the film, Fat Cat Taddy was womanhandled in because Fat Cat Taddy doesn't like cameras or any interruption to her standard routine which is normally eat-rest-eat-rest, but Fat Cat Taddy had to come and be on a film as well.

The old man said his very few words in English, and Mr. Telly eventually rushed away again-he seemed to be jet-propelled always-and peace descended upon the somewhat shaken household.

Later the film was shown on French language television. Again an extremely small minority made extremely bad statements. The mail came swamping in, swamping Mr. Telly and swamping the old man, and about ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent were in favor, were interested, etc. But just one or two petty-minded people wanted to make difficulties because the old man spoke in English and not in French, and, they said, if he did not want to speak in French then he should not have been on French language television.

It is such a pity that these French-Canadians are so insistent about their own language. After all, they want business, they are trying to do business with the U.S.A. and other countries but they are setting as a condition that U.S.A. firms and firms in other countries shall speak only in French. My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that the French language should be scrapped for business in Canada and just kept for the amusement of those few people who want to speak some form of French. It is my opinion that if a person is a Canadian, he should be a Canadian first, second, and third, he should deal with the natural language of the country, which is English, and not play games with pseudo-linguistics. I put on record here and now, I have no sympathy with French-Canadians, no sympathy with their very, very aggressive attitudes and their insistence in putting themselves forward, right in the forefront at all times irrespective of the rights and feelings of other people. Conditions were becoming increasingly difficult. It seemed to the old man that every time he went out there was some pressman or other hiding behind every pillar. The number of callers to the door increased, all manner of strange excuses were made by which the caller hoped to get to meet Lobsang Rampa.

For several nights two men were perched like broody hens on a little wall outside the old man's bedroom window. One night they used a long, thin stick and kept tapping on the glass of the window, tapping to attract his attention so that, hopefully, he would be lured to put aside the curtains and peer out. One of the men always had his camera and flash gun ready.

That system not working they tried the other one in which one man let off flash bulbs at the window while the second man with the camera stood ready with his flash gun and camera so that a photograph could be taken. But, again, without success.

But these pressmen had all manner of nice little tricks de-signed-Quite unsuccessfully as it happened-to lure the old man to the window so that a photograph could be

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taken of him perhaps in his pajamas. Sometimes a Handful of gravel would be tossed against the window. First there would come the pattering of two or three grains of sand, then two or three more, and then perhaps a handful of loose sand thrown violently and with extreme exasperation. But-no, the curtain was never drawn aside for their delectation because these people never seem to understand that there are other ways of watching people than peering out through a window. These people were so avid in their watch on just one window that they forgot there were other windows, they forgot that there were other people in other apartments who could report what was happening! But matters were becoming intolerable. It was extremely embarrassing to go out anywhere-to go into the city-be-cause of the people accosting, because of people who were nodding and smiling. It was extremely embarrassing to go out in a taxi because all one's private affairs seemed now to be public affairs through the French-language newspapers and the French-language television. There was no difficulty with the English newspapers, no difficulty with the English television, only the French.

People pointing and nodding and smiling, not all ill-natured by any means. In fact, a very very small percentage were unfriendly, perhaps less than a tenth of one per cent were unfriendly, but they certainly were noisy. And everyone has a right to privacy, everyone has a right to remain aloof from others if he or she so desires to remain aloof from others, yet in Montreal there was no privacy. It seemed to be just like a village. A man at one end of the city sneezed and the report of it reached the other end by Doral almost before the man had finished sneezing.

So a decision was reached at last. The Family would go away from Montreal, away from the Province of Quebec which had proved to be so inhospitable on the French side of it, and had proved to be so productive of troubles. The French-Canadian seemed to make a hobby of his hate, and it does seem that French-Canadians even hate French-Canadians, in fact often it appeared that they hated French-Canadians more than they hated anything else!

So this little Family, two women, and two Siamese cats, and one old disabled man sick at heart and sick in health, sat together and discussed what they should do, where they should go, and not only where they should go but how to get there because it's not easy to travel long distances with Siamese cats, furniture, and one person confined to a wheelchair. The discussion was long. It lasted sporadically over several days. Maps were consulted, people in distant places were asked. So eventually it was decided to go to British Columbia which was about as far away as one could get from the Province of Quebec, about as far away as one could get from French-Canadians, those unlovely people. Of course there are some good French-Canadians, some who are brilliant, talented, gifted. Mayor Drapeau of Montreal, a brilliant man, a humane man, and a humorous man too. Mayor Drapeau, perhaps Canada's finest French-Canadian. Then, of course, Prime Minister Trudeau, he is a French-Canadian too. But there seem to be French-Canadians and French-Canadians, some are not so good, and others are cultured gentlemen.

Letters were sent to Victoria in British Columbia, and letters were sent to Vancouver, British Columbia. Batches of letters were sent to Rental Agents and batches

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of letters were sent to Real Estate people, and not one single reply was received! The Family pondered and pondered on the strangeness of it all. All these addresses of Rental Agents and Real Estate people, all obtained from the current Yellow Pages in the telephone directory, all contained stamped addressed envelopes for a reply, and yet-no replies. We had to wait until we got to British Columbia to find the reason for that!

Another plan was formulated. The Family would go to Vancouver and would stay in some hotel or boarding house for the time being, and they would look about and find accommodation. So contact was made with a few hotels in Vancouver and, at last, there seemed to be one who offered reasonable terms and reasonable accommodation. At about the same time a newspaper cutting was enclosed from a Vancouver newspaper, no letter with it, just a newspaper cutting. The Vancouver newspaper published a small item about the author Lobsang Rampa, author of *The Third Eye*, etc., who was coming to live at Kitsilano, Vancouver. Kitsilano where the hippies live. So the Family mulled over it and decided that they would not go to Kitsilano anyway if the Press said that that was where they were living, and at that time they hadn't the faintest idea where Kitsilano was!

Slowly arrangements were made to move. The lease of the apartment was given up and the little Family moved into a Guest Apartment while their furniture was being packed and taken away, taken away to travel by road three thousand miles across Ontario, past Winnipeg, all through the Prairies and up over the Rockies and down the other side to Vancouver where, it was hoped, yet another start could be made.

The book, *Candlelight*-this book-had been started. Now it was put away, nothing more could be done while living in a Guest Apartment, nothing more could be done while preparations were being made to travel and while the future was so black and so uncertain.

The old man trundled around in his wheelchair saying a final goodbye to one person and another and another, tenants of other apartments, tenants who had been decent, who had minded their own business, tenants who had shown that there were good people, after all, even in Montreal. One or two French-Canadians also were greeted and invited to come to Vancouver at any time and they would be welcome guests. For a last time the old man went along in his wheelchair throughout the grounds, up by the Labyrinth and over the Bridge towards Man and His World, but even on this last trip people were difficult, a speeding car slammed to a shrieking stop as the carload of people recognized the old man. Cameras were grabbed and the old man's progress was seriously impeded while the people in the car tried to get close-ups. But an electrically propelled wheelchair is much easier to maneuver than a car, and the people were denied their close-ups after all.

So once again the old man turned back and entered the apartment building grounds, ran his chair up the ramp to the Plaza, and along the few feet to the Guest Apartment.

'I'm not going out again in this dump,' he said to the concerned ones within the apartment. 'There's no peace at all from the crowds who throng around.' He turned away and thought back a few months to when the snow was heavy on the ground and travers-

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ing the swept ways was difficult. The old man had been out on this very rare occasion alone, and trying to get up the rubber-covered ramp to the Plaza. But the ramp was slippery and the wheelchair kept slipping backwards into a snow bank at its lower end.

Upon the Plaza itself were four French-Canadian young men laughing, jeering, deriving immense satisfaction from the sight of a disabled old man trying to live his own life, trying to get about a bit, and their mirth was intense when he couldn't get the wheelchair up the ramp because of the slippery surface. Eventually they tired of watching and just rushed away down the side steps, jumped into a car and roared off sending clouds of snow from their spinning back wheels. They were of a well-known French-Canadian family.

There came the time when there was no longer any reason to stay in the Guest Apartment nor in Montreal, so in an early morning a Murray-Hill taxi came along and the two women, the two Siamese cats, and the old man got in. Their cases and the wheelchair were put in a second taxi, and off they drove to the airport of Montreal. After delays, red tape matters and so on, they eventually got aboard an aeroplane and flew all the way to Vancouver, stopping first at Winnipeg which seemed like a lost city standing sentinel in the midst of nothingness, and then over the Rockies, the Rockies which seemed like heat bumps after the mountains of the Himalayas. Soon after crossing the Rockies the plane lowered, soon there came the lumbering 'clunk' of the undercarriage being extended, then Sea Island, the Airport of Vancouver, came in sight. The plane banked, lowered, the engine notes changed and soon there was the scrunch and screech of tires on the runway. The trundling motion of a plane on the tarmac, and eventually the tail swung around so the plane was sideways on to the terminal buildings. Stiffly the Family got to their feet, stiffly they got out of the plane and into yet another taxi which drove them to a nearby hotel.

In passing, it is quite an experience to be a disabled person in a wheelchair. Sometimes a good airline will have a forklift truck to lift the wheelchair up to the passenger compartment. Sometimes an airline will say they have no facilities, and the disabled person was to manage the best way he can down a flight of stairs, not always easy for a person who is partly paralyzed. But one of my happiest memories was in Saint John, New Brunswick, after a journey by train when I had to go from the station in Saint John to the Admiral Beatty Hotel, and there was no other way of transporting me except on a fish truck! The attendant, or driver's assistant, was an exceptionally courteous and considerate man, I might have been his rich uncle by the care he took of me. I drove my wheelchair on to the lifting section on the tail of the truck, and this assistant was meticulous in seeing that I was on safely, that my wheelchair was stopped with the brakes on and everything else. And while the tail section was going up on its hydraulic lift he hung on to the wheelchair, and I should say that that was the safest elevation I have ever had. That man-I am sorry to say I do not know his name-was a real gentleman.

It was quite pleasant moving in to the hotel, a place not too far from the Airport, a hotel which was very new, so new that it was still in process of being built! The Family moved along the long corridor and went up in the elevator. Miss Cleo was passing loud comments all the time, saying how much she liked the place and how glad she would be

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to be able to investigate all the scents and sights of the hotel. She is a great one for hotel life, she has experienced it in Fort Erie, Ontario, and she lived in a hotel in Prescott, Ontario, and then she spent quite a long time in the exceedingly pleasant hotel in Saint John, New Brunswick. So-Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka are very experienced hotel guests, and Cleo in particular has a virtue not possessed by many humans; when she knows that any act is unpopular with humans she doesn't do it again. She doesn't tear up furnishings, instead she uses her own scratch-pad, so there has never been a complaint against these little people in any hotel. They have always been invited to 'Come again and stay longer'.

The elevator glided to a halt, and we got out and moved in to the apartment-it is one of those hotels having a number of apartments to it-and Miss Cleo and Miss Tadalinka walked around inspecting everything and making loud comments about things. There were three rooms, and they went from one to the other walking over furniture, walking under beds-doing a job of investigation of which Sherlock Holmes himself would have approved!

Food too was an adventure for them. A different bellboy, different procedure, because the old man, being confined to a wheelchair, cannot manage in crowded dining rooms. There is always some clot who will trip over the chair, it happens time after time after time.

The lights of the hotel came on, and darkness began to settle in the basin-shaped valley which is British Columbia hemmed in by the Canadian Rockies. Above the mountain tops the light was still strong, although being streaked now with many colours. Down in the valley of Vancouver darkness, or rather dusk, was falling. All along the highway outside the window the greenish lights of the sodium lamps were glowing, warming up, or whatever it is they do, before lighting up to full brilliance. Traffic was streaming along into the city.

But the journey had been tiring. Three thousand miles of cramped accommodation with many, many problems and many, many worries was not really conducive to good health, not really conducive to peace of mind either. Soon the Family retired to bed-or no, not all the Family; Miss Cleo and Miss Tadalinka prowled about, sniffed under doors, and listened to all the strange sounds of hotel life as late revelers came and went, somewhat unsteadily at times.

In the morning the light came early. A beautifully fine sunny day, with not a trace of cloud, and, of course, here no snow. The climate was wonderful. The old man sat up in his bed and looked out of the window along the highway. Quite a collection of cars and the Police there so he picked up his binoculars to see what all the excitement was. Soon it dawned on him-the Mounties were operating one of their speed traps again! About twelve years before the old man had been to Vancouver and had decided against going there to live because of the utter fierceness of the Police. At that time he had been staying at the Hotel Vancouver, and looking out of a hotel window there was the sight of incessant police patrols putting tickets on parked cars, harassing drivers. And for two or three days he watched and saw that the police seemed to be extraordinarily savage in

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Vancouver. So for some twelve years he had decided against living in British Columbia. Now, looking out of the hotel window and watching the Mounties doing the same-and they did it day after day for as long as the old man looked-all the thoughts of the people came back to him, all the letters from people saying how difficult the police were in Vancouver. One woman wrote and said, 'You talk about the police of Montreal stopping you from going out, but just wait -if you ever come to Vancouver, they'll almost stop you from breathing!'

But now was the time for breakfast. Miss Cleo bustled about making sure that everything was all right because she is a Siamese cat with a highly disciplined mind and she takes her responsibilities very very seriously indeed. She has to see that everyone is all right before she can settle down to her own food. Fat Cat Taddy, of course, who is nearly twice the weight of Miss Cleo, thinks of her own food first!

After breakfast the old man and one member of the Family went down into the hotel lobby to get a newspaper. Here right away he was recognized and, in spite of trying to snub the woman, she persisted. Immediately one person had recognized him, another did, so he turned back and wheeled along back to the hotel apartment thinking that there wasn't peace here either. He lay on the bed and read the newspapers while two other members of the Family went out apartment hunting; one went to all the addresses to which letters had been sent, the other went out on a 'free-lance' basis to try to find something.

The old man, Miss Cleo, and Miss Taddy all sat together in the hotel room as the long hours of the morning dragged by. Outside the traffic roared on incessant journeys to and from the city. Night workers coming off duty and returning to their homes in various parts of the Province, day workers thronging in to the city, for here distance doesn't seem to be any object. There is one taxi driver who drives about forty miles each way to get from his home to where he drives his taxi, and he still thinks he makes money!

Lunchtime came and passed, but soon after, within a short time of each other, the two, missing members of the Family returned with a sorry tale for each to tell.

'Yes', said one, 'they received your letters all right but they have a policy of not taking any pets so as you weren't going to rent from them they didn't bother to reply. They have nothing at all suitable because they will not take pets.'

The other had an equally sad tale: 'I went to all sorts of strange places trying to get somewhere but everywhere they say they will not take pets-get rid of your pets, they say, and then-yes-we will have you.'

The atmosphere-the climate, that is-of Vancouver is very nice indeed, it is a very pleasant place in which to live with beautiful parks, beautiful views, but for some extraordinary reason there seems to be a hatred of pets. Now, are these people inhumane, have they not reached a human standard yet, or why such a dislike of little people who often are a darn sight better and better behaved than the humans who deny them the right to living space.

The Family pondered the question, made inquiries, but always there was the same

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answer-no pets. One woman encountered by chance in a shopping mall said, 'Oh yes, it's right enough, here they won't take pets, I had to get rid of my cat before I could get an apartment anywhere. So I got rid of my cat and now I've got a one-bedroom apartment for which I pay a hundred and sixty dollars.'

No, the Family would not 'get rid of' Cleo or Taddy because these two are civilized, they are intelligent, and they are definite persons. So if necessary, the Family decided; if Vancouver is so inhospitable, then let us move somewhere else where the climate is perhaps not so good, but where the people are kinder.

The people of Vancouver do indeed seem to push themselves forward, they thrust themselves at others thinking they have a perfect right to accost anyone. The old man went to a shopping mall and three times in half an hour he was accosted most offensively by over-buoyant, overenthusiastic people. But one of the gems of an encounter happened on the following day.

The old man was sitting in the wheelchair in a mall waiting for another member of the Family who was shopping. A young fellow came bounding along and more or less skidded to a stop in front of the old man: 'Hi' he exclaimed. 'I know you, I've got a picture of you.'

'So have many people,' replied the old man somewhat sourly.

'Ah yes, but I've got a very special picture, a photograph of you with a friend of mine.'

By now the old man's interest was slightly aroused. What could be this wonderful photograph with a friend? So he said, 'A photograph of me with a friend of yours? Who is that, then?'

The young man smirked and looked wise. He said, 'Oh, I know all about you. I've got a photograph of you and you've got your arm around the shoulders of a friend of mine. It was taken in England this year.'

The old man nearly fell out of his chair with amazement, and then he said, 'But good gracious me, you just can't have! I wasn't in England this year. I haven't been to England for fifteen years.'

The young man looked at him, shook his head sadly and said, 'You can't be telling me the truth. What have you got to hide? I have a photograph of you taken in London in August 1972. You have your arm around the shoulders of a friend of mine.'

'But I'm telling you,' said the old man, 'I have not been in England for some fifteen years. You are mistaken somewhere.'

The young man shook his head with suspicion, then he said, 'You are Lobsang Rampa, aren't you?'

Naturally the old man admitted his identity, and the accoster shouted with triumph, 'Well then, you must have been in England in August 1972 because I've got your photograph to prove it.' And he turned and walked away shaking his head. The old man sat in

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his chair shaking his head!

But what a truly remarkable thing it is, all these imposters. The old man hadn't been in England for years, and he was not the type of person to get himself photographed with his arm around another person's shoulders! But there was worse-an-other person came along and said, 'Oh I saw you on television! I was in Baltimore a few weeks back and I saw you on the Something-Something Show.'

The old man said, 'Well, you couldn't have seen me there because I haven't been on a television show.'

The woman insisted, 'Oh, it was your name all right.' Then she thought a moment, 'But you did look different, I must admit. Perhaps you are more ill now, but it was someone with your name and I doubt if there are many people with the name of Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. No, it was you all right!' she exclaimed.

There was another case where someone wrote in and said they had just been watching a television show on Toronto television. She wrote and said, 'I have been just hearing from a man on television who said that you went to his house and you predicted that his wife was pregnant. Sure enough she was and they didn't know it! You said all about what the baby would be-and sure enough you were right. This man said he knows you well.' Marvels never cease because-no, I have not predicted that any person was pregnant. I have always thought that a person should be alert enough to know if they are going to have a child or not. It is not my place to tell them, particularly as I had no part in it! But it is really amazing how many mentally bankrupt people cannot do anything themselves so they just have to ape someone else who has some sort of a name. Recently there has been quite an upsurge in people pretending that they are me or pretending that I am a bosom friend of theirs, etc., etc.

When I was in Prescott I had a letter from a woman who lived in Montreal. She wrote to me calling me 'husband', and as I read on I became more and more amazed because her letter gave me to understand that I was the father of her child. I had apparently-strictly according to her-been to visit her in the astral and-er, done what has to be done to produce that required effect. So the woman thought that I was the astral father of her yet unborn son. Well, it was news to me! But I am reminded of that because now within the past few weeks I have had a letter from a woman in England who again thinks that I am the father of her child although I am about six thousand miles away from her, and I haven't been to England for fifteen years. Either I have tremendous physical attributes or things are rather long delayed, aren't they. However, poor sick minds can imagine anything I suppose. But that is just put in to show you what sort of people sometimes bother an unfortunate author. I suppose a Roman Catholic priest who is unmarried and has the title of 'Father' feels something the same as I do about it. He is unmarried, he is called 'Father' even though he has probably never even thought of 'doing his stuff'.

But the search had to be continued. How to find a place to live? How to manage? Hotel bills mount up and to stay as a guest in an hotel for too long-well, one has to have the resources of a Rockefeller to bear that. Even Howard Hughes seems to have to move from hotel to hotel!

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More inquiries were made, more letters were written. A letter was written to one of those places that guarantee to find suitable accommodation. A reply came back very swiftly: 'Oh, I know you, Dr. Rampa, I do so want to meet you. I cannot find you any accommodation because of your pets, but I do want to come and meet you.'

Eventually the Family moved further downtown in the hope of being nearer the scene of things, in the hope that personal contacts would enable them to find accommodation. They moved downtown to yet another hotel which would, at least for the time being, take the cats.

It seemed that things would be slow, so the typewriter was unpacked and once again a start was made on Candlelight. Having made a start on Candlelight then surely we should go back to discussing these problems, these questions, which seem to perplex so many people.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

The old man was sitting before the eternal pile of letters. Suddenly he picked one up and there was the rustle of paper, then he started to chuckle: 'Hey,' he called out, 'listen to this; this is in a letter which I have just opened.'

He read out from the letter. 'There was one of these charter flights going from Los Angeles to London, England. A group of people were going to have a tour of the historic places of London and of England. The plane arrived in England and the tour began. All the people got into one of the chartered buses and drove off to a place called Runymede, one of the historic places of the world not just of England, a place where liberty started centuries ago.

'The Guide stood up before the crowd of American tourists with their Bermuda shorts and their cameras and their owlish eyes behind their great glasses, and he said. "And here, ladies and gentlemen, is a truly historic spot. This is an important place; 1215 Magna Carta was signed here." One fat floozy looked at her watch and snorted with annoyance: "Too bad! We missed it by twenty minutes." '

But it is such a short step from mirth to melancholy. Here is a person who is most concerned about-death.

'You write a lot about death and about the joys in it for those who escape from the difficulties of the Earth, but you never say anything of help to us who are left here. How about telling us something in the book you are writing about grief and what we can do? It's all right for those who have passed over, but it's not so all right for those of us who are left. So how about saying a bit about grief?'

Very well, that's fair enough: Death and grief are so grossly misunderstood, misrepresented. Just about everyone in existence has had grief, the loss of a loved child, the loss of a loved parent or partner. Grief is a terrible thing indeed and if one sits hard on one's emotions it can do definite damage. People should understand that the system approved by present-day society is not always the best. The old Chinese, for instance, used to laugh (pseudo) heartily as they told of the death of a loved one. The old Chinese simply could not face the thought of showing their emotion, showing the emotion of grief,

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to the world and so they put on a wholly artificial levity about the matter.

There is no way of terminating the pain which a loss causes us, no way of ending the grief. Only time can do that. Time heals all, time will terminate the pain of grief, time will terminate the troubles of this turbulent Earth, time will end life itself.

One of the biggest curses of modern-day life is the attitude of the undertakers and funeral home people because they, no doubt for reasons of business, try to pretend that one's 'loved one' is not dead but merely sleeps. These undertakers paint the dead faces, they wave the dead hair, they prop up the dead body as if simulating a person who is drowsing on a cushion of satin.

It seems to be a universal conspiracy in present day life to conceal grief as if there is something shockingly shameful in showing emotion at a loss.

A person who goes on a long journey to the other side of the world, for instance-well, there is always the possibility of the person coming back. But when a person is dead then that person has gone from this Earth and it is highly improbable that they will come back. Often grief is tinged with definite hostility, hostility that a person has died and left one. Now, just think about that and, irrational though it seems, it is true-there is some sort of subconscious hostility towards a dead person. Often, too, there is a feeling of guilt. Could we have done more for the suffering person? Could we have in any way saved the life? Could we have eased the suffering? Well, if a person 'puts us in the wrong' we often resent that person so when a death occurs there is much 'soul-searching'-who is to blame, what more could have been done, or 'how could he have done this thing to me, how could he have gone out of my life'?

Undertakers go to fantastic lengths to pretend that the corpse is just a sleeping body. They falsify values, and, in my opinion, it is very wrong indeed to shove a body in some unnatural attitude-unnatural for death, that is-and pretend that he or she is just sleeping. We should have a new concept of death. Nations should spend money investigating death and teaching people that grief is natural, grief is normal, grief is a safety valve enabling one's bottled emotions to be harmlessly drained away.

Great men like Winston Churchill were not afraid to shed tears when the occasion warranted it. Winston Churchill, it is said, could shed tears of emotion and tears of grief, and he was a better man for it.

Now you ask what could be done to help a person suffering grief through the loss of a partner or relative-let us not have any of this hypocrisy about 'a loved one' because often young people find a great relief in the loss or death of an old tiresome parent. They feel ashamed of their relief and so they rant on about 'loved one'.

The first thing to do is to face that death has occurred, to face that things are now different. There will be red tape, interfering officials will want all sorts of papers signed. Heartless officials of the country will want their own share of whatever legacy is left. One can help a lot by listening to the person who has been bereaved, listen and let the grieving person talk, let the person talk out his or her sorrows, let him or her discuss the past. In this way guilt will be drained off, grief will be drained off and the one who has died

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will be freer.

It is quite essential that a person be helped to get over grief, it doesn't do to let a person stay alone grieving, mourning with a hard straight face showing nothing to the outside world because such grief bottled up inside one appears somewhere. It is like a steam boiler-you can't screw down the safety valve and keep on putting on the heat, something will burst eventually. A person who is overcome with grief which is kept bottled up will later suffer from ulcers or severe bowel trouble, or it can even start arthritis. In extreme cases-and I have two such neighbors not too far away from me-schizophrenia can occur. A young woman, for instance, who appears to have everything, who appears to be fairly balanced, can suddenly be struck down by the death of a relative, she becomes mentally deranged, she wanders about brooding, sullen, and dirty.

These things happen, but they would not happen if there was more understanding of the nature of grief, it would not happen if neighbors would help by letting the person talk, by keeping silent themselves except for sympathetic noises at the appropriate times.

How many times do you hear a bereaved person say, 'If only I had acted differently he would be with us today.' There are other cases where a bereaved person will rant at the dead person, ranting on about why did he die and leave me, what am I going to do now?

One of the worst features of the funeral service is the eulogy where someone speaks a whole lot of hogwash about the bereaved. No one who has ever died is bad, it seems. People search around for someone who can tell a whole lot of lies saying how good the dead person was and what a dreadful loss it will be to the community. But that is bad, you know, it makes a bereaved person think that he or she has lost something far, far greater than is really the case.

There are often cases where a husband loses his wife, perhaps in childbirth. The man, now a father, has undisguised hostility for the poor innocent baby who in being born quite inadvertently caused the death of the mother. So there is a father ruined and a baby ruined right at the start. If people would only clear up their conceptions about things.

Now grief-what is it? Often it is selfishness. It is often opposition to any change. People do not like a change which is permanent, and so when death occurs-well, that is permanent, that is a considerable change, and resentment and hostility occur.

What you should do is this; help a person who is bereaved by encouraging that person to talk, and if the person weeps so much the better. In weeping the emotions are released and there is then no risk of one's sanity. You can talk gently but firmly to the person, telling them to weep, telling them not to bottle up their emotions, telling them that-yes, they have had a terrible loss but soon they too will be moving to the other side of the curtain which divides the dead of this world from the living of the next world. And if you are a good psychologist-the best psychologists come from the homes and not from the offices of so-called professional men-you can do a lot to help those who need your

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help.

I do want to mention here that, whereas people should be encouraged to give vent to grief in order to 'get it out of their system', they should not be encouraged to persist in grief because such is merely grieving for their own loss and not genuine grief, it is self-pity and such is not to be encouraged. While on this subject here is another letter which surely does apply to the present; 'A most shocking thing occurred when my father was dying. My young daughter just 18 years of age lay down on a couch and-do you know?-she fell sound asleep when my father was dying. I can never forgive her for that!'

But, you know, we must remember that there are certain people who are 'helpers of those passing over.' These persons, it doesn't matter what age they are, it doesn't matter what class they are.. but these persons have an ability to help a person over into the next life in much the same way as a midwife has the ability to help a baby to become born and separated from its mother. The midwife has to stay wide awake, but the 'helper' has to appear to go to sleep because the astral form has to emerge from the body. Hence, in this case, the young daughter did not thoughtlessly 'fall asleep'. Instead she had the ability to leave her body and help her grandfather to enter his new life.

There are so many things that could be said on the matter of death. For example, in the days of Atlantis and Lemuria there were always bodies kept in cool chambers, dead bodies, or apparently dead bodies. These were 'entity-less' bodies which were kept so that the Gardeners of the Earth could at any time take over a body and appear among humans as a human. These were the first examples of 'time travel' because the Gardeners of the Earth, who know all and can do all, have to travel to different worlds and mix with different entities, and so, as stated, they do keep certain bodies which can be entered by arrangement. This is not necessarily the same as transmigration because in the latter an entity takes over a body-by special arrangement and special permission, of course-and remains in that body for the rest of its life on Earth. But the Gardeners of the Earth could take over a body, go anywhere for a time, and then leave the body just the same as a person can rent a car, do a journey, and then return the car to the renters. Possibly we ought to start up a travel service on those lines!

Now, let us say a few words about getting old. It is a thoroughly obnoxious practice which affects us all, no matter how much we try to disguise that unpleasant fact, no matter how much powder and paint we put on, no matter how much we try to tell ourselves otherwise, there comes a time when in the morning you find your joints are creaking a bit, you find you don't get up as easily as you did. So you then reach the inescapable conclusion that you are getting old.

When people are getting old or, rather, when they have become old, they do seem to go to pieces rather quickly, but that is natural, isn't it? Whatever you say about it, people are just flowers of the Overself! Flowers are merely devices to draw attention to the seeds, and people, then, are just the flowers which have the seeds to reproduce other members of a species or a race. A woman is supposed to be attractive to the male so that in the union which follows certain acts occur which enable the race to be propa-

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gated and so to continue.

After all, men and women are here for a purpose, to continue the race so that all the time people are learning and learning. But according to the basic law of Nature when reproduction is no longer possible because of deterioration caused by age, then there is no longer any real need for the life to continue. When people have gone beyond the age at which they can contribute towards producing other humans, then on the purely material plane they have finished.

In the old days when the race of Man was young, people lived to be thirty or forty years of age, and then when they could no longer sire or bear children they died off. It was much the same as flowers; you get a plant, eventually on the plant flowers bloom and seeds are within the flower. After a time the flower withers and falls off, so that is the end of that flower. It has done its task in having the seeds and making the seeds available. When that task is ended, the reason for the existence of the flower also has ended. Humans used to be more like that.

But science, so-called, has prolonged the life span perhaps two or three times as much as was normal in the early days of the race. But people still chase around trying to give an illusion of youth because they have a racial memory that without the ability to reproduce they are no longer of use, and so they seek a false youth in which they are trying to persuade others that yes-I can still sire or bear children, and that, they claim, is an excuse or reason for going on living. We see this particularly in the life story of Hollywood idols. A fellow claims that he is the 'biggest sired of children' in existence. Or some crummy looking film actress with probably surgically increased bust uplift claims that she is the best sex symbol ever. Phooey! It's the mind and the soul that matter, not the lumps of meat which clothe the bony framework.

In the oldest races people used to die young except for a very few old people who were deliberately left there by the Gardeners of the Earth to teach and to pass on knowledge of a far more than normal lifetime. But this present day craze with women getting themselves done up like something they never were-well, that is a matter of self-justification which means that they still want to compete on the field (or should it be bed?) of sex. If people would only 'be themselves' and 'act their age' they would be far happier. There would be less nervous troubles, there would be less hostility from other age groups.

But, sad though it seems, it may even be that the Gardeners of the Earth are to blame for the horrible state to which mankind has descended. When a garden-no matter how wonderful that garden be-is neglected for too long through the absence of its gardener then the garden degenerates, everything 'goes to pot'. Humans sure have gone there fast, humans are in a great state of confusion about their origin. They don't know why they should consider material things and metaphysical things. They don't know where things fit in. They see a human body but they don't see the soul, so they are more inclined to place credence on the purely physical human body. And yet, humans pray to or revere a Trinity which through long years of Christian usage is known as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Actually, the Trinity is the Overself which is the Holy Ghost, the astral form which is the intermediary, and then the third which is the purely physical body on

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the Earth.

The physical body on the Earth is the laborer, the one who does hard things to learn hard lessons which the more intangible Overself could not endure. You can say, in a similar way, that an uncouth savage could endure more torture than a highly refined gentlewoman. So the physical torture would be on the lowest plane, but the highly refined gentlewoman would be able to withstand far more mental shocks than would the savage. Humans should remember that they are basically three entities, the physical which is the earth body, the astral, and the Overself. Actually, there are nine different sheaths from the physical to the astral, but that does not matter for now because they are in different dimensions and when one is trying to discuss things in a three dimensional category it is not easily possible to discuss things of a nine dimensional existence.

And-to confuse you thoroughly-on other planes of existence there are more than the nine sheaths. You can add a few noughts if you have ever been there. I have! A Christian parson who is very anxious that his name will not be mentioned writes to me, in fact he is so anxious that his name will not be mentioned-that he doesn't give any! Unfortunately for him he used a piece of his own headed paper and in a moment of forgetfulness wrote on the obverse, or, if you like it simple, he wrote on the side which had no address.

The other side carried his name and address! Never mind, I won't give his name nor his address, but I will tell you this; many people of religious persuasion write to me, bishops write to me, a cardinal has been in correspondence with me and, incidentally, thoroughly, thoroughly approving of my work. A pity I can't get him to give a statement to the Press, eh? And then there is another gentleman of 'the Cloth' who is a Jesuit and a very high professor indeed of that Order. He teaches other Jesuits of 'high degree'. All these people approve of my work, all these people write to me giving their names and addresses quite safe in the knowledge that I never disclose names and addresses except at the request of, or with the permission of, the person so quoted. Not everyone wants publicity. I don't for one!

But back to our bashful priest; he writes me a nice letter exclaiming in horror and amazement that people cannot believe my books. He tells me that the Catholic Church teach their adherents that at death the Christian-the Catholic Christian-leaves the physical body and then God gives them a spirit one. I gather that after they all sing Hallelujah together and play a few harps and flap about the astral countryside. Well, okay, everyone to their own Belief, but in substance this is only the same as what I have been writing about. Of course people leave the physical body and then they are not given a spirit body because they already have it-the astral body.

Now, it is really unfortunate that this Respected Reverend thinks that he is anonymous because I would have liked to have written to him and told him that-no, people do not disbelieve my books. I think that during the last sixteen years that I have not had more than four or five really offensive letters, letters expressing doubt, etc. have kept those in my-what shall I call it-Black Museum. But those are only the rantings of diseased minds. One person told me that God was going to strike me down dead. But if I would send her a sum of money she would see that God wouldn't strike me down dead. Well, I

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didn't send any money and I am still here.

Another 'lady' wrote to me highly incensed because I wrote about back street healers and all that sort of thing. She told me of the wonders she had accomplished, how she cured cancer, and I believe (it is too much trouble to look up!) that she almost raised the dead. But now she wrote to me full of fury because people read my books and the cash customers had fallen off sharply. She accused me of ruining her income. Amusing, eh?

I had another letter from a gentleman of color who wrote on behalf of himself and a friend. They said they would like to come and see me because they wanted both to become doctors, so they wrote to me and asked if I would send them First Class air fares and provide them with an adequate sum of money so they could look around a bit in the U.S.A. and decide where they would like to live. The writer then went on to tell me that when they had decided where they would like to live I could pay for the training of the two and all their living expenses for about five years 'longer', wrote one, 'if we should decide to specialize'. Of course they made it very clear that they would never be able to pay me back, but they gave me an absolute assurance that they would pray for me every day of my life.

Naturally enough I was touched to think of these gentlemen of color so heartily praying for me if I would give them thousands and thousands of pounds just for love of gentlemen of color, but I wasn't touched enough to part with a penny.

Nowadays I have to look at both sides of the penny, and I wish I was skilled in some of the arts known as splitting a note in two! Unfortunately in Canada, as well as in other countries of the world, the Government do not like people to print their own money or make their own money; the Government likes to keep a monopoly on that subject although they look with great repugnance on other people who have a monopoly in anything.

So there it is, the gentlemen of color go untrained, and I go with virgin purity at least so far as counterfeiting is concerned. Now we've got to get on with some of these questions. You keep distracting me, you know! Of course it is you who distracts me because if you didn't keep on sending in these letters to me I shouldn't be sidetracked by some of the curious comments you sometimes make. But, anyway, back to these questions:

A lady from India is most puzzled; she writes: 'The caul which is a membrane which sometimes encloses a baby at birth, has it got any metaphysical or psychic significance to that individual?'

No, it doesn't mean a thing. It doesn't mean any more than some people being born with black hair, some people being born with-whatever you call it-blond hair, the ginger stuff.

A caul is just something peculiar to that person and it does not in any way increase one's psychic ability or spiritual power. Some people think otherwise, but it is really just an old wives' tale as some people believe it is bad luck to have a black cat cross one's

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path at midnight on a moonless night-I don't know how they would see that black cat, though, do you?

Others think that it is good fortune to have the aforementioned cat cross one's path under the aforementioned conditions. So there it is, I suggest you take the penny which I mentioned previously and decide which way you want to believe, and then toss up the penny to see if you are right or wrong. I state that a caul doesn't mean a thing.

Now here is a question: 'Most causes which have influence upon us physically, that is, cancer, poverty, blindness, etc., have some form of fund to which one can contribute in order to help in all aspects of the problem in question. Is it possible to set up such a fund which could help causes such as yours?'

Oh ho, my dear madam, that is a thing loaded with atom bomb material! The next thing we should find, if such a thing were done, is that the Press would start up saying that I was exploiting the public or defrauding people or some similar rot. Some time ago it was suggested that I start up as a Foundation (no, not the type of foundation worn by women but the benevolent kind), but I am not at all keen on that because so many 'cults' do have such a Foundation which enables them to set up some sort of stunt where they do not pay income tax on money received, but which does enable them to pay very high salaries to themselves, to each other, for 'specialist services', whatever that means. I am honest, and regrettably honest enough to have an instinctive abhorrence of these Foundations. So many of them are not what they purport to be.

I always take the view that if a person is really anxious to help in the matter of research into the aura or into the other matters in which I am desperately interested, then they can always help with a donation if they want to, but that must be their own decision.

Now, here is something which is going to rock you on your heels; this question is-wait a minute, let's get it straight-'On the subject of Tai Chi, in Wisdom of the Ancients you said that the wise men of China used Tai Chi to indicate that to which we return upon leaving this world. It is the ultimate or the end of all things incarnate. It is reunion with one's Overself and the state which upon Earth can only be likened to bliss. Do you think you can expand on this? For example, has the Tai Chi got any light for us today, and what of its origin?'

But that is all that I have been telling you about in thirteen books! When we leave this Earth we are a step nearer 'Home'. Each step up from plane to plane brings increases in joy or what the questioner calls 'bliss'. On each low stage of evolution we have to work hard with relatively slight reward, but the higher we go the greater our responsibilities, the less the physical work, and the higher the aspirations possible to us. So that on this Earth, for example, we can work with pick and shovel 'to the Glory of God'. There is nothing shameful in hard work. But you would not get the same remuneration as the President of the Company employing you. You would get hard work and lower pay, but low responsibility, while the poor fellow sitting in his padded chair (I almost said 'padded cell!') gets high pay, low physical work, and enough responsibility to give him ulcers. Well, the higher you go the less physical work you do, but the greater enjoyment

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you derive from doing a job well, the greater pleasure you get from being in the service of others. And the higher we go—well, when we get to the ninth plane of existence, for instance, we get in a state of bliss which would be quite incomprehensible in three dimensional terms. It is like—dare I mention love?—On Earth through the onset of the Christian inhibitory practices love is all mixed up with what is also known as sex, and here sex is regarded as something unspeakable, it is regarded as ‘dirty’. So it is quite useless to try to explain to a person bogged down in imagined filth what love and sex are like on the ninth dimension. There are no terms to describe it, and yet you have to have such a union of highly evolved souls before you can know what joy, bliss, rapture, happiness, and all the rest of it really mean.

‘Has the Tai Chi got any light for us today?’ Well, we are in the Age of Kali, we are in the descending stroke of the pendulum, and things are going to get a lot worse before they get a lot better. We are going down into the depths. When we reach the lowest point then we shall start going up again until we reach what is, in effect, a state of rapture upon this Earth.

Of course you and I won’t be here then. We shall have passed to our just reward centuries before that time. But we can assure our place on the upward path if we at all times re-member—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and then you will be out of the Age of Kali and on the way of Tai Chi.

We are going up in the world once again; a countess sends me a bunch of questions. Do you want some questions from a countess? All right, here is the first one:

‘When a new world is created the inhabitants for this world are also created to fit the living conditions. Are their souls also newly created or are they already created and existing at that time?’

When a new world is created the entities are already existing. Think of it like this:

New York is overcrowded, there are far too many people there so there could be a shortage of food, a shortage of electricity, a shortage of water, and a shortage of everything in fact. So a fresh satellite, town, city, or dormitory town is set up somewhere within reach, let us say West Chester, for example.

A load of people go to West Chester and set up stores and all the rest of it. In effect that is a new world, so when we get a new world created it means that one of the old worlds is overcrowded or it is due for disintegration. You see, the Sun, after all, is just an atomic pile and though it might seem millions of years old to us yet it is just the twinkling of an eye in certain other times.

You find that difficult to comprehend? Take a match in your hand and think of that as in dead space, it is just a dead lump. Then strike it on the side of the match box and it will burst into flames. All sorts of small particles will be emitted and thrown out from the flaming surface. They, being much smaller, will cool very much more rapidly and yet they will, so long as they are in close proximity to the match flame, be warmed. But that explosion of the match bursting into flame is only a second or two, isn’t it. Perhaps it is not even that long.

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But just think of that sun giving birth to little planets which are pieces thrown off, and those planets having the start of life, life itself. And then the decay of life as the flame of the central sun (the match head) has a diminishing flame and then becomes a burnt out husk. That is how worlds go on. To us here on these particles, or rather, on one particular particle, it seems that the worlds exist for millions of years, but to people looking from afar it is just like a match head bursting into sudden flame, flaring, and expiring.

Question Two: 'If these souls are newly created, how far does the multiplication go? How much room do we have? Where does it end?'

We are up against relativity here. Actually space is limitless. We are not dealing with just a three dimensional thing but with things of all dimensions and things of no dimensions. On Earth we are limited to certain dimensions, for example, I am in a room. The room has four sides, it has a roof (fortunately!), and it has a floor. When I am in this room and the door is shut I cannot go out without opening the door, but if a person of the fourth dimension, who we would call a ghost, wanted to come in-well, there would be no problem because the molecules of the wall here would be so tenuous to a ghost that he would simply drift through without any problems at all. It is something like ice which is a hard solid substance.

People living on a world of ice would have no conception of what their souls would be like, but let us 'kill' some ice, let us alter its rate of vibration because when a thing dies its rate of vibration alters. This ice, then, that we are going to 'kill' turns into water. It is a completely different sort of substance from ice. The water flows, it can take up the shape of the receptacle which retains it. But we want to find the 'soul of ice' so let us heat up the water and thereby increase its vibration, and then we get steam, a gas. So if you think of a body-a human body-as being represented by ice, then you can readily appreciate that the next stage up when the ice turns to water is when we get out of the body and get into the astral world and we flow about. Beyond that-well, we go from the water stage up into the water vapor stage, up into the gas stage. So you could not push a piece of ice through an apparently solid substance such as a piece of blotting paper, but you could push water through. Even better, you could blow steam all the way through easily.

You can see, though, that the molecules of ice, the molecules of water, and the molecules of steam are different. They get more and more dispersed as one goes up. We get the same thing with the body and the soul of Man.

Question Three: 'We were taught that our Maker is a one God. Is really just one Entity at the head of all creation, or is it a governing group at the head of our "All"?''

You really do ask the stickiest of questions in this one about God. You ask is it really one Entity at the head of all creation. Look at it like this; you are a human and presumably you have a head, feet, arms, and a few other bits stuck on your body at strategic points. All this makes you-just one of you-and your hands, your feet, your knees, your-everything-goes to form that one, and all those parts are dependent upon each other. Of course you could do without a hand or without a leg, but you couldn't do without a head although most people seem to try to nowadays. But 'God' is that entity which comprises the whole of the Universes and there are billions of them, and each Universe

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and part of a Universe is an essential part of the basic 'God'.

Question Four: 'Will our souls live forever after we will graduate from this world? After so many lives we will go to better places, you have me convinced of that fact. How many worlds will we graduate to and where will we end?'

Yes, our 'souls' will live as long as 'God' lives because our souls, our Oversells, etc., are just part of the fabric of God. If you stick a pin in yourself and withdraw it from your quivering body it may appear that the pin is quite clean, bare of everything, but if you stick it in the field of a very powerful microscope you may find one lonely molecule waving at you through the electronic magnifier. Well, that one lonely molecule can be just as you are to 'God'.

Question Five: 'I was brought up a Catholic and went to school in a convent. We were taught very little about the years Jesus had disappeared. Was He really in Asia learning during that time? So many books say so many different things about the subject. If He spent all these years in Asia He must have liked what he learned. Of course my entire conception of Him has changed since I became really more religious which has nothing to do with a particular religion. You will hear from me again-soon.'

Now, I wonder if that last statement, 'You will hear from me again-soon' was a promise or a threat. I must think about it, but anyway-

Yes, Jesus the man wandered abroad in the Wilderness, the Wilderness being that part of the world which was not His immediate and familiar vicinity or the vicinity of His birth. Jesus went throughout India, throughout China, and into Tibet, and much of the original Christian religion is actually a conglomeration of Eastern religions which have been hashed up, worked over, and tailored to fit what is, in effect, a Western mentality.

Most certainly Jesus liked what He found in the East because after, according to the Press report which I have already given you, He went to Japan instead of being crucified!

After Jesus the man came back from His travels, He went again into a distant place where He would not be bothered by onlookers, and there He left His physical body and went on to other places. His body was taken over by another entity from space as had previously been arranged. So Jesus the man departed His body and the spirit of Christ took over and became 'the Christ'. That, then, is transmigration and nothing else.

So many people seem to find difficulty in comprehending this matter of transmigration, but Christ taught it. Christ taught reincarnation also, and if people would read the Bible with an open mind they would understand all these things.

They should also take into consideration the definite fact that the Bible now is not as it was originally nor how it was intended to be. The Bible has been translated, retranslated, mistranslated, rehashed, and thousands of different editions brought out. Sometimes the head of a Church will say that such a thing cannot be taught any more. Then he will scratch his own head and bring out something else which should be taught. The Bible should be looked upon as a general statement of policy rather than a blow by blow,

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round by round account of what happened. It is quite a good book but you have to use common sense in reading a book which is so old and which is so different in concept to that which is originally was planned.

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CHAPTER NINE

'Hey!' screamed the words from the letter. 'How is it that you, who have been doing aura work for so long, never get a good write-up in the Press?'

The old man thoughtfully pulled out a newspaper cutting which was stuck in the big envelope. It was from some paper called 'The National Enquirer' dated September 24th, 1972. It seemed that some fellow was falling over backwards-front-wards as well-to praise up the Russians and their efforts in aura research.

It purports to say that plants 'know' when the weather is going to change. Well, of course they do. I have been saying that for years.

It also says 'the plain fact is that the Soviets are years ahead of the U.S. in research on E.S.P., in the fields of mind over matter, telepathy, etc., that we may never catch up.' And 'the astounding colour movies of the human aura the Russians have made show how far they have already gone-!'

But, yet, I have been doing things like this for years. Anyway, I have had all the details about this fellow and the article before, and I wrote to him sending some of my books, telling him the truth as I have been informed of it; the Russians were greatly impressed with You-Forever and it sparked considerable research in Russia. The Russians have bought quite a lot of books and they have made good use of the hints, etc., which I have given.

Yes, yes, it's just fine that the Russians are making progress but why not give a little credit here as well? It does seem to me that people just go crazy with joy and delight if the Communists of Russia copy someone else and find that it works, but now that I am a Canadian citizen I find that a prophet is without honor in his own country! I find my books are being quoted and quoted and misquoted with never a trace of acknowledgment to me-the author-but I suppose that is the way of life.

There is another hook eulogizing Russian 'science' and the remarks above also apply to that book. I sent some details to the authors of the book, but again they did not even have the common courtesy to reply, not even the courtesy to say 'thank you'. I have come to the conclusion that I must be some sort of a nut for answering people's letters

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and saying 'thank you' if they send me a cutting or something. People have told me that, by the way-that I am a nut for bothering with so many people. Never mind, it might help someone. But I do want to put on record that the Russians do not have a monopoly on aura research. The Russians do seem to have a monopoly of finance to help research and without money to buy equipment-well, many a promising invention has been stillborn. That is what I am finding now. There is a 'telephone to heaven' and a good aura camera, because the stuff the Russians are doing so far is not the true aura but the sub-etheric auric sheath. They haven't got down to the real thing yet, but they might in time!

Another letter asks 'Is it true that most of the great leaders of the world were tradesmen, and if so-why?' Well, yes, you can say that. You can say that most of the great leaders of the world started from what are called 'humble origins' and there is a special reason for that. It is thought by the Gardeners of the Earth that those who come here to help humanity must be in touch with the majority of humans, and if a man comes as a king then in the normal course of events he is only in contact with those of kingly, princely, or ducal status. Jesus was the son of a carpenter. Possibly He took a swipe or two with carpentry tools himself, we never hear that He was a carpenter but only the son of a carpenter. Mohammed, who was one of the great people, was an Arab tradesman, and then at the age of forty he began to have all sorts of messages and 'conversations with Messengers'. The content of the Messengers' instructions led him to organize the Moslem religion, and write the Koran.

Moses-well, he was just a homeless waif who had the luck -good or bad-to be picked up by a princess, but the point is that he was still a homeless waif who had the 'common touch'. Gautama, of course, was a Prince, that is he started off a Prince. But he soon found that as a Prince he was not in touch with the common people, so he renounced his princely caste and went into the wilderness away from his bunch of wives who made quite a commotion about being left husbandless, but in spite of great efforts to persuade him to change his mind Gautama went into the wilderness as a poor and humble man and became 'the Buddha', the Founder of Buddhism. He had to renounce his high estate and relinquish his wealth before he could indeed get in touch with the ordinary people who most needed help.

Here is a question which I frankly do not quite understand. The question is: 'Is there an absolute possibly existing somewhere in the seventh through the ninth dimensions?'

Now, I do not understand that one because what is 'an absolute'? I wonder if the person who writes means a God, and if that is the case, well, the answer is No. Even the Manus go up much higher than the ninth dimension. The Manus that one can experience looking after this world, for example, they are the puppets of an Overself Manu.

Now here is a question for you: 'Are there less and less laws governing an entity the higher up on the evolutionary scale he goes?'

Yes, basically that is so. The laws are actually made to control the masses, and often a law which is most beneficial to a mass of people is horribly unjust to some poor wretched individual. But laws cannot be made to suit each and every individual. A law

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has to be formulated so that it may embrace the great majority of people coming within its dictum. If you had read the 1972 tax forms you would know what I mean! The instructions about this wretched form are so abstruse that I honestly can't make any sense at all out of it, and I imagine that there are many more like me. But back to our question; the higher a person evolves the less the need for stereotyped laws to control his behavior because when he reaches a high enough position he knows instinctively what he should do and what he should not do, and he doesn't need the disservices of law makers to tie him up in red tape and so ruin whatever it is he is trying to do.

A question: 'Does it become proportionally easier to evolve the higher the plane of evolution?'

Well, that is relative, you know. You have to keep in mind that the higher you go the greater the distance that you can fall, but I can only answer this question by returning to the classroom.

If one has a child at school studying then he is trained to study, trained to remember, trained to absorb information. If the child then leaves school and takes some ordinary job such as an office boy or something, then he lapses and he gets out of the habit of studying so that if after a few years he has to study something he finds the process remarkably difficult and painful.

If a child is studying and continues to study, up and up through high school, through university, perhaps on to medical or law school, then the child, now young adult, is trained in studying and he finds it easier and easier to study as he studies more and more. So you could say a person who is consciously, continually evolving-and not backsliding-can evolve more easily than those who are 'dragging their feet'. But if the person does make a mistake and stops his own evolution, then he may go in reverse, he may go the wrong way and lose much of his evolution, so then he has to come back and relearn his lessons. By that time he will find they are much harder.

A question is: 'Do all human entities possess an astral body?'

Oh definitely they do, everything does, not just humans but all animals, even rocks. Everything vibrates. There is no such thing as a stationary object in existence, such a thing is impossible. Every single article that there is anywhere is in a state of constant molecular motion. You might look at a mountain and think it is just a stupid lump of rock stuck in the middle of a landscape to prevent you from seeing what is at the other side. But it is not like that; it is a great mass of vibrating molecules, and the action of all these molecules vibrating together is to set up a form of electric field which gives an astral body and also an aura. So the answer is-yes, everything has an astral body, everything has an aura.

Sometimes I get taken to task, although, I must admit, in the kindest ways, for apparently repeating myself. I am told that I tell the same thing two or three times in two or three ways, but then I get a letter from a person who tells me that he or she is very grateful that I have repeated myself because at last I have got through and made a point. The first and second attempts at explaining weren't successful, the third was. But now

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I've got a question: 'Would you please again explain how to control one's mind, how to direct thought?'

Now I have already dealt with that quite a lot, but I have definitely been asked to repeat it, so all you people who do not like repetition-read on because you might just learn something!

We have to remember that we are only one-tenth conscious, and the real source of knowledge, the real source of action, is the subconscious. But the subconscious is like a lazy old man who wants to sit and smoke a pipe all day and not do anything. He knows he is the custodian of great knowledge, etc., but he doesn't want to part with any of it, he doesn't want to move. So you have to get through to him to galvanize him into action.

If you want to direct thought or control your mind, then you have to know what you want because it is useless to seek a thing unless you know what you are seeking, otherwise if you do not know what you are seeking you won't know when you have found it, will you?

Let us suppose you want to learn something; well, you sit down somewhere where it is quiet and you think of the matter which you desire to study. Perhaps you are afraid your memory will fail you or something, but anyway you think of the matter you desire to study. Tell your subconscious what you want to do, tell your subconscious why you want to do it, say what benefits will be derived from learning such a matter. You have to get it over to your subconscious that you and 'George' or 'Georgina' are all part of the same firm so what harms one harms the other, what benefits one benefits the other. So you have to think about the thing you want to do, you have to think about it directly, you have to think all around it, you have to think of all the advantages. Then you have actually to visualize yourself studying the subject or possessing the object, and if you make a real campaign about it-do it perhaps three times in succession-the subconscious may be roused and will then help you to attain that which you desire.

You have to go in for visualization. Now, visualization is not imagination. Imagination is something which can be indulged in on the imaginary basis only. No amount of imagination, for instance, would enable you to jump over a thirty-story building. You might be able to do it in your imagination and then you would be something like Buck Rogers, wouldn't you? But such a jump-over a thirty-story building-is beyond the laws of physical nature so it is imagination only, and many people waste time imagining that which is impossible. Visualization, on the contrary, is something which is entirely possible because it is entirely in keeping with normal physical laws. As an illustration, suppose you want to buy a boat, then if you visualize yourself suddenly coming into possession of a large sum of money and going to the place where they sell boats, looking over them, and finally deciding on such a boat then you may find that your visualizations bear fruit. It is a fact that if the conditions are right anything you visualize you can have-in time. It may not be just at the moment you want it, but you will get it-if you visualize things properly. You have to sit down comfortably. You have to cross your ankles and clasp your hands in front of you. Then you put out a very strong thought to your subconscious, calling him or her by the private name which I suggested earlier in this book.

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You tell your subconscious three times, 'Attention! Attention! Attention!' Then you say, 'Look into my mind now.' You repeat that three times, and then you think very definitely, very clearly on the matter for which you desire the cooperation of your subconscious. Let us get back to pendulums.

You want your pendulum to tell you where such-and-such a thing is, so it might be a lump of gold and in that case you will tune your pendulum for a lump of gold (I told you how to do that earlier in this book). Then you will visualize yourself holding the pendulum by its cord and the swing indicating gold. You will pick up a map and you will try to locate gold through the use of the map. If you convey the idea with complete clarity and point out the advantages to the subconscious, then you will be able to detect gold if there is any there.

'Then a question about the coming World Leader; will his life be made as miserable and horrible as yours? Will humanity listen to him or will they again just scoff, laugh, demand proof, and scream their nasty heads off? Will he be born in a country that is "politically acceptable" to the rest of the world or will he have to suffer from discrimination too?'

I will tell you this; that World Leader is not any of those overpublicized young people who are screaming around with much press publicity that they and they only can save the world. No, the real World Leader is living privately as yet unknown to the world. When the time comes, and then only, will he move into the limelight of unwanted publicity.

Yes, he will have suffering, he will have misery, he will be disbelieved, he will be pilloried and persecuted by the Press, but-if his message gets over to even a thousand people he will not have been here in vain. At present there is such a person on this earth. The body is being developed. At the appropriate time transmigration will take place and a greater Entity will come down and carry on from that point. You get something the same in surgery or in art. You get a lesser skilled man to make the opening incision (sorry, no pun intended!), and then when the basic work has been done the Master will take over and do that for which he has been acclaimed as a Master.

After the Master has done the successful operation, some lesser surgeon, for instance, will 'stitch up' and generally clean up the mess. It is the same thing with the Leaders of the World who come here and take over a body which is already trained to operate on the Earth. It would be such a waste if a great Entity had to spend about thirty years kicking about on this crummy old Earth of ours. That is why such people take over by transmigration.

I have some questions here from a gentleman whose name is famous in connection with tea bags! He wants to know about longevity. He asks: 'Some people are under the impression that due to modern medical science it is possible to live longer at the present time than, say, two hundred years ago. Is the answer no, we can just get a maximum life span and it cannot be exceeded, but if we are foolish enough it can be terminated prematurely? Could those early deaths in olden days be due to poverty and improper living conditions, etc.?'

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Well now, actually in theory there is no limit to how long a person can live because it all depends upon the memory stored within our brain cells, the memory which enables the body to reproduce identical parts. If we had a good enough memory, and a subconscious memory it is, a person could go on living almost indefinitely. Unfortunately at the present stage of evolution the memory decays. It is like the old army story.

There was a long line of men, a hundred men in a row. An officer at one end of the line whispered a message to the man nearest him and told him to whisper it to the next man, and so on. And then the last man produced a message which had little bearing on the original subject.

We get the same thing with humans. We can say that a patch of skin has worn out and the body-entity wants a repair job done, but the memory is a bit sick of all these repetitions so there is a slight divergence in the type, texture, or color of the skin. So the person might get one of those brown patches which are a symptom of increasing age, or a fastidious lady may get too much skin and find she's got a nasty wrinkle, and so she spreads a lot of goo on her face to try to shrink the skin.

Eventually there will come a time when people can live five or six hundred years, and it will come about not through anything special in the way of surgery or medicine, but through a development in electrochemistry because if we could get our chemical balance right we could get our brain voltages correct, and in that case cancer, schizophrenia, and other things would be cured. For example, a person gets overtired with too much work so his body chemistry is depleted of those chemicals which build up the necessary voltages to keep him in operating condition. Now if the person suddenly takes in some sugar, for example, (provided he is not diabetic!) he gets a sudden spurt of energy and the tiredness goes away for a time. In other words, his battery has been recharged and he functions again on the normal level.

My old friend, Jim Dodd, who lives in America, has just sent me a copy of a newspaper cutting about 'electrical medicine', and Jim Dodd is highly interested in my comments because he has had a knock on the noggin through a car accident and from what I can gather from his letter the surgeons just about filleted him-but kept only the bones! An unfortunate state for a person to be in. Now, presumably, if he walks down the street the dogs come after him to take a chew at the bones. But there it is; it makes one think isn't life wonderful!

But this cutting about electrical medicine is only the stuff I have been telling you about before saying, 'We seldom stop to think that our bodies run on electricity, but they do.' And Jim Dodd wants to know if there is any truth in what the author of this article writes. The answer is-yes, there is a lot of truth in it, but the sad thing about the whole affair is that medicine generally is at least a hundred years behind the times. Orthodox doctors dare not risk their reputation in even attempting anything which has not been approved after ten years use by some of the trade unions controlling doctors.

Oh yes, let's bear in mind constantly that doctors have trade unions even more powerful than the teamsters unions, and they are kept rigidly in line. Some of the medical members of the doctors' unions have nothing on Jimmy Hoffa for discipline!

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But that is taking us away from this stuff sent by Jim Dodd. Yes, one can do a tremendous amount with electricity. Electricity, properly applied, can speed healing, can the more easily unite broken bones. At one end of the scale there is electrocution when a fellow is literally knocked out of his body and his astral goes wandering off. At the other end of the scale people could even be helped to get born by electricity.

Jim Dodd is particularly interested in electrical anesthesia, and the article which he sends seems to be very much out of date, or, like a fat woman seen from the back, all behind, because electrical anesthesia is a definite proven thing. Two electrodes are placed beside the head and a mild current is switched on, a DC current, and the patient or victim goes dreamlessly to sleep because the astral says, in effect, 'Gee, I don't like this; it's too hot for my feet. I'm going!' And so the astral gets out of the body in a hurry and doesn't return until the current is switched off.

Actually, if a person knew how he could put anyone to sleep without any difficulty at all, that is one of the dangers because now-well, we all know the old story of the white slavers with their chloroform pad. They swipe someone across the face with a cloth soaked in chloroform and the poor innocent de-fenceless girl goes to sleep instantly, but that is not so, you know. It takes a long time to put a person to sleep by that method. It is easier to use a coal hammer.

Hey though, don't go trying tricks with electricity (or coal hammers!) because it is very very wrong indeed to commit suicide, just as wrong as it is to commit murder. So when you read these electrical details don't get crazy bees in your bonnet because-I repeat-suicide is a very bad thing indeed to do.

But if a person knows the very simple technique of electro-anesthesia, just about anyone could be taken unawares and put to sleep. Possibly that is why doctors are so cautious about it, they probably want to have some rigmarole or ritual so that it appears to be more difficult than it is. What can be done is this; a patient-let's imagine this, shall we?-is wheeled into the operating room annex. The anesthetist just puts two little electrodes at carefully determined spots on each side of the head. The current is switched on and the patient is asleep as quickly as switching off a light, no gasping, nothing of that kind at all-the patient is 'switched off when the current is switched on'.

Then, with the operation finished, the current is switched off and the patient awakens instantly without any recollection of pain or anything else to do with the operation, and, interestingly enough, the painlessness effect lasts from twelve to twenty hours during which time the patient is fully conscious and sweetly reasonable, that is, of course, if he was sweetly reasonable before. But this form of anaesthetic will come into use eventually. It is just a matter of breaking down the bonds of prejudice and unadulterated fright. It is too much like electrocution, isn't it, to lie down and have someone put electrodes on your head and then switch on the current and-bonk, you are out!

Electric induction of anesthesia is a great blessing in operations to the liver, the kidneys, etc. In kidney operations it is necessary to have a terrific amount of chemical or gaseous (same thing) anesthetic, but the poor wretched kidneys which are being operated upon have to suffer the operation and also have the task of eliminating the chemi-

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cals used in the anesthetic, and that makes it very, very difficult. Further, getting such a load of noxious chemicals in one's system can upset or possibly the answer to the Lord's prayer would be more one's metabolism no matter what the operation should be, whereas in electrical induction there are no chemicals of any kind because-going back to our radio days-when the electric current flows through certain conduits of the brain it just acts in the same way as the grid bias battery of the old radio receivers one used so many years ago. It set up a back pressure of current which prevented the flow of brain-electricity which meant that a person was conscious. And that is all there is to it. No pain, no suffering, no drugs, no chemicals, only sound sleep without any aftereffects.

So there you are, friend Jim Dodd. When you read this you will have your answer. It's a pity you couldn't have had this stuff when you had your operations, eh?

Let us continue with some of our questions and answers which seem to interest an astonishingly large number of people. So here is a question about exorcism. The question is: 'A number of men of the Cloth claim to have performed this operation, some with great success. Others admit to poor results. Now, if they are not fully clairvoyant, and they are not, how will they know who or what they are dealing with? Is it permissible to state what actually takes place?'

Yes, it is. If a place is being haunted then it means that there is some undesirable entity present. The entity emanates an unpleasant thought form or thought pattern. People become aware of the presence of such an entity without being able to say how they are aware. In some cases they can see the entity. In other cases they can feel the entity, but when they are completely non-clairvoyant the person who is being haunted gets a great feeling of unease, strange impressions cross his mind, and even the least clairvoyant knows that there is something wrong.

Those who can do exorcism are people with a strong thought-wave, that is, they can project the thought of something very strongly. Now, a clergyman who has got himself thoroughly hypnotized in the belief that he is doing something as the Lord's right hand, and sometimes the left hand as well gets his thought-wave boosted up because of his self-induced hypnotism. He thinks he is the answer to the maiden's prayer or possibly the answer to the Lord's prayer would be more suitable. But he is so sure of himself that he turns all the knobs on full in his thought processes, and the entity who is doing the haunting doesn't like it a bit. He thinks, in effect, 'Oh good gracious me, I can't stick this fellow. If he's going to hang around like this-I'm off.' And so the haunting force takes off for pastures new where there are no clergymen who are going to project unpleasant thoughts. And that is all there is to that. It is just a matter of telepathy because no matter what anyone believes, every person is telepathic to a certain extent. It has been proved, for instance, that even when a non-telepath (self-proclaimed) was put to a test, when he thought at a non-telepathic victim he could influence the pulse and the blood pressure of his test subject. That has actually been proved. Quite a lot of things have been proved about clairvoyance and telepathy, but they have not been made public because gory murders are much better selling attractions.

Here is a touch of humor. It is a paragraph from a letter to me. It is headed 'E.S.P.-

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A Further Illustration to the Accuracy of Your Writings is This. A woman writes in our newspaper to say that she cannot get a night's sleep if the sheets or pillowcases have stripes on them. She can feel the stripes. It doesn't matter if the light is on or not, she doesn't have to see those stripes to know that they are there, and they disturb her sleep.' Oh yes, that was a quotation, apparently, from some English newspaper, I wish I knew which newspaper it was. Here is a question which could be interesting. The question is: 'Would you explain the destiny of the evolution of the plant and animal kingdoms?'

A lot of people believe that plants evolve into animals, and animals evolve into humans, but that is not so. You have never heard of a horse turning into a cow, have you, and you have never heard of a lettuce leaf turning into a bird. The animal kingdom, the human kingdom, and the vegetable kingdom are things completely apart, things completely different, and I am telling you in all seriousness-this is not a joke by any means, it is the absolute truth-on certain other planets animals take the place of humans. On other planets the vegetable kingdom reigns supreme. For example, there is a planet where plants such as trees are able to manage a slow mode of locomotion. They pick up their modified roots and move to a different location, and sink their roots down again that they may absorb the necessary nourishment. So the evolution is this; a cabbage may not be very conscious on this Earth from the human standpoint, but even so cabbages can recognize people and they can recognize emotions. Oh, you don't believe that? Well, that has already been proved, that has been proved in laboratory tests. So that if your Auntie Macassar was a happy old soul her aspidistra would be happy too and would grow better and have a better color. While the plant of Melissa Mugwump, a sour old biddy, would also be affected and would have poor color and stunted growth. The moral in this seems to be smile sweetly on your potatoes and they will grow better for you!

Evolution is ever upwards, so the vegetables and plants with which we are today acquainted on this Earth will in time become sentient highly intelligent persons of the plant world in a different evolution, in a different incarnation. Animals also grow upwards in spiritual stature. It doesn't mean to say that your pet cat is suddenly going to start out and paint pictures better than Rembrandt or suddenly start making radios on the kitchen table. No, their values are quite different. Their values consist of spiritual attainment just as in the old days before the advent of Communism and the television and Press, in the Far Far East only things of the spirit mattered, things of purity, things of true religious thought. People earned enough money to keep them alive so that they could progress through this Earth and not have to come back to it. Humans, then, in the far off days, were better people than the humans of today because nowadays humans are contaminated with TV, contaminated with the Press, and contaminated with too many commercial interests. It doesn't matter nowadays in the West how good living a person is, all that matters is-how big is his bank account. In that latter reading I don't amount to anything at all! But I do know quite a few things about the spirit and a person cannot take his bank account with him to the Other Side. My 'bank account' is knowledge, knowledge which I can take with me when I go.

Curiously enough I have just got another question about that: 'Have minerals on any planets got intelligence?'

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And the answer is a definite Yes. Now, I have already told you that on certain other planets the carbon molecule is not the building brick of that system, it may be a silicate, and there are 'stones' of silicate composition who are actually thinking, moving entities. If you could go there and see them (you can't so don't bother your travel agent) you would have to stay a whole lifetime before you saw even a twitch of movement because if a creature can live for a million or two years, then speed of locomotion doesn't matter greatly. So moving stones take their time. They are about as slow as the people I had to move my stuff quite recently.

Hey, do you know something? Now that I thought I had finished dealing with transmigration another question comes up. Here it is: 'It is said the body changes molecule for molecule every seven years. What actually happens? Certain Eastern books which give this information could be distorted in translation. This is for those who doubt changing of bodies.'

Well, let us give an imaginary case, shall we? Little Billy Smith can't get on with life, everything goes wrong for him and he is sick and tired of living on Earth where everyone seems to 'be on his back'. He contemplates suicide which surely is a stupid thing to do because if he commits suicide he will be slapped back to Earth in a worse condition. But anyway, before he does knock himself off he gets a message during his sleep. Tom Thomas, who is in the astral, wants to come back to Earth to do a special job, and Tom Thomas has arranged with a special Council who control such things that Billy Smith can part from his body provided he allows Tom Thomas to take over. So Billy Smith doesn't think much, at first, of somebody else taking over his messy clay body, but as the days go by the more he thinks about it the more ready he becomes to agree. So a deal is made. Billy Smith lies down somewhere, the Silver Cord is parted, but before it can be completely severed it is connected to a Silver Cord sprouted by Tom Thomas, and Tom Thomas, a gentleman of the astral, then enters the body of Billy Smith.

Poor Tom shudders in dismay almost as soon as he gets there. The body is inefficient. The muscles are flabby. The feet don't seem to go where they are directed, and the eyes don't focus very well. In addition, there is a really awful stench from the body. Never mind, Tom will get used to it in time, but he will find that the body isn't too satisfactory, he will be like a pilot in an aeroplane, a pilot who has flown aircraft before but not this particular model. The pilot sits there jittering with fright while he looks at all the different dials and knobs, etc., and then gingerly he puts out his hand to get the machine working. Soon he is able to control the body, but there is always this terrible feeling that one is in an alien body, and that becomes intolerable. So the molecules of that borrowed body, that taken-over body, are changed molecule by molecule, so that at the end of seven years the body of Billy Smith is no longer of the same composition, everything has been changed, and now there is the body of Tom Thomas. And Tom Thomas is happy again—more or less—because he has the body to which he is accustomed.

In the days of long ago high priests were able to teach people how to do these things. It was much like going to a car showroom and having the head salesman there demonstrate new models. Bodies could be tried out to see which one was most suitable, and as I have said previously, in Atlantis and Lemuria special 'no ownership' bodies were

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kept available for travelling Gardeners of the Earth. The bodies were used in much the same way as one rents a car, goes on a journey, and returns the car.

A question here is: 'Yetis; many claim to have seen them and photographed them in various parts of the world. Is this correct? Are the heads, hands, etc. on show in certain places just manufactured objects to attract visitors?'

It is a strange thought, isn't it, people have gone to the Moon, robot ships have gone to Mars, and other robot ships are going to other worlds, yet Man has not yet thoroughly explored nor investigated all aspects of this world. There are many parts of the Earth, in Canada, for instance, and Alaska, Tibet, India, and Africa where humans have never been, and in those remote areas there are remnants of a race which should have expired centuries before. Yes, there are 'yetis'. These people are the last dregs of a race which has left the Earth except for them. Think of people trying to drain a lake of fish; for some reason the people owning the lake want all the fish out so it can be restocked with a different type. They use nets and all sorts of other devices to catch the fish and transport them elsewhere, and then the lake is restocked with a different species of fish. But from time to time there are reports of one or two fish of the original type who have briefly been seen but not caught. You can't catch everything. A fish may be a pregnant fish (a twerp, I believe the correct term is), it may be hidden in a small hole in a rock and so escape the nets, and when that fish shoots out her eggs or whatever she does, and the eggs hatch then more fish are born. We get the same thing here on Earth in the remotest areas. But it's a good thing they are in remote areas because there are so many blood-thirsty people who want to go out and shoot themselves a yeti so they can have his skin in front of the fireplace or something. As for many of the 'specimens'-well, you can go to a wax work museum and you can see some remarkable 'people' there, but they are only wax figures, aren't they? I shouldn't believe too strongly in the claims that here at last is the body of a yeti.

Question: 'What are the Pyramids? Where did they originate? How were they built? What is the real use of them? And will a pyramid shaped object preserve things?'

That is meant to be a question! It seems like a whole load of questions to me, but let us see what we can do about it. Pyramids are nothing but marker beacons. If you live near the sea or a river which is used by ships you will see buoys in the water. If you live near an airport you will see marker beacons to guide aircraft. A pyramid is that shape because that is the most enduring shape and because it has four sides which can help reflect a signal.

In the days when the Gardeners of the Earth came to this world they came in space ships and the space ships had to be guided in just the same way as a ship entering port has to be guided by the coloration and configuration of objects anchored in the water.

When these pyramids were built there were many other devices on the Earth which now have been lost to Man, devices, for example, which could nullify the effects of gravity. Then one could put a sort of clamp on a huge block of stone and turn a switch and adjust a knob, and the block would rise up into the air and it could be guided to its destination.

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This is not fiction. This is fact. Let me tell you something; in the U.S.A. a special hotel was built. It was built first as a framework with a lot of pigeonholes, and then a powerful motor was fixed on the top of special boxes, each box was a completely equipped room, and the motor was started and rotor blades lifted the box up to the right height when it could be slid into one of these pigeon holes. I saw this in, I think, 'Practical Mechanics' not too long ago. I wished I could have produced the picture for you. It was interesting.

So the pyramids were built by antigravity machines. The Sphinx? You ask about that also. The Sphinx is a special marker device marking the location of a great horde of 'treasure' hidden beneath, the treasure in this case is a museum of the arts and sciences of a long-bygone age. That is the purpose of the Sphinx.

Oh, in case you didn't know, there are quite a few pyramids throughout the world. Egypt does not have a monopoly of pyramids. There have been pyramids in Mexico and in Brazil, in certain parts of China, and in various other locations, and, I repeat, they were just marker beacons. Space ships could 'home' on the signals emitted from these pyramids and then come in to the desired spaceport. That, I repeat most solemnly, is the absolute truth; it is not fiction. Here is a question which will interest many of you. The question is: 'Where is the lower astral? What is it?'

The lower astral is a place, or zone, or time continuum where the vibrations are two-dimensional instead of three, where conditions are not harmonious. It is an astral zone where thought is not clear, where it is not possible to create artistically. It is what one might term a twilight zone, and just think of this; you are looking at a picture in the dusk and you cannot see the colors, can you? You may be able to determine the subject of the picture, but the dusk stops the colors and you may see instead a more or less uniform set of greyish tones.

You have to have daylight in order to see colors. In the same way, if one goes to the astral above this Earth one can see colours which are not visible on this Earth, but if one goes to the lower astral, that is, if one is caught in this mesh of lower vibrations one cannot even see the tawdry colors which one can see upon this Earth.

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CHAPTER TEN

'Aw, lookit de owd guy wid de wheels!' shrieked the Young Gentleman in the shopping centre. 'Gee!' breathed his sleazy companion, 'Well, ain't that sharp?' Eyes darted right and left, gawking at any passing thing that caught their vapid attention, the two young men slouched off.

In the near distance a slow-moving figure reluctantly detached himself from the self-imposed task of supporting a concrete pillar. Chewing hard, he lurched over and, with the skill of long practice, parked a wad of well-chewed gum on the side window of the nearest store.

Hands hooked in his belt, he stood wide-legged and still chewed from long habit. 'Sa-ay,' he uttered eventually, 'that shore is a mighty fine rig you got there. Steer it with your feet?' Not waiting for an answer, he deftly retrieved his parked gum, shoved it back in his mouth, and wearily meandered off.

'Omgawd, look at that!' yelled a fat woman with inches of slip showing beneath her skirt. 'Yaas, wonderful what they get up to, ain't it?' bellowed her companion.

The old man in the wheelchair snorted with disgust. An elderly lady standing in front gave a sudden start with fright at the sound. Just then there was a sudden lurch and groceries cascaded all around. 'Yer wuz gwain too fast!' shrilled a tattered woman. 'Didn see ya at all I didn, yer wuz gwain too fast.'

The old man, whose wheelchair had been quite stationary, moved off. 'Ahh!' he muttered to himself. 'Let me get going and finish the book. Then perhaps we can look for a saner place than British Columbia.'

Another old man was dying. Lying on his bed in the darkened room he watched with fast diminishing sight the gleam of light high up where the curtains did not completely obscure sunlight. A shaft of light struck across the room and made just a splotch on the dingy paint.

The old man stirred restlessly, almost mindlessly. He was in no pain. Instead there was a sensation of cold creeping upwards from his feet to his knees, higher.

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Dully he wondered when the angels would gather about him. He had been an ardent believer in his religion all his life. He believed in angels, he believed that at his passing he would go to the Pearly Gates, he believed-

The light faded as if a cloud had passed across the face of man was now feeling the cold, the cold as of ice, creeping upwards past his hips, up to his waist. Slowly-slowly-it reached up towards his heart.

Like a sunburst light enveloped the room. He gazed about him with eyes which were fast going blind, shadowy figures were about him, figures with wings. There was the rustling of voices, not understandable to him yet because he was seeing as through a filmy gauze veil.

The cold crept up and struck at his heart. With a last convulsive gasp the old man started finally to die as his heart stopped and his lungs ceased to pulse. Now conditions were speeded up because with the cessation of breathing there was the termination of oxygen to the brain. The physical body twitched in the last nervous reactions, twitched without the old man feeling the twitches, without any pain. He was now beyond pain, beyond feeling in the body.

The blind eyes, now dead eyes, stared upward motionless. Within the body there was the rustling of fluids and the sighing of winds. There was crepitation as joints loosened, as muscles relaxed their tense grip on life.

Slowly a bluish-white mist emerged from the dead body and coalesced into an intangible form over the head. It became more distinct, firmer, in the shape of a nude human, an old old man wracked with suffering. But as it coalesced and became firmer the outlines became smoother, more youthful, more tranquil.

Gradually the connecting cord-the Silver Cord-thinned frayed, and parted. The newly-coalesced astral form hesitated a moment then gradually, with a slight jerk, started into motion, going faster and faster into an unknown plane.

The old man in life had been a close follower of his religion. He hadn't believed in reincarnation. He had believed in the resurrection of the body at the Day of Judgment. He believed that all bodies buried or burned eventually were collected together and clothed again with flesh, even after ten thousand years. Now in the astral form he was lost, lost and wandering, victim to the fallacious beliefs to which he had subscribed for so long. He believed in nothing but the dead resting in their lonely graves or collected in little piles of ashes from the crematoriums, but he was alive, alive in a different shape. About him he saw alternately black fog of nothingness, and then when a little doubt about his religion came into his awareness he saw another facet of his religion-angels. Desperately he fastened on the idea of angels. Reluctantly he threw aside the thought of resurrection-what was resurrection to him?-He was alive, wasn't he, in a different state? But he could see angels, couldn't he, so what was this talk about resurrection?

Let him live for the moment, he thought, and then he seemed to drop to the ground. His feet-astral feet? Spirit feet? They felt very solid to him. The ground felt soft and springy and warm to his bare feet. But he dropped to the ground and the veil was drawn aside,

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he looked about him. Angels were flying through the air, cherubim's were sitting on clouds, great choirs were singing with monotonous repetition. Away in the distance he saw golden light. Away in the distance he saw the Pearly Gates.

Swiftly he moved into action, running across the springy turf, inexorably drawing nearer to the Pearly Gates. At last, after an unspecified time, he reached those monumental edifices which towered so high above him. A gleaming figure outside with a flashing sword of golden light barred the way.

'Who are you?' asked a voice.

The old man gave his name. From just inside the Gate another sparkling figure opened a great book and moistening his thumbs with his lips rifled through the pages. 'Ah yes,' said the second voice. 'Yes, we expected you here. Enter!'

The Great Book of Records was closed. The Pearly Gates were opened, and the old man, now a young naked man, entered.

For some time the newly arrived visitor was in a state of ecstasy at the realization of all that his religion had taught him. Angels, cherubims, seraphims. The Heavenly Host singing in multilayered choirs, St. Peter, the Recording Angel, and the Great Book of all Knowledge wherein was kept the record of every soul upon Earth, in which was recorded the good and the bad of every person who had ever lived.

Gradually, though, the old man-now the newest visitor-began to feel uneasy. There were inconsistencies. This was not real, this was pantomime, this was stage stuff. Where had he gone wrong? Was it something wrong with his religion? Then the thought came to him about resurrection? Well, he thought to himself, is this as ungenuine as resurrection? What about resurrection? How could dead bodies which had long rotted away be reassembled at the last trump of a great bugle? Where would all those people stand, how would they be clothed, how would they be fed? And this angelic host, this glimpse of Heaven-disappointing place, I am beginning to doubt my senses.

No sooner had he said that to himself than there was a great clap as of thunder and the whole edifice fell around him with broken shards of the Pearly Gates and the golden light extinguished. But-stop!-a greater light came on. The old man, now a visitor, looked about him in awe. This was more like it.

Running towards him he saw people whom he had known in his last life on Earth, people he had loved. He saw a beloved pet coming towards him and jumping up at him and shouting with delight.

Another figure came towards him and said, 'Ah, now you are released from your delusions. Now you have reached a true home, the Land of the Golden Light. Here you will sojourn for a while while you and you alone decide what you want to do.'

So it is that many religions lead one astray. So it is that one can read of any religion and learn thereby, but the true wisdom comes in keeping an open mind so that when the time comes for the transition from this life to another you-and you-and you-everyone can go to the state for which his or her evolution and attainment have fitted him, for in the

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Greater Plan of things even those who have passed over have to be protected from their own folly. If a person believes that he will go to an imaginary Heaven, then it will be put on show for him until he sees the flaws.

If a person thinks that he is going to a land of ineffable delights where dancing girls are always there to entertain him, then he will have such things put on for him until he outgrows such transient things.

And if a Woman's Lib leader had as her idea of Heaven a place where all men are slaves, then no doubt that also could be produced for her. And such plays can go on until the person concerned eventually comes to see the fallacy of such stage acts, until such time as the person concerned grows up spiritually and mentally and can accept the Land of the Golden Light for what it is, a place of reality, a place different yet not so different as that which they so recently left. A place with the evil purged out, a place where one can only meet those who are compatible, a place where there is no hatred, no enmity, no poverty, and no suffering. A place where one, in full awareness of one's acts, judges one's past endeavors and failings and decides what shall be done in the future.

But the clack of the typewriter must cease. The platen must no longer be twirled, and the papers must not be fed in and pulled out-typed, for the allotted span of this book has come to pass. Now it has to be sent to Respected Agent Knight to pass on to Respected Publisher!

Miss Cleopatra Rampa sighed with relief as she turned to Taddy Rampa: 'Oh, thank goodness!' she said. 'Now he's got rid of this stuff perhaps he'll have time for us.'

It remains then to do only two more tasks. The first is to thank Mrs. Rampa for her constant vigilance in reading the typescript and checking slight errors. And secondly, one must really thank Mrs. Sheelagh Rouse, a loyal companion throughout the years, for the hard work she has done in typing all this for us.

THE END OF BOOK ONE

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TWILIGHT

CHAPTER ONE

The old grey plane soared gently through the noonday sky. Years before she had been one of the Queens of Travel bearing a famous marquee indeed, traversing the air lanes of the whole world, covering the globe wherever Man traveled, carrying the elite of commerce, the stars of the theatre world and the films. In those days it had been a prestige symbol to fly in a plane such as this. Now she was old and worn, a relic from a bygone age, ousted by screaming jets and the insane desire to “get there” faster and faster for-why? What DO people do with all the time they “save”?

The old twin-engines murmured softly, a pleasant enough sound, like giant bees on a summer day. Now the old plane was on a placid routine flight from Vancouver to Calgary. Last week, perhaps, she may have been flying in the Northern Territories where the temperature was far, far below zero, and the blinding snow would make anything but instrument flight impossible. Next week, maybe, she would take oil prospectors to some of the remote oil sands in the search for more and more power by a power-mad nation, for a power-mad world. But now the former Queen of the Air was a charter plane, a poor old hack going anywhere at the whim of any customer with a few dollars to spare.

Soon the foothills of the Rockies came into view rising, ever rising, until they soared into the highest peaks of that immense range stretching across the world. Now the air was becoming turbulent and the plane bounced and tossed amid the snow-clad ranges, for here was the region where the snow never left the highest mountain peaks.

Miss Taddy Rampa uttered a yowl of outraged protest and looked as though her last moment had come. Miss Cleo Rampa swallowed hard and put on her bravest I-Can-Take-It look as she opened wide her big blue eyes as she stared hard at the rocky ground so far below.

But why the flight? Why yet another move? It all started a few months before in Vancouver. June in Vancouver is usually such a pleasant month, a month when Nature starts to come fully awake and the weather is good, and when the sea has a smiling sparkle, when people are busy with their boats. Tourists start coming, and it is usually a time when all the

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store-keepers are sharpening up their wits hoping to match those of the tourists. But this June, this day in June, was not so good after all. You'll have had the same type of day, one of those days when everything-but EVERYTHING-goes wrong. Still, you are lucky, you know, you have those days every so often, or, as the saying goes, "Once in a blue moon." But supposing this type of day lasted for weeks, for months, or even for years, supposing there were patterns? Probably most people who are "in the public eye" get trouble with the morose few who seem to exist solely to cause trouble for others.

A bus driver friend of mine told me that he and his fellows are always being persecuted by frigid old biddies who think that they are the "Lords Anointed" and are entitled to special consideration from bus drivers-they think the buses are their own private chariots. And when a bus driver politely points out that the buses are for the use of everyone the old biddy will rush off to complain and try to lose the bus driver his job. Authors get people like that to persecute them and to prevent them from being complacent or self-satisfied. I was going to tell you all about a series of events which caused me to leave British Columbia, but conditions decreed otherwise.

The old Author sat in his wheelchair and watched complacently while a typescript was being bundled up. Another book finished, the fifteenth this time, and the old man, just out from the hospital, was smiling to himself with satisfaction because this was a book which would stir no controversy, this was a book which a publisher could take without having any qualms, without having any urgent stirrings in those lower regions and to which publishers seem to be remarkably prone.

The typescripts-for another country also was interested-were taken away to be mailed, and the old Author went about the rather difficult task of everyday living in the hope that soon he would be able to consider yet another book as had been asked for by so many interested readers.

Time went on, as it usually does, and eventually there came a gloomy message from the Agent in England saying that the typescript was not suitable for England. It seemed a fantastic state of affairs to the old Author because as was usually the case he had had the typescript read by a panel of twelve people to make sure there was nothing which could rule even the tenderest feathers, and all twelve had insisted that this was perhaps the most peaceful book and the "smoothest" book. But the Great God Publisher who sat upon the Golden Throne and wielded a whip laden with old lead type did not like the look. Although the matter had already been dealt with this time the edict came down from "the One Above" that apparently there must be nothing about police, sex, prisons, abortions, religion-well, there mustn't be anything about all the things I had written about. So it caused quite a problem.

At about that same moment there came a cable from another publisher who was highly elated with the book. He was well satisfied, he cabled to say that he wanted to sign the contract then and there. And another publisher expressed his interest in the book without any alterations.

So it seems that in this year and age the English people appear to have rather tender susceptibilities. But we mustn't go on about this. I am told the publisher wants questions answered, so let's get on with some of those, shall we?

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Hey, that's a nice little question, a sensible one, too; "Why do people sleepwalk?"

Well, just about everyone does astral travel when they go to sleep. The astral body goes off, and the physical body is meant to remain more or less passive, twisting and turning a bit, of course, in order that muscles may not be strained by being contracted for too long in one position. But sometimes a person who is in the astral will be so engrossed in his or her activities in that astral stage that he or she will unconsciously relinquish part of the control suppressing the activities of the physical back on Earth. And so the physical tends by "sympathetic reaction" to follow the astral body, and so we get a case of somnambulism, or sleep walking. The person gets out of bed and just ambles about, and it is better not to awaken such a person because if he is awakened then the sudden shock can bring back the astral body with yet another shock which makes the combination of astral and physical quite bilious. Sleep walkers who have suddenly been awakened will certainly agree with me on that point.

Another question is, "Is the Land of the Golden Light a fourth dimensional world?"

Well, yes it is a fourth dimensional world while we are in this third dimensional world. But when we are in the fourth dimensional world the Land of the Golden Light will be in the fifth dimensional world, and so on. You see, when you move upwards the stage above you is always more golden, that is, it has a more tenuous atmosphere and a higher frequency of oscillation (why don't I just call it "vibration"?)

Somebody is quite interested in this fourth dimensional world because he says, "When you die to the fourth dimensional world where does your astral body go?"

You always have to have a body, after all, think how stupid you would be if you were trying to get about and you hadn't got a body of any land, if you were just pure thought. It wouldn't be much good to you, would it? So down here on Earth we have a physical body. Now if you can imagine what we were like on the second dimension, then what is now our physical body would then have approximated to the astral body. So we moved from the second dimension into the third, which is on this Earth, and then we occupied more solidly the Earth body which was in effect the astral body of the second dimension. So when we leave this Earth we shall vacate our Earth body and then we shall go to the astral world and live in the astral body which is then our physical body.

Do you follow that? Wherever we are at that moment we have a physical body, and, of course, on each stage our body will be absolutely as solid as all those other bodies which are around us. We build up energy for a new astral body from what we are doing on what is at that moment our "Earth", or the world of our physical existence, so that eventually when you get to the-oh, what shall I say?-eighth dimension, you will have to live in the eighth dimensional physical body while your actions and your life force will generate the ninth physical body which then, of course, will be your astral. And that astral body will be in close touch with your Overself which is much, much, much higher.

Here's another question about astral travelling. It is, "When you are astral travelling how do you go about finding the zones in which astral cats, dogs, horses, etc., live?"

Well, you don't have to go about finding it. If you are a lover of some particular animal

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that animal will come to your own “zone” and will actually invite you to come and visit him or her in his or her own district or hometown.

Remember that when you get beyond this Earth things are very very different. Animals are not just stupid creatures who can’t talk and can’t do anything. Actually, humans are the dumb clucks because animals can and do talk by telepathy. Humans for the most part have to make uncouth sounds which they term a language, whereas any animal can do telepathy in any language.

To make it clearer I will say that if you want to go to a particular zone and you have a right, or a reason, to be in that particular zone, you can get there merely by thinking about it. It’s as simple as that.

Well, I thought, as I said before, that we would move from British Columbia. We had had a lot of difficulty in that Province and so it is always good to go to new places, and that is what we decided to do.

The Government of British Columbia didn’t help either. The Income Tax people were persecuting me wanting to know why I claimed an allowance on a wheelchair; does a person sit in a wheelchair all day for the pleasure of it? And wheelchairs wear out. So the stupid asses of the Income Tax people got an “earful” from me, and I had to get three Medical Certificates, two from Montreal and one from Vancouver, to say that I had been using a wheelchair for years and was not using one for pleasure. So, all things considered, we came to the definite conclusion that the sooner we got out of Vancouver the better for our health and our peace of mind.

We thought and thought, and looked at maps, and then for some quite unknown reason we settled on Alberta. From the data we were able to get we found that Edmonton was too cold and too windy and too insular. Lethbridge, nearer the American border, was too much of a farming community where the word “insular” probably would not even be known. So we settled on Calgary.

The local airlines were not at all helpful. They were not interested in taking a disabled person in a wheelchair and two Siamese cats. So we went into the matter very thoroughly, we worked out costs of fares, we wondered whether we should get an ambulance to drive us from Vancouver to Calgary, and eventually with the help of a friend we managed to get in touch with a very good Air Charter firm. We were able to settle for a quite reasonable sum for the trip which compared very favorably indeed with what it would have cost by ambulance by road.

The Great Day came and at last our lease was terminated. I trundled aboard a thing known as a Handi-Bus, a thing which has a ramp up which a wheelchair is pushed into a sort of empty truck or bus, and there the wheelchair is strapped very securely to the floor, the ramp is folded up outside the back, and friends or relatives of the victim get into a taxi and then the cavalcade moves off. We went through Vancouver to Vancouver Airport. There we met the first obstacle.

It had been arranged that a forklift should be available to lift me complete with electrically-powered wheelchair into the big old plane. Well, the forklift wasn’t there, at that part

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of the Airport they didn't have one! I sat there in the back of the Handi-Bus, and eventually I got fed up with the whole idea so while people were milling around discussing what they should do, how to get me and the wheelchair in the plane, I moved forward in the chair to the foot of the ladder leading up into the body of the plane. There I managed to pull myself into the plane by the power of my arms alone. My legs are nothing to boast about, but with my arms I could still toss a heavy man over my shoulders-it would probably give me a heart attack it would be worth it!

So I got myself into that old plane, and with crutches managed to move to a seat along one side. Then a load of men lifted the wheelchair into place, and the others of the little party got in, together with the luggage. The plane roared and roared, and eventually we got clearance from the Airport and rushed down the runway and leapt into the air. And some of these old planes do indeed leap into the air.

We took a climbing turn over the harbor and then made a 300 degree turn toward the Rockies. The mountains were beautiful. Cleo was fascinated in looking about her. Taddy was continually distressed at the thought that if there were any more bumps she might lose her lunch, always Taddy's first thought. And it is not so easy for an aging Girl Cat to find her "air-going legs" when the plane is bouncing and jouncing all over the sky.

The time dragged slowly by, it always seems such a waste sitting in a plane doing nothing except look out, and all the time beneath us there were the cruel jagged rocks with their high points enrobed in snow, and lower down their flanks the vivid blue of deep, deep water.

Occasionally there was a sight of a small farming community served by a minute airstrip, or the sight of float planes taking off from those mountain lakes where no airship could be managed.

The light came on and the sign lit up, "Fasten seat belts-no smoking." Well, no smoking didn't apply to us, but we fastened our seat belts and grabbed hold of the cats who, for safety, we now put in baskets.

The plane slanted down, passed through a layer of cloud, and then we emerged over the foothills on the other side of the Rockies. Below us was the Foothills Hospital which a year later I was to enter as a patient. To the left of us was the big University of Calgary. The plane swooped on getting lower and lower. We looked with interest at the city which was going to be our new home; we saw the Calgary Tower, we saw the skyscrapers of downtown, and we saw the twisting river, or perhaps it should be rivers-the Bow and the Elbow-as they threaded a labyrinthine way through the city, down from the mountains and on toward Lethbridge, rivers so silted up that they were not able to be used by pleasure boats because of the eddies, because of the sandbanks-and because the Police didn't want the rivers to be used!

Below us the Airport loomed. The pilot nodded his head in satisfaction and the plane tilted even more steeply. There came the juddering rumble as the wheels met the runway and speeded up. Soon the tail dropped and we trundled along gently into the area of the charter company.

Here conditions were different. Everything was ready. As soon as the plane came to a

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stop in front of the offices an elderly gentleman drove a forklift truck to the side of the old plane and the pilot and copilot grabbed me and my wheelchair quite tightly as though they feared that I might escape or fall out or something. But I am used to wheelchair managing, and I soon drove out through the door of the plane and straight on to the forklift platform, but even here I was secured; the pilot and the copilot held on to me and held on to the sides of the forklift while gently we were lowered to the ground.

The question of payment. Ah! We always have to pay for our jaunts, do we not? And so it was that first we paid for our trip and then another Handi-Bus backed to a stop in front of me. The ramp was lowered with a fearsome rattle, and I drove my wheelchair up into the body. And then the rains came down! It rained harder at that moment and for the rest of that day than it has rained at any time since in Calgary. We had a wet welcome.

Once again my wheelchair was very securely strapped to the floor. All our luggage was slung in and then we roared off along the Airport road, over the river bridge, and into the city of Calgary itself. By now the rush-hour traffic was starting and the rain was coming down harder and harder. Eventually we reached our destination and a group of people rushed out, grabbed our luggage and rushed inside into the shelter of the building. Slowly the driver unshackled the chair from all its restraints and I drove down the ramp and into the house also. Our first sight of Calgary was a wet one.

Calgary is a friendly city, a new city, a city which has not yet grown cynical and uncar-ing. After a year in Calgary I can say-yes, it is a nice place indeed for people who can get about, but there are disadvantages; the curbs here are very high indeed, not suitable for wheelchair users, and the roads too have a very great camber so that a wheelchair tends to run toward the gutter all the time. The next question I am going to answer is one I don't want to answer, but one which I have had great pressure to answer. It is about the hollow Earth.

But first-before you all start writing to me about quis custodiet ipsos custodes let me say my bit about the Crummy Cops who RUIN our civilization. Ready? Then here it is :

“Who has custody of the custodians?” Who polices the police? “Absolute power corrupts “ But does not the police now have “absolute power”? And ARE they corrupt? The Law states that a person is deemed innocent until proved guilty; the police automatically regard everyone as GUILTY!

A person has the right to be confronted by his accuser, yet the police do not even tell a person of what he IS accused until they, by trickery, have forced him to admit something.

In my personal opinion the police are out of touch; no one likes policemen-they live isolated in their barracks or in their secluded groups aloof from those they should know. There is no substitute for the old fashioned Man on the Beat.

An old Irish policeman, who is a very dear friend, pounded his beat for years before he retired. He KNEW everyone in his area, and could prevent troubles before they became serious. He was an unpaid family counsellor, giving advice, friendly warnings, and only “taking in” an offender when it became really essential. He had-and has-the respect and affection of the whole community.

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The old-type policeman was welcomed into the houses on his beat. Now-policemen stay enclosed in their cars . . . and lose touch with people.

Now the police divide the world into two classes, the “goodies” and the “baddies,” with the police only being the “goodies.”

A few years ago the police were courteous, considerate and helpful. Then a policeman making an enquiry would say, “Ah then, Mrs. Blank, and can I see the Good Man? I hear he’s been after the poteen a bit too much. Sleeping it off, is he? Then I’ll call around later.”

Now the police move in pairs, as if afraid to move alone. Now they thrust their way in without any regard whatever for the conditions and circumstances.

“R.C.M.P” they mutter, shoving a badge at one, and entering uninvited.

“A man is innocent until proved guilty.” But the police treat everyone as though he were guilty merely because he has attracted police notice! Of course, if a man was seen to kill another, then naturally let the police “go in shooting.” Surely, though, in routine enquiry matters, the police should show tact? What if an invalid is in the bathroom or having treatment, do the police HAVE to force their unwelcome way in? They DO-we know that from personal experience!

The police are now hated, isolated, living in a dream of colorful uniforms, horse manure and stamping feet. It is time to reorganize them, show them that they are not God’s Chosen but SERVANTS of the public.

Teach the police courtesy, politeness, manners, let them chase (and catch) criminals, and let ordinary decent law-abiding citizens alone. Only then will they regain the respect which most certainly is lacking now. And the worst offenders, in my opinion, are the Mounties with their arrogant posturing. Like many others, having been senselessly harassed by the police, I say, “Help the police? No sir! I would not do a THING to help them-they TURN on you!” And they HAVE!!

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CHAPTER TWO

Mr.-no, perhaps it would be better not to give his name. Let me instead say a “gentleman” wrote to me saying, “I’ve read some of your advertisements in your novels saying as how you’ll answer any question on any subject free of charge. Well, okay, that’s fine by me. I’ve paid hundreds of dollars to people who advertised that they would answer questions but they’ve never given me a satisfactory answer. But you’re begging people to write to you so what have I got to lose?”

Well, I thought to myself, this poor fellow makes a lot of mistakes, doesn’t he? In the first case I have never written a novel in my life. A novel is fiction. I write only truth and nothing but the truth. Then he says that I advertise that I will answer questions on any subject free of charge. Well, that’s news to me. I thought I did my best to discourage idle letter writing, and never in my life have I said I would answer any question on any subject free of charge, or otherwise. I know my own subjects and I pride myself I know them quite well, and I can answer such questions. Unfortunately-like this particular man -people write to me thinking that I am delighted to pay the cost of typing, postage, the cost of stationery and all that. They never think of reimbursing one for one’s expenses. One might almost call them cheap-skates! Yes, it is perfectly true, though, there are certain people-fake seers-who advertise that for a few dollars or a few hundred dollars they will answer questions. Pity I don’t do something like that, it might cut down the volume of silly questions. But as this man writes questions on a subject which will come much to the forefront in the near future it might be worth looking into the matter. Now, this is what he says-in substance, of course, because his letter is no literate work at all; the way he writes he might never have been to school.

He says, in effect, “A lot of people think there may be a world inside this world. The world may be hollow. What have you got to say about that? You claim to know a lot about religion. How come you never mention such a thing? How come no religious book ever mentions such a thing?”

Well, he is wrong enough there because the religion or belief in which I am most informed (Buddhism) does indeed refer to an Inner World. There is a special word for it. It is called “Agharta.” It is a word very frequently used in Buddhist Scripture, in fact in Tibetan lore there is much mention made of Shamballa where the King of all the world lives, the King

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who is hidden from the millions on the surface of the world.

Tibetans firmly believe in the King of the world living inside the world, not as some sort of demon but as an extremely good King, a good spiritual ruler who is alive in two planes at once, the physical plane where he lives for ever and ever, and the spiritual, or astral, plane where similarly he lives for ever and ever.

Tibetans believe that the King of the world gave his first instructions to the first Dalai Lama and the Dalai Lama was, in fact, the outer world representative of the inner world King.

Certainly there are tunnels in Tibet which go deeper and deeper and deeper, and there are many legends about strange people coming up through those tunnels and holding converse with Lamas of high degree. As I have written in some of my books I have been in some of those tunnels, and I have also been in some of those tunnels in Ultima Thule. There are certain places in the Earth where it is possible for the Initiate to travel down into the centre of the Earth and meet representatives of that inner civilization, and among quite a number of people there is a definite knowledge that people from the inner world do come out to converse with those on the surface. Actually, of course, some of the U.F.O.'s come from this inner world.

There are, then, tunnels from Tibet to the inner world and tunnels from Brazil to the inner world. Brazil and Tibet are two vitally important parts of the outer world which have a special attraction for the Inner People.

It is a most unfortunate thing that there are so many superstitious beliefs which have never been properly investigated because it is known to a few "sensitives" that there is a tunnel beneath the Greater Pyramids. Now, by Pyramid I am not referring exclusively to the Pyramids in Egypt, there are many more than that. All these Pyramids used to be marker beacons sending messages to the Gardeners of the Earth and their representatives who traverse space in their spaceships. There are Pyramids in Egypt and in certain parts of South America, also there are very important Pyramids in the Gobi Desert but the Gobi Desert, being controlled by Communist China nowadays, not so much is known about that to the outside world. All these Pyramids are connected to the inner world, and in the days of the Pharaohs many of the magical rites of Egypt were conducted by people who came up out of their inner world specifically for that purpose.

But, to get back to basics again, according to the Buddhist religious books there were vast convulsions upon the Earth and the climates of the countries of the Earth changed and changed and changed, and as they changed tribes of people were driven from cold zones into warmer zones and during one such excursion about 25,000 years ago-a tribe of people emerged on to what would now be called the North Pole. They kept on walking and walking and eventually they found that they had the sun always ahead of them, never behind, never rising or setting. Eventually in course of time they found that they were inside the Earth, they found that the Earth was hollow and they settled there. It is thought, too-I should have put this in brackets!-that all the Gypsies came from inside the Earth.

I have heard many people discussing a hollow Earth and the opponents of the theory always say "Well, if there is a hollow Earth how is it that commercial airlines which fly over

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the North Pole do not see the opening; commercial planes nowadays do indeed fly over the North Pole and perhaps the South Pole, too, and if there was a big opening in the Earth then obviously the pilots would see such an opening.”

That is not true, you know. Commercial airlines do not fly over the North Pole, nor do they fly over the South Pole; they fly quite a distance away for the simple reason that if they did indeed fly over the Poles it would interfere very seriously with their navigational instruments, and so commercial flights are always routed so that the mythical North or South Pole is avoided by many many miles and thus interference with the compasses also is obviated.

Then there are others who say, “Well, all these explorers who have been to the North Pole or to the South Pole, if there had been a hole in the Earth they would have found that hole.” But then again, no, it’s not true, no one has been to the North Pole, no one has been to the South Pole. We get reports of people who have got somewhere near such-and-such a Pole and have gone on for many miles, in other words they have been more or less lost. Ancient history, and modern history too, teaches us that often sailors will spot debris floating from the Poles (I use “Poles” just to conform and make the location obvious). There are also floating animals or birds. Now, everyone knows that you don’t get birds and insects flying at the North Pole or the South Pole, you don’t get green leaves floating, so where do they come from? From inside the Earth, of course.

I believe this; supposing one had a vehicle and one could journey from here-wherever you are at the moment is “here”-to the North Pole you would go on and on and you would reach what you would believe to be the location of the North Pole, and then you would continue on and eventually you would find yourself with a different sort of sun above you. The sun being an atomic sort of thing occurring naturally not merely in the centre of this Earth but in many other worlds as well. Astronomers have found that on the Moon, for instance, there are strange lights seen at times about the Poles. You might say, “Oh yes, but men have been to the Moon.” Sure they have, but they have been to a very limited spot on the Moon, a spot, a circle, of about five miles radius. Oh no, they haven’t explored the Moon, and they haven’t explored this Earth. There is quite a lot of this Earth which still has to be explored.

If you are interested and if you go to your Public Library I am sure you can find many books dealing with an inner Earth and stories of people who have been lost and then have sailed on into a strange world, and eventually they have found themselves just inside the inner world. Better than the Library, buy some books at a good bookstore.

People have asked me to explain whatever such a world could look like, how can there be a world which is hollow inside? The best way I can explain it is like this:-Imagine you have a coconut. The outside of the coconut is the outer Earth. And remember this, that if your hands are hot the moisture which you have deposited on the outside of the coconut in merely touching it is equal to the depth of the deepest sea on this, the full size Earth. That’s a thought worth bearing in mind.

Anyway, you’ve got your coconut and you are looking at the outer side of it. That represents our conventional Earth. Now, make a hole in the part known as the eyes, and make another hole in the part right opposite the eyes. You can liken these to the North and

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the South Poles. You should make the hole about an inch in diameter and let out all the milk. Then you have the outer hard shell which is the crust of the Earth, and inside you have the white flesh of the coconut which represents the inner world surface. Right in the middle of the coconut you have to somehow fix a flashlight bulb to represent the ever-burning inner sun.

Now-the hard shell which is the crust and the softer inner side which provides footing for inner worlders provides, also, the source of gravity which keeps people feet down, on the upper surface and feet down on the inner surface. There is no evidence whatever that the inner surface of the Earth is molten gas or molten iron or molten rock or molten anything else. That has just been a supposition of "scientists" who have made many other false suppositions like when they said that if a man traveled at more than 30 miles an hour his lungs would burst with the air pressure. And like when they said that it would be impossible for any spaceship to land on the Moon because it would sink right into the impalpable dust. Oh no, scientists are merely guessers with a University education. Often they are worse guessers than people without a University education because scientists are taught that if this person or that person says a thing is impossible then it is indeed impossible, and so instead of being taught to think they are just being taught to think that Author so-and-so is infallible and if he says a thing is impossible then indeed it is.

I believe that people inside the Earth are very very highly evolved people indeed who are remnants from Lemuria, Mu, Atlantis, and many even older civilizations.

The Earth has been wracked by cataclysms, storms, meteors and all the rest of it, and often people on the surface have been decimated yet inside life goes on serenely, untroubled by things that are happening outside and so spirituality and scientific knowledge has progressed.

You may not be aware that the Chileans, who have a great interest in the South Pole areas, have photographed U.F.O.'s rising out of that territory. Most interesting pictures were taken by a geophysical team of Chilean scientists. Unfortunately, under considerable pressure, those photographs were turned over to the U.S.A. authorities . . . and that is the last that has been heard of them.

U.F.O.'s are of different types, but one type comes from inside the Earth, and there are many U.F.O.'s seen nowadays because the Inner People are greatly worried by the atomic explosions taking part on the outer surface of the Earth. After all, if the explosion is big enough then perhaps the crust of the Earth will be cracked even worse than it is at present and the whole Earth will perish. That is why the Inner People are so concerned, why they are trying to control atomic research on this world. Have you really studied the journeys of explorers who claim they have been to the North Pole or to the South Pole? Without any exception they report that they found the temperature rising as they traveled north, they found more open seas, than they expected, they found many things which were completely at variance with the North Pole or South Pole theory where things got colder and colder as the Poles were approached. Actually the Poles do not exist except as some mythical symbol up in the air, perhaps in the center of the opening leading into the Earth.

The aurora borealis could easily be the reflections from the inner sun when condi-

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tions are suitable, or they could even be radiations from the nuclear life within your world.

But someone is sure to say all this is impossible, of course there is no hole leading into the Earth, the idea is absurd-ridiculous. If there was a whacking great hole at the North Pole and another at the South Pole then obviously air pilots would have seen them, astronauts would have seen the holes also, and in fact anyone looking would be able to see right through the Earth just the same as one can see daylight through the other end of a blown egg. No, someone is sure to say, this author has gone round the bend at last . . . if he didn't go round years ago.

That attitude is all wrong, you know. It shows that the person doesn't know the facts. How many of you have been to the North Pole? How many of you have been to the South Pole? How many of you know climatic conditions there? What about cloud coverage, for example?

What about viewing conditions? No, Critical Reader, I haven't gone round the bend- you have if you think that all this is impossible; if you think all this is impossible then you are not merely around the bend, you are cantering along the home straight which is a darn sight worse. Think how in well populated areas great caves have remained hidden for hundreds or thousands of years.

Look at the cave in which the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. That cave was only found completely by accident. Look at Canada. Great areas of Quebec have not been explored. And supposing a plane flew over certain of these areas in Quebec which would be covered with ice most of the year, then photographs might show reflections precisely as it should show reflections from snow and ice. Or the photographs may show dark patches precisely as they could show dark patches of snow and ice. Ice can be of many different colours, you know, it is not all white and tinselly like you put on Christmas trees. You can even get red snow in certain areas; I know that because I have seen it. But the whole point is that a photograph taken over the approximate location of the North Pole or the South Pole might show strange shadows, but if people had no reason to investigate the shadows then they wouldn't go there and probe, would they? It takes a lot of money too to mount an expedition to the mythical North Pole or the equally mythical South Pole. It takes a lot of money, it takes a special breed of man, it takes a lot of backup supplies, and it takes a big bank account to pay the insurance!

But back to Canada; many, many areas in the Northern Territories have not been explored. Some areas have never even been seen by humans. How do you know what holes there are in the Northern Territories when no one has been there? It is stupid to say these things are impossible until you know all the facts, until you are an expert in photography, until you are an expert in geology. Think of astronauts or cosmonauts, or whatever the current term for them is; well, then they are taking off and are reasonably close to the Earth presumably they have something else to do besides look for a hole where the North pole or South Pole should be, and in the Polar regions the viewing is often horribly unsatisfactory, fogs, snowstorms, confusing reflections from snow, ice and water. It's worth noticing also that when astronauts are in orbit they have specific tasks to do, taking a peep at the Russians, taking an even harder look at the Chinese. Are there telltale shadows which indicate that silos have been erected which could be the starting point of intercontinental ballistic mis-

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siles? And if so, in which direction are the silos inclined? By knowing things like this the Americans can tell if the war lords of Pekin have rockets aimed at New York or Los Angeles, or somewhere else.

They have to take into account the degree of inclination and the rotation of the Earth so that they can then forecast to within just a few miles the target area of the I.C.B.M's. The Americans are much more interested in knowing what the Russians, the Poles, the Chinese and the Czechs are doing than finding out something about a hole in the Earth. Some of the Americans, for instance, would be more interested in checking a hole in the head than a hole in the Earth!

So you can take it that unless there are very special conditions and very special circumstances these particular openings in the Earth would not be photographed, and as for thinking that you could look in one end and see out through the other just as you would through a straight railway tunnel-well, that idea is crazy, You couldn't do it. Think of a railway tunnel absolutely dead straight. You look in one end and if you are very very careful you might possibly see a little dot of light at the other end, and that railway tunnel may be not even half a mile long. We, if we were looking through a hole in the Earth, would have to look at something which was nearly eight thousand miles long. That is, the tunnel through which you would be looking (through the Earth) would be so long that you just wouldn't see any light at the other end. Not only that but even if you had such good sight that you could see all the way through and distinguish a small hole, then you would still be looking at darkness because unless the sun was opposite you would have no light-reflection, would you?

If you are going to deny the POSSIBILITY of there being a hollow Earth then you are just as bad as the people who think that the world is flat! In passing I wonder how the "Flat-Earth Society" in London, England, explains some of the astronauts' photographs now. As far as I am aware there is still a society in England who swear on a stack of comics (must be comics!) that the world is flat and all the photographs have been faked. I read something about it and had a good laugh, and I wish I could remember where I read the article. Anyway, if you are not sure why not keep an open mind then you won't be caught short when the proof is forthcoming?

There is another thing you have to consider; the Governments of the world, or rather the Governments of the super powers, are nearly killing themselves to hush up everything about U.F.O.'s. Why? Millions of people have seen U.F.O.'s. I was reading an article only yesterday in which it was said that statistics prove that 15 million Americans have seen U.F.O.'s. So if 15 million in one country alone have seen them then it's a sure thing that there must be something like U.F.O.'s. Argentina, Chile, and other sensible countries acknowledge the existence of U.F.O.'s. They don't necessarily understand what they are or why they are, but they acknowledge them and that is a big step forward.

The Governments hush up and conceal all the truth about U.F.O.'s; now-supposing the American Government, for example, had photographs of U.F.O.'s entering or leaving the Earth,, supposing they had definite proof that the Earth was hollow and that there was a high civilization within, then quite without a doubt the Governments would try to conceal knowledge of the truth or people would panic, start looting, commit suicide, and do all the

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strange things that humans do when they panic.

We have only to remember the Orson Wells-Raiders from Mars-radio broadcast of a few years ago when Americans really did most thoroughly panic in spite of being told by the announcers that it was only a play.

So-the Governments conceal the truth because they are afraid of panic. But perhaps in the not too distant future they will have to admit the truth, the truth being that there is a hollow Earth and a highly intelligent race within that hollow Earth, and that one form of U.F.O. comes from inside the hollow Earth. Mind you there is more than one type of U.F.O. One type comes from "outer space", another type comes from "inner space", that is, the inner side of the Earth.

But again, supposing you say, "I still say the fellow's crazy because there wouldn't be any room for a civilization inside the Earth." Well sir or madam, as the case may be, that implies that YOU haven't done your homework Let's have a look at some figures. I am not going to quote exact figures or someone is sure to say, "Oh look at him, now we know that he's a fraud, he's 6 inches short in the diameter of the world!" Oh yes, Loving Reader, people do write and say such things, and they think themselves very clever. But anyway, let's have some rough figures.

Now, the diameter of the Earth is roughly seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven miles. Now, supposing we say (we've got to give some figures, haven't we?) that the thickness of the crust of the Earth on the Earth side and the thickness of the "soil" side of the inner Earth comes to eight hundred miles. Well, if you add those two eight hundred's together you get one thousand six hundred, and if you subtract that from seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven you get six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven miles. That, then, we can say is very very approximately the diameter of the world inside this world.

That means that the inner world is (again roughly) 2.9 times larger than the Moon, so that if somehow you could get the Moon inside the Earth the poor wretched thing would rattle around like the pea inside a referee's whistle.

The diameter of the Moon, remember, is roughly two thousand one hundred and sixty miles, and the estimated diameter of the world inside this Earth is, we decided, six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven miles. So now YOU do some arithmetic for a change. I'm right, aren't I?

Another point of interest is this; only an eighth of the surface of the world is land, seven-eighths is water-seas, oceans, lakes, and all that, so it could easily be that there is more land INSIDE the world than outside, and if there is more land inside then there could be more people inside. Or if they regularly take "the Pill" they may have bred for quality rather than quantity.

I believe all this, you know, I have believed it for years, and I have studied it very very thoroughly. I have read all I could about it, and if you do the same then without a doubt you will come to the same conclusion that I have which is that there is another world inside this Earth of ours, that it is 2.9 times the size of the Moon, and that it is populated by a very intelligent race. Another thing of interest is this; Look at all the explorers who have been "to the

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Pole''. None of them has ever PROVED that he got there. Think of Admiral Peary, think of Wilkinson, Amundsen, Shackleton, Scott, etc., etc. All these men who, in theory went there by water or went there on foot or who flew to the area-not one of them ever truly, demonstrably proved that he had reached the Pole itself. I believe they couldn't because "the Pole" is a remote area somewhere in space above the surface, and, as has been proved, the location varies quite a lot.

So there it is. If you are interested don't write to me about it because I have said all I am going to say about it. Oh yes, I know a lot more, I know a great deal more than I have written, but just trot along to a really good bookstore and BUY some books on the hollow Earth. It is kinder to the author to buy than to read it up in the Public Library because the poor wretched author has to live and he can't live when people just read stuff free. He depends upon his royalties. After all, if it's worth reading it's worth paying for.

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CHAPTER THREE

It was cold in Calgary. Snow lay all about obscuring the railway tracks, covering the frozen river. The cold was terrible, a cold that seemed to penetrate everywhere, a cold which seemed to magnify sound from the frozen streets. Drivers still whirled along seemingly without a care in the world. Calgary, we are told, has two claims to fame; it has more cars per capita-why not say "per person"?-than any other place on the North American continent. And the second claim to fame, if fame it can be called, is that the drivers of Calgary are more dangerous than any other drivers on the North American continent.

People run around as if they hadn't a care in the world. Then, presumably, they wake up in Heaven or the Other Place and find that they have, they've got a load of karma from the people they killed in the accident! But the cold this day was just fantastic. And then across the sky there came a peculiar band of cloud, or should I say cloud and light intermixed, and the air immediately grew warmer as if someone "Up There" had taken pity on the poor mortals of Calgary and switched on a very efficient electric heater.

The air suddenly grew warm. The crisp snow became soggy, and water poured from rooftops. The Chinook winds had come; the greatest blessing of Calgary, a special meteorological formation which suddenly brings a whole lot of hot air (well, look at their Government!) from Vancouver, hot air which turns a frigid day into a mellow day.

The snow soon melted. The Chinook winds persisted during the afternoon and evening, and on the following day there was no trace of snow at all in Calgary.

But letters do not bother to wait for warm weather, they come all the time like bills and income tax demands, they wait for no man, they wait for nothing. Here is a letter shrieking in bright fluorescent red ink. Some cantankerous lady wrote, "You tell us about Mantras, but the things you tell us are no good, your Mantras don't work. I wanted to win the Sweepstake and I said my Mantra three times, and I didn't win it. What have you to say about that?"

Well now, why do some of these old biddies get in such a state? It's shockingly bad for their blood pressure. It's far worse for their spiritual development. In any case she wasn't saying MY Mantra, she was apparently doing a thing against which I specifically warn one. It is not right to try to win a gamble by the use of Mantras. A gamble is a gamble, just that and

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nothing more, and if you try to use Mantras for gambling wins then you do a lot of harm to yourself.

There have been a lot of people, though, who seem to have had bad luck in not getting their Mantras in good working order. Probably it is because they don't set about it in the right way. Undoubtedly it is because they cannot visualize what it is they want to get over to the subconscious. You see, you've got to know what you are saying, you've got to convince yourself what you are saying, and having convinced yourself you've got to convince your subconscious. Look at it like a business proposition.

You want something specific. It must be something which your subconscious wants as well. Let's say for example-and this is just an idle example, remember, so don't write me a load of letters saying I have contradicted myself or something like that, as so many of you absolutely delight in doing. Most times you are wrong, anyway!

Let us say that Mr. Smith wants a job and he is going to an interview tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after that with Mr. Brown. So Mr. Smith churns out a Mantra. He mumbles, mumbles, mumbles while he is thinking about getting this nonsense over so he can go to the pictures or go and get a drink or go and find a girl friend, or something like that. He tries to get it over and done with, and having said it three times he is convinced he has done everything necessary and the Powers That Be are responsible for everything else after. Then Mr. Smith rushes out, goes to the pictures, perhaps goes to a bar and gets a swig or two of beer, and picks up a girl, and when he goes for his interview with Mr. Brown-well, he doesn't make a hit. Of course he doesn't, he hasn't prepared for it, he hasn't done his homework. What he should do is this:-

Mr. Smith wants a job so he has applied for a job having assured himself that he has the necessary qualifications and abilities with which to carry out the tasks imposed by that job if he gets it. He has heard from a Mr. Brown saying that Mr. Brown will grant him an interview at such-and-such a time on such-and-such a day.

A sensible Mr. Smith tries to find out something about Mr. Brown if he can. What's the man like? What does he look like? What is his position in the firm? Is he a friendly type? Well, you can usually find out those things by phoning the telephone girl of the firm concerned and asking her. A lot of these girls are very flattered indeed.

So if Mr. Smith says he is trying to get a job with the firm and he is going to be given an interview on such-and-such-a-day an will the girl tell him something about Mr. Brown, the interviewer after all, he can say, I shall soon be working with you so let's make a friendship now, tell me what you can. The girl invariably responds favourably if she is approached in the right way, she is flattered that someone has appealed to her for help, she is flattered that someone thinks she is such a good judge of character, she is flattered to think that a possibly new member to the firm had sense enough to get in touch with her. So she gives the information. Perhaps she can tell Mr. Smith that a picture of Mr. Brown appeared in The Dog-washers Monthly Magazine, or something, when he took up his new appointment with the firm. So Mr. Smith goes along to the local Library and takes a good hard look at a picture of Mr. Brown. He looks at the picture and looks at it, and fixes it in his mind. Then off he goes home keeping Mr. Brown's face in his mind. There he sits down and imagines that Mr. Brown is in front of him

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unable to talk, the poor fellow just has to sit and listen. So Mr. Smith unloads a talk about himself, about his own abilities. He says what he has to say convincingly, and if he is alone he can say it in a low voice. If he is not alone he'd better just think it to himself otherwise some other person in the house might take Mr. Smith off to the place where "people like that" are taken, because not everyone understands visualization Mantras, etc.

If this is done right, then when Mr. Smith goes to see Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown has a distinct impression that he has seen Mr. Smith before under very favourable terms, and do you know why? I'll tell you.

If it is done properly Mr. Smith will have "made his mark in the ether", and his subconscious will, during the time of astral travel, meet and discuss things with Mr. Brown's subconscious. Oh good gracious me, it really does work, I've tried it time after time, I know hundreds -thousands-of people who have tried it too and it does work IF YOU DO YOUR JOB PROPERLY!

But if a lazy Mr. Smith just thinks of girl chasing, film watching and beer drinking then his mind is on those things-girl chasing, film watching and beer drinking-and he doesn't get any response from Mr. Brown's subconscious.

I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll make a worthwhile suggestion to you-to those of you who find it hard to concentrate in the right way. Now, there are such things as rosaries, Catholics have them, Buddhists have them, and a lot of others have them. Not everyone has them like hippies just for little things to hang on to them to make them look different. So let's think of a string of beads. All right, what are we going to do about the beads? First of all we have to make the type of string of beads we want. How many beads are we going to have and does it matter how many beads there are? If most certainly does! Psychiatrists are a pretty dumb lot, really, and I think most of them are crazier than the people they treat. It's like setting a thief to catch a thief. You have to get a lunatic to treat a lunatic, so to my way of thinking most psychiatrists are as crazy as can be. But sometimes, by accident, they come up with a piece of information which can be of use to someone, so a gang of these headshrinkers have come up with an idea that it takes forty-five repetitions to get a thing safely locked into one's subconsciousness. So-for those of you who can't concentrate on a thing properly let's have a string of beads, let's make it fifty beads for good measure. So you start off by going along to the best hobby or handicraft store you can find, and pawing through a load of loose beads until you find the type, style, pattern and size which most appeals to you. I find that the best ones for me are of average pea-size and the ones I have are of polished wood. Then you get a length of nylon cord on which the beads will very easily slide. Then you buy your fifty beads, and they must be identical in size, and then if you want to you can get about three larger ones to act as a marker. When you get home you thread fifty of your beads on this nylon thread. Make sure they slide easily. And then tie a knot, and on the two pieces of thread hanging down from the knot thread perhaps three larger beads and knot the end again. The idea of this is merely to tell you when you have completed one complete circuit of your beads. So then you sit down as comfortably as you can in a chair, or lie down, or if it is more comfortable-stand on your head. It doesn't matter how you sit or lie so long as you are comfortable and you do not have muscles under tension.

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Then you decide what you want to say to your subconscious. Now, it is important what you say and how you say it. It just definitely, definitely must be positive, you cannot have a negative thing or you will get the wrong result. It should be "I will . . ." It should be short and sharp, and definitely something which can be repeated without too much strain on the intellect. You'd be surprised how strained some intellects become!

Mr. Smith wants to impress Mr. Brown, so he could say (this is just an example, mind-don't quote me!), "I will favorably impress Mr. Brown. I will favorably impress Mr. Brown. I will favorably impress Mr. Brown." Well, poor old Mr. Smith has to repeat that fifty times, each time as he gets to Mr. Brown in his words he flips one bead back, and so on until he has repeated fifty times. The idea is to use the beads as a form of computer because you cannot say, "I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it once, I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it twice, I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it three times," because you will get all gummed up with your words and with your instructions to your Overself.

Having decided fifty times that you are going to Favorably impress Mr. Brown, then you get down to it and talk to him as if he were actually in front of you, as I have said several paragraphs ago. So that is really all there is to it.

You should handle your beads very frequently to imbue them with your personality, to make them part of you, to make sure each one slides properly, to make sure that you can flap the wretched things around without having to definitely think about moving them. It has to become second nature to you, and-if you have other people in the same house with you then the best thing you can do is to have small beads which you can keep in your pocket then you can put one hand in your pocket and move around and nobody will know what you are doing except being so slovenly-they think-that you keep your hand in your pocket all the time.

Now, once again I am going to tell you that-yes, quite definitely you can win a Sweepstake by using Mantras **BUT ONLY IF YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHO IS GOING TO MAKE THE SWEEPSTAKE DRAW!**

If you are going to get a positive action you have to know who you are going to act upon. It's too utterly foolish for anything to say that you are going to do a Mantra for the person in charge of such-and-such a thing, that's no good. You must actually know the person who is organizing a draw or who is going to draw the ticket from the box or whatever it is. If you cannot do that you cannot place any faith at all in the Mantra. It means that you must, **MUST** address your remarks to some subconsciousness and not just fritter your energies into idle space. Is that clear?

If you know, then, that Mrs. Knickerbaum is running the race for the Slithering Snakes Society and the take is going to be worthwhile, then you can address your remarks to the subconscious entity of Mrs. Knickerbaum, and if you do it on the lines suggested in this Chapter you have a good chance of success unless someone else is doing it and they've got a bit more think-power than you have, in which case you lose out.

But a warning, there is a warning to everything, you've got to stop and give way to approaching traffic, you've got to yield here, you've got to halt there, etc., etc. Everything is

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a warning, so here is another one for good measure; money which has been acquired by means of a Mantra like this really brings happiness, most often it brings misery. And if you want it entirely for selfish reasons then you can be quite sure you are going to get misery. So-don't do it.

I have had letters from people saying, "Oh Dr. Rampa, I do want to win the Such-and-Such a Sweepstake, and I know you can help me. You let me win a hundred thousand dollars and I'll give you twenty per cent, that'll make it worthwhile for you, won't it? I'll give you the number of the ticket-etc., etc "

The answer is, "No madam, it is not worth my while. I do not believe in gambling, and if I go in to this with you for twenty per cent then I should be as culpable as you, and anyway madam, if I wanted to do this why should I do it for just twenty per cent from you-why shouldn't I do it myself and get the whole lot of money?"

So many people see advertisements for infallible schemes for winning "at the horses", and they don't seem to realize that if the propounder of the infallible scheme had indeed something which was successful he wouldn't be selling the idea to someone else for a dollar or two, he would be making millions using his own infallible system. That's right, isn't it?

It might be a good idea here to say a bit more about these people who are so anxious to pray for one. I get a lot of letters from people who say that their group will be praying hard for me, etc. Now, I don't want anyone to pray for me, they don't know what I am suffering from, and it is definitely, definitely harmful for all these praying people to mumble off their prayers without having the slightest idea of what they are doing.

Let's mention something which is capable of concrete expression, something which can be used as an example. Prayer is most often useless except in the negative sense and so cannot be demonstrated. Hypnotism can.

Let's say that we have a girl suffering from some complaint. Well-meaning friends insist that she go to a hypnotist. Now, being a bit weak, she goes to this hypnotist.

The man may be very well-meaning indeed, he may be carved of solid gold with jeweled insets, but no matter how well-meaning he is unless he is a qualified medical man he doesn't know about the girl's illness and so; although without any doubt whatever he can DISGUISE the symptoms from which the girl is suffering, he cannot cure her, and if he disguises the symptoms or conceals them so that a qualified doctor cannot find the symptoms then the girl might become worse and die adding a load to the hypnotist's karma and to the stupid "friends" who sent the girl to the hypnotist.

As I know only too well, if one goes to a hospital in acute agony the medical staff there will not give one a drug to relieve one of the pain UNTIL THEY HAVE STUDIED ALL THE SYMPTOMS. Only when they have become acquainted with all the symptoms will they do anything about relieving the pain. Obviously the symptoms are the things which tell the doctors what the patient suffers from. So when we get people praying their heads off they might by some accident of telepathy cause a sort of hypnotic effect and induce a suppression of some vital symptom. I always look on these people who want to pray for me as my greatest enemies, I always say, "God protect me from my friends-my enemies I can deal with." So-no

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more prayers, no more prayers unless you are definitely and positively asked by the sufferer to pray. If the victim asks for the prayers then that lets you off the hook, but until then-pray for yourself, you probably need it as much as anyone!

Someone wrote to me and took me to task saying that I couldn't have any friends at all, saying that no one could possibly like me because I only mention people who write rudely. As a matter of fact she was a Women's Libber-the lowest form of human existence so far as I am concerned-so perhaps it might be a good thing to tell you now about some of my friends. Some wrote to me, others such as Hy Mendelson who I'll tell you about later-in that case I wrote to him!

It has its problems, I suppose, writing about my friends because if I mention them just as they come into my mind that stupid Women's Lib person who writes so often (always full of hate) will say that I am mentioning men before women or something, so I think I'll mention just a few of my friends alphabetically. In that way surely no one could be offended.

For the benefit of some people I will say now that I will not give the address of any of these people that I mention. Now, just a week or so ago I received an unstamped letter from a man who said, "State names and addresses of people who can do astral travel so that I can check up on you." The poor fellow was so much of a bum that not only did he omit putting a stamp on the letter, he didn't sign it and didn't put an address either, so I hope he reads this and can appreciate my explanation that I never, never give the names and addresses of other people without first receiving their written permission. I have had a lot of trouble with people getting in touch with me asking about others and I am always irate on such occasions and give the rudest rejoinder that I can think of. So-I give certain names of certain friends, not all my friends because I am not compiling a telephone directory, but just certain people who spring quickly to mind. But under no circumstances will I give their addresses.

Yesterday we had a visitor, one whom we were expecting-"we" is Mrs. Rampa, Mrs. Rouse, Miss Cleopatra Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa as well as myself. Soon a great big station wagon rolled up and out came John Bigras. We have known him quite a time. We knew him first when we were at Habitat in the City of Montreal. Biggs, as we call him, encountered me there, or would it be more correct to say that I encountered him?

Anyway, we liked each other and we have kept a very close association ever since. Biggs used to be a top-flight salesman for medical products. He got some sort of Award on two or three occasions for selling so many goods. But then when we left Montreal he came to the conclusion that there wasn't much future for him in Montreal so he followed us all the way across Canada driving a mobile home thing with himself and his two cats; Wayfarer, the gentleman cat, is a most immense creature and extremely kindhearted. His wife-cat is a gentle creature who is about half the size of Wayfarer.

They all settled very comfortably in Vancouver where Biggs has a job, a job that he likes, a job that affords him plenty of movement, plenty of travel, and a chance to meet people. And his cats "keep house."

Yesterday, then, Biggs and two cats came here to Calgary and they are staying near us for about a week while they have a vacation. Biggs thinks Calgary is a nice place but, of

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course, it is very small compared to Vancouver. Never mind, diamonds are small things, aren't they? And lumps of coal are not! Biggs, then, could be classed as one of our closest friends because we see most of him and we are in contact two or three times a week by telephone.

There are two ladies who were among the very first to write to me when "The Third Eye" came out. One of them is Mrs. Cuthbert, so I can say-good gracious me!-I must have known Mrs. Cuthbert about 17 years. We correspond quite frequently, but I have never met her. So another of my friends, then, is Mrs. Cuthbert, and I will mention the other lady later alphabetically. I have to remember that Women's Libber who is my *bête noire*. Now we come to a real rough diamond, a man we all like very much. Frogs Frenneaux. The Frogs bit is because he is an Englishman descended (ascended would sound better) from an old French-origin family. He is always addressed here as Frogs, anyway. Now he lives in New Brunswick. We met him when we lived there also. He is a fine Engineer and although he sometimes speaks quite roughly, growling like a bulldog or worse, he still has a heart of gold. Mind you, now that I have written down "heart of gold" I wonder how a heart of such a metal could work in a human body. Never mind, metaphorically speaking "heart of gold" stands for Frogs Frenneaux. I remember when I was staying at a hotel in Saint John, New Brunswick, Frogs drove me there and he heaved and he hosed and he puffed and he roared, and he pulled my wheelchair backwards up a flight of steps. It nearly killed him, mind, and it even more nearly killed me, but we got up that flight of steps with poor old Frogs looking like a frog should look when he is all puffed up. So let me say, "Hi to you, Frogs."

Hey, I'm still on the Canadian continent, so let me mention another one. My good friend Bernard Gobeille. Oh yes, we know Bernard very well, he is a very nice man indeed. He used to be, in a manner of speaking, my landlord because when I was living at Habitat he was the Man in Charge, he looked after things, and he looked after things very well indeed, in fact he looked after things too well because he was so efficient as an Administrator that he got moved from Habitat and sent as a sort of troubleshooter to another big apartment complex where they were having troubles. Habitat wasn't the same with Bernard Gobeille missing, and so as I was having trouble with the press as usual that proved to be the last straw, and off my family and I went far from those haunts of Habitat. But Bernard Gobeille and I keep in touch, in fact I had a letter from him this morning. I wish he was here, I wish he was my landlord now, but Calgary is a long way from Montreal.

But why don't we take a trip? Let's go further than Canada, let's go to . . . Brazil for a change. In Brazil there is a most eminent gentleman, Mr. Adonai Grassi, a very good friend indeed. He is learning English especially so that we can correspond without the intervention of a third person. Adonai Grassi is a man with unusual talents, a man with drive and compassion. He is not one of those ruthless dictator type people, he is a man well worth knowing, one of the best type of man, and I predict that he will make his name known thoroughly in Brazil and elsewhere. So how can I send my "saludos" in Portuguese? But he knows what I think of him, and I do think a lot of him.

Shall we go a bit further to greet a gentleman from Mexico, Mr. Rosendo Garcia? Agreed, he is now living in Detroit, U.S.A., but he is still a Mexican, definitely one of the best type of Mexicans, a gentle, educated man who "wouldn't hurt a fly". A gentleman of the

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world who has had many many hardships definitely not of his making, one whom we could say with absolute truth is on his last life. Next time he will indeed go to a much, much better Round of Existence.

Back again we go to greet my friend Mr. Friedrich Kosin in Brazil. He is a friend of Adonai Grassi. Unfortunately I wrote quite a lot about Mr. Kosin but he sent me letters and a cable protesting at what I said about him. He is too modest or something like that. Frankly I don't know what it's all about, but I will just say that he is a man closely associated with Mr. Grassi.

Now . . . back to a real old stager, my dear old friend, Pat Loftus, who I met-oh-so many years ago. Mr. Loftus is a gentleman of nature, one of the finest men one could meet. He is retired now, but he used to be an Irish policeman, one of the "Gardias", and as a policeman he had a most enviable reputation as a kind man but a stern one too.

I admire Mr. Loftus very much indeed. We have kept closely in touch and if I could have a wish granted that wish would be that I could see him again before either of us leaves this world. We are not so young now, either of us, and there's not much time left, so I fear that this will be a wish unfulfilled.

Mr. Loftus was one of that gallant band of men who founded the Republic of Eire, he was one of the heroes of those early days but he was not favoured by chance, by fortune, as so many of the others were. If fortune had smiled a little Pat Loftus would have been at the head of State in Ireland instead of a retired policeman.

Yes, Mr. Loftus is one of my oldest friends, one of my most esteemed friends, and I am sure that living beside the Irish Sea he often looks out-as he tells me-and thinks of me three thousand miles away. Well, Pat Loftus, I think of you my friend-I think of you.

But we've got to come back to Canada thinking of Mr . Loftus and the way he sits beside the sea looking out towards Canada, and that reminds me of Shelagh McMorran. She is one of the people who wrote to me and whom I have met and-yes, she is a friend. She is a woman of many abilities, many talents, a most capable woman and one whom anyone could like.

A bit further on your journey again (my friends do seem diversified, don't they?), and let's get back to Montreal again and discuss a very particular friend, Hy Mendelson, whom I have referred to as being the most honest man in Montreal. Yes, and I certainly believe it. Some time ago when I was in New Brunswick I wanted a used camera. My wife was idly flicking over the pages of the evening newspaper and she said, "Well, why not write here, Simon's Camera, Craig Street West, Montreal?" So I was a bit slow on the uptake but eventually I did write to Simon's Camera, and I received a very satisfactory reply from-Hy Mendelson. He treated me as an honest man, no cash in advance business with him, no waiting until the cheque was cleared or anything like that. He treated me as I like to be treated, and not only have I dealt with him since but we have built up quite a warm friendship and I hope he likes me as much as I like him.

He has had quite a difficult life, taking over the business from his father and building it up until now I am absolutely positive that he has a bigger stock, a more diversified stock,

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than any other photographic store in Canada. Sometimes, just for amusement, I have asked him if he has such-and-such a thing in stock and always the answer has been, "Yes" So, Mr. Hy Mendelson, it's a pleasure knowing you my friend, and you have a distinction in that I wrote to you, you did not write to me.

Shall we have another "M"? Okay, let's move across the border to the U.S.A. and say hello to Mr. Carl Moffet. Because of his interests I have "christened" him Paddle Boat Moffet. He makes models, superbly accurate models, ship models, of course. But as I told him there's no point in making silly old galleons and ancient ships that go along by the wind, he ought to make paddle boats, and so he is doing just that.

Some months ago he made a beautiful model paddle boat and sent me some photographs of it, but then he sent the paddle boat as a gift and, do you know, our customs people here in Calgary wanted to charge such a fantastic price on it that I couldn't afford and nor could Paddle Boat Moffet. And so I was deprived of one of the few pleasures left to me; I was deprived of having this model which had been made so lovingly for me by a very good friend-Paddle-Boat Moffet-in the U.S.A., The model had to go back because the customs people wanted hundreds of dollars in customs duty on a handmade thing, and they were most unreasonable about it.

Still, it's only what one can expect from customs people; I have never got on with them at all.

This time we are going to do some ocean hopping. We are not going to stay on the North American continent, although, of course, we've got to come back. We are going, instead, to Japan, Tokyo. Here lives a very good friend of mine, one who first wrote to me and then who came to see me all the way from Japan, Kathleen Murata. She is small, highly talented, but doesn't appreciate her own abilities. If she could only realize those abilities she could succeed at book illustrating, etc., because, as I say, she is enormously talented.

Kathleen Murata is an American woman married to a gentleman of Japan. I think she suffers greatly from homesickness, I think she wants to get back to the U.S.A. even though that country is just about flooded as an aftermath of Watergate. But she wrote to me, I suppose, in the hope of getting someone to correspond with her as a link within the North American continent, and we have established a very firm friendship. She came to see us when we were at Habitat, Montreal, and she stayed with us for a time in our apartment. We like her a lot.

But-back again to Canada. This time to one of Canada's islands where live Mr. and Mrs. Orłowski-Ed and Pat Orłowski. They are talented, too. Ed is a most skilful craftsman, he can do modeling, he can do all manner of artistic things, but he has never had a chance in life.

He came from old Europe and, I suppose, settled in Canada, and he brought many of the old European skills with him. But I suppose he is on his last life on this Earth, and as such is getting more than his share of hardships. He has a very poor job, very very poorly paid, and yet, I tell you truly, the man is a genius. All he needs is an opportunity, all he needs is a bit of financing so he can make his statuettes, his figurines. At present I have given him some

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designs so he can make Pendulums, Touch Stones, and Eastern type pendants, things at which he excels. Yes, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you his address, I'll break my rule, so that if you want to order some wonderful articles you can write to Ed Orlowski and find out what he's got available. All right, then, here is his address:-

Mr. Ed Orlowski,
Cavehead,
York P.O.,
Prince Edward Island,
Canada.

Not too far away from that place is a very good American, Captain George "Bud" Phillips, a most admired friend of mine, a man who goes racing around the continent in a Lear Jet. He is Senior Pilot for a very big firm and he certainly sees life, usually from above 30,000 feet! I know Captain Phillips quite well, and the more I get to know him the more I get to admire his sterling qualities. Let's move a bit "to the right" and then we can call in on Mrs. Maria Pien. She is a Swiss woman married to a Chinese-I'd better say Chinese man or our Women's Libber will write and ask how a woman can marry a woman, although I understand they do nowadays, in fact I read something about it recently. Anyway, Maria Pien is a woman with such a lot of abilities but unfortunately she has a family and the family takes up a lot of her time. And when you have a family taking up time then you have to put aside your own inclinations, don't you, and get on and look after your responsibilities. So, hello Maria, glad to mention you as a friend of mine.

Another one, this time a man, Brian Rusch. He is an old correspondent of mine too. We have been writing to each other for-oh, I wouldn't like to say how long, to be quite honest I can't remember how long it's such a time ago. But he is one of my earliest correspondents.

Ruby Simmons is another. She is the one who wrote to me-well, I think she wrote to me, actually, before Mrs. Cuthbert did. As far as I remember now Ruby Simmons was actually the first correspondent in the U.S.A., and we write regularly, and that is why she is listed here as one of my friends.

Away in Vancouver there is a lady who attracted me very much because of her interest in Bonsai, that, you know, is Japanese dwarf trees. Mrs. Edith Tearo knows a lot about gardens and plants and all that, and we have made quite a friendship because of our mutual interest in dwarf trees. As a matter of interest she came to see me the weekend before last. Of all curious things she got in her car on a Friday evening and drove 670 miles or so from Vancouver to Calgary. She stayed at my house a very short time indeed, and then hopped back into her car and drove all the way home to Vancouver so she would be ready for work at the start of the week. Now, isn't that a good friend for you? One who will get in a car and drive 670 miles twice? Well, I suppose she got a breath of fresh air doing it, but anyway she was certainly welcome here.

Move on again across another ocean to Eric Tedey in England. He wrote to me some time ago and I was quite amused by his name, it reminded me of Tetley teabags which we

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use here, so of course I replied to him and in my usual tactless way reminded him about Tetley teabags. Since that time quite a friendship has ripened between us. We like each other, we write to each other, we exchange naughty jokes at times. Of course we have to be careful, we can't say our best jokes to either one of us because—well, you know what it is when there are ladies in the house, they will read a letter sometimes and they wouldn't like a mere male to see that they couldn't blush after all. Anyway, Eric Tetley and I are good friends by correspondence.

Jim Thompson is another good friend. He lives in the wilds of California. I always thought that all California was wild, especially as I have been there a few times. My! They are a wild lot there, aren't they? I'd better not tell you how many of the people I have mentioned above come from California!

But Jim Thompson and I have been corresponding for a terrific time, we've got to know each other very thoroughly, and there is one peculiarity about Jim Thompson which I just must share with you; he seems to have cornered the world market in calendar pages going back to 1960, and invariably he writes to me on a calendar page dated 1960. I didn't know there were so many old calendars left in the world. Anyway, Jim Thompson and I are quite good friends.

Glory be, do you know I have given twenty people already? Twenty, think of that. Still, some of you have asked about my friends so now you are getting some information about a few of them. I think we will mention just one more because this is a friend in Belgium—Miss L. C. Vanderpoorten. She is a very important lady indeed with many business interests and we write to each other not too often but enough to ensure that there is a good friendship. She is such a busy woman with her business interests that I think she hasn't too much time for private correspondence. I know just how she feels I want, then, to say hello to Miss Vanderpoorten away in far off Belgium.

Well, those of you who have asked me about my friends and have impolitely intimated that I couldn't have any friends, you might be a little surprised, eh? Mind you, I know I have left out a lot of people in this small reference but if I added any more I am sure my publisher would have something to say!

Hey though, Mr. Publisher, I've got you after all! You said you wanted a book answering Readers' questions. Well, Honourable Sir, that's what I am doing; a lady Libber (sorry, no Women's Libber can be a lady by their own admission) asked me if I didn't have any friends; and if I had, to list them on the back of a postage stamp. It would have to be a big postage stamp, wouldn't it? But I have given just a few, so I haven't broken any rules, Mr. Publisher. I am answering Readers' questions!

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CHAPTER FOUR

It was a very nice sunny afternoon. Biggs, our guest from Vancouver, said, "Why don't I take you out this after-noon-go anywhere you like?" I thought of all the work to be done, I thought of all the letters to be answered because I had been in hospital and a number of people had been informed of it explaining the delay in answering their letters, so everyone had started writing back asking all manner of questions and then people were asking more and more questions so I would have something to do when I got out of hospital Yes, I have plenty to do!

Then there was a book to be written. If I didn't get the typescript finished, the Publisher couldn't give it to the Printer to be set up. Then I thought, "Oh well, it does say somewhere that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I'm a dull boy anyway, so I'll go out "

I trundled onto the car in my wheelchair and, with the usual difficulty, got into the car. The wheelchair was folded up and put in the trunk and off we went. This was my first trip out of the house since leaving the hospital some time before. Actually it was the first opportunity I had had of seeing anything at all of Calgary because we have no car. We have no television either. Sometimes I believe there are programs about a city on TV, but I am barred from that also. On this day, then, we took off and headed toward the mountains leaving the city behind us, and went on climbing up the high rise of the foothills. First, though, we took a circuit around the hospital, the Foothills Hospital of Calgary, a very fine, very modern hospital, and the first thing we saw was a body being loaded from the Mortuary into a hearse!

We turned about and continued on over the river up into the rising ground. I could not go too far because now I tire so easily and suffer so much pain, so-we stopped for a time on high ground where we could look over the city, quite a pleasant city it is, too, with the winding rivers-the Bow and the Elbow-threading their way through the city.

The traffic was awful. We are told there are more cars per capita in Calgary than anywhere else in North America and I well believe it. People seem to zoom along without a care in the world. Well, there are quite good hospitals to receive them!

All too soon the time came to return home, so we took a different road through a shopping centre, and I must confess to considerable amazement at the way all the shops

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nowadays seem to be leaving the centre of cities and going far out on the outskirts, leaving the center of the cities for-what? Offices? I suppose it must be used for something.

But we can't waste the whole day, the time has come to work, and I am going to be an old crosspatch again because I have a pet peeve.

I do indeed hate it when people write to me as though I were a poor benighted heathen urgently needing salvation.

For some extraordinary reason "do-gooders"-holy Joe's and holy Joess's-have been writing to me in increasing numbers of late and sending me all manner of New Testaments, Old Testaments, "good words" and all the rest of it. One woman wrote to me yesterday and said, "I hope the Light of the Dear Lamb, the Lord Jesus, sparks a response in your heart. You can only be saved by the blood of Jesus." Well, fine. By the way she writes-a real vicious old so-and-so she is- about heathens -she needs some of that salvation herself. Anyway, I am a Buddhist. I was born a Buddhist, I am a Buddhist, and I shall die a Buddhist. Now, Buddhism is not a religion, it is a Way of Life, and the real Buddhists never try to convert others to their Belief. Now, I understand, there is some sort of cult who call themselves Buddhists who go out like missionaries and yowl in the streets. Well, they are not true Buddhists. We have no missionaries, and I don't want any missionaries preaching to me. I had one of those in the hospital the last time I was in, and I soon convinced him I knew something about Christianity too!

I firmly believe that unless we have a return to religion on this world soon we shall have no world left. But I equally firmly believe that it does not in the least matter what form that religion takes. What does it matter whether one is a Buddhist, a Jew, a Christian, a Hindu, or anything else, so long as we believe in certain things?

If we do then we will act in a certain way, and my belief is, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I never try to make converts, and I don't want people to try to convert me. So will you remember that, please, all incipient do-gooders? If I get these books, holy words, holy terrors, holy this and holy that they go straight into the garbage unopened because I find that the type of person who goes to the trouble of sending these things is usually the most ignorant and the most bigoted of all types of people. They are so set in their religion, so hypnotized by it, that they are not able to stand apart and study what really is the origin of a religion.

Some of you seem to have been very greatly interested in the report in my last book, "Candlelight", about Jesus going to Japan and about the report of the brother of Jesus being crucified as a substitute. So perhaps I should do what so many of you have asked me to do-say a bit more about some of the old Bible stories. A surprising number of people have written to me asking-More, more.

Obviously you must keep in mind at all times that there isn't much mention of any of this sort of thing except in the Bible. For example, none of the great writers of round about two thousand years ago wrote anything at all about Christ. That's a thought worth pondering; any event nowadays is written up everywhere in inaccurate detail, and with all the trimmings that the press can devise. But throughout history great writers invariably wrote about events of moment, and the fact that none of the writers of crucifixion days wrote anything at

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all about crucifixion implies that Jesus wasn't known except to a very few people.

Just remember this; Christianity did not come until long after Christ. Actually the foundations of Christianity were set at the Convention of Constantinople sixty years after the date of the alleged crucifixion. In the opinion of great Greek and Roman writers of the day Jesus was a sort of troublemaker, one who had certain ideas and at the present day we should say, "Oh, he's just a member of a hippie gang or the leader of a set of robbers."

Shocked? Well, you shouldn't be, you know, because you were not there, you do not know the facts, you only know what has been peddled to you through the Bible and Bible stories. Great writers of the day whose words have survived and reached us now made no mention of Jesus.

Another thing to be considered is this; if a person were to be crucified and then at the end of the day the person was removed from the cross he could be revived, **THE CRUCIFIXION DIDN'T KILL HIM!** Actually, being suspended by the arms as on the cross there were very serious difficulties and obstacles in the matter of breathing. It was impossible to take a full breath because to take a full breath means to expand the chest, and when one is suspended by one's arms that cannot be done. I have been so suspended in a prisoner-of-war camp so I can speak from experience. So the crucifixion wouldn't kill. Instead there would be extreme exhaustion and soon the person would sink into a coma during which his breathing would become very very shallow, growing shallower, so eventually you could say that he died of suffocation.

I understand much the same sort of thing occurs when a person is electrocuted. The muscles controlling breathing are paralyzed or impaired, and so there is not enough air taken in to make available to the brain the necessary oxygen with which to sustain consciousness. So in that case a person lapses into unconsciousness, and **IF NEGLECTED** the person would eventually die. If he could be removed from the source of electricity and artificial respiration given he would in most cases revive.

I was going to tell you some very interesting things-true things-about certain aspects of prison life in the U.S.A., but for some reason my publisher seems to think what I originally wrote would cause great alarm to American readers. In deference to my publisher I have to leave out certain parts, but I will suggest you get hold of a book or two written by former prison Governors in the U.S.A. Some of these men have written very revealing books about certain aspects of prison life in the U.S.A., and although my publisher will not let me mention these facts, the American publishers of the prison Governors' books are not so nervous. So go along to your Public Library and see if you can find some titles of books by prison Governors in the U.S.A.

Do you know that in bygone days there was a definite law that when a person was crucified the body should be removed at nightfall? Before removal from the cross the legs had to be broken so as to give the body an extra shock and an extra strain on the chest, and thus upon the breathing muscles. But let me remind you that in the case of Jesus it was specifically stated that His bones were not broken. So if His bones were not broken and if He did not get that extra shock, then possibly the body could have been revived.

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As I have said above, in the case of Jesus the body was removed without the legs having been broken and the body-no one has said it was a dead body, remember-was hustled away to a cave and there it was received by a very special, very gifted, band of men and women. You have heard of the Essenes, you have heard that they were a very special band of most knowledgeable people who had training and skills beyond the understanding of the average person in the street.

They had an extraordinarily high knowledge of life and death, they knew what chemicals to use, they knew how to revive bodies. So in the cave very quickly pungent aromatics were administered to the crucified person, and chemicals were injected, and eventually the body-whether it be Jesus or the brother of Jesus or someone else, it doesn't matter-was revived. To refresh your mind a little further remember the case of Lazarus. Lazarus was reportedly revived from the dead, wasn't he? Now, there is that definite report. There is the report, also, that Jesus revived him. Jesus was a member of the Essenes, so it is very likely that Jesus, a "White Magician", had certain herbs or powers with which He could accomplish these seeming miracles, and such a miracle was worked upon Lazarus who may have been in a coma. After all, there is a possibility that it could even have been a diabetic coma. Let me tell you something; I am diabetic, I have been in diabetic comas, and in such a state in certain conditions one can easily be taken for dead.

Another type of complaint which simulates death is the complaint of catalepsy. Many people suffering from that have actually been buried-buried alive-because the true cataleptic can undergo all tests except one; he has no responses, no reflexes, and a mirror held to his lips will not fog. There is only one test infallible in the case of the cataleptic-the test of decay. If a body dies it starts to decay, and after a certain time one's eyes and one's nose give complete assurance that the body is indeed dead, but that does not happen in the case of a cataleptic. So possibly Lazarus was in a coma or cataleptic state and Jesus, as a member of the Essenes, realized the condition and had the ability to treat it. If we do not know the technique of a thing then it becomes a miracle, doesn't it particularly if, according to our own concept, it is against established law or belief or knowledge.

Well, just remember that there are a certain number of books in the Bible, but there were many many more books which had to be omitted from inclusion in "the Bible." The Bible, of course, is just a collection of books as the word implies.

Many other "gospels" had to be left out because they contradicted the testimony of the few who were published. Think of this; it is nowhere said that the Bible is true. Instead you have a statement "The Gospels ACCORDING to St. Somebody." In other words, we are getting fair warning that this is not necessarily a true book, instead it is a book which has been reported ACCORDING to the words of a certain person. It is much the same as saying, "Well, he told me that he thought . . ." That is not saying that you know it for a fact. Instead, according to the language of the lawyers, it could be classified as hearsay evidence, not something which is given to you as utter truth, incontrovertible truth, but as a statement according to someone else.

If you could get hold of other old books, papyri, or stone writings, you would find that there were truly remarkable divergences. Do you know, some books say that John never

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lived? Some people say that John was just a symbolical, a mythical, figure like John Bull in England or G.I. Joe in the U.S.A., or-what is it?-Kilroy Was Here.

If you would do astral travel as I suggest you shouldn't have much difficulty in finding out these things for yourself because there are still quite a number of documents going back two or three thousand years or even longer which have not been discovered by physical Man. But Man in the astral-and Woman in the astral, too-can find these things and can read them. There is a great advantage because many of these papyri are stuck together with age, and if you tried to unroll them now in the physical they might shatter into dust, but in the astral you can go through them layer by layer without disturbing their physical structure.

If you find that difficult to understand get hold of a microscope somewhere and look at, let us say, a piece of rough stone. You can carefully focus your microscope and you can see different layers of the stone coming into focus, being quite clear, and then disappear to provide space for another focus. Anyone with a microscope can explain that to you.

My wife has just read this and she has made a worthwhile suggestion. She said, "Why not tell them that some people believe that Sherlock Holmes was a living person?" Well, that's a good point, a very good point, because Sherlock Holmes has been accepted as a living person and people still write to him. I suppose the letters go to the estate of Conan Doyle, but Sherlock Holmes was a figment of the imagination of Conan Doyle. We know there was no such entity as Sherlock Holmes, but popular, imagination has clothed that imaginary entity with an existence, in fact in England there is, I believe, a Club devoted to perpetuating the legend or myth of Sherlock Holmes.

Well, I have mentioned using astral travel to get to see some of the undiscovered manuscripts, etc. During the past twenty years I have had an enormous number of people write and tell me that now they can do astral travel, they can experience the reality of what I have been writing about. They tell me that after the first initial struggle they felt that they had "broken free" and they could travel at will anywhere at any time.

Unfortunately a number of people have written to me calling me a fake, etc., and saying all manner of things, which I am sure they will regret, because they personally could not do astral travel. And I can only assume that if a person has the wrong attitude-if a person makes the wrong approach-and has doubts or fears, then it's not so easy to do astral travel. To me and to thousands and thousands more there is no problem, or rather, the only problem is how to tell others how easy it is.

Let's have a look at this astral travel thing again, shall we. You want to do astral travel; first of all, do you believe in astral travel? Are you convinced that there is such a thing as astral travel which you can do given such-and-such conditions? If your answer is "No" then go no further because you will not be able to astral travel unless you are thoroughly convinced of its existence. You have to convince your subconscious because to my way of thinking the subconscious and the astral body are something like a boy holding a helium-filled balloon; as long as the boy holds on to the balloon it is quite literally attached to his body, but if the boy can be induced to let go the string then the balloon will float upwards. The astral travel condition is like that. So-first of all you must believe that astral travel is possible. Secondly you must believe that you can do astral travel.

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When astral travelling it is quite impossible for any entity or anything to cause you harm unless you are afraid. Now, if you think that is strange just think of this; if you sit back comfortably in a chair and you think of some imaginary ailment, and you think of all the pain and distress that such an ailment could cause, you then think that you may have it so your heart starts to palpitate and you might feel a bit upset. Then you are sure you have something wrong with you and your heart races even more, and soon, because of your heart racing, you will get a gastric condition, you will feel bilious or something else. So it's quite possible for you to make yourself definitely ill if you believe you have some illness which is perhaps incurable. In the same way, if you try to do astral travel feeling sure that some bogey is going to jump out and pull your tail feathers or something, then you will be afraid to do astral travel and, in that case, it is a waste of time trying. So a third condition is that you must have no fear of astral travel. Fear will definitely prevent you from getting out of the body.

Assuming, though, that you are convinced of the truth of astral travel, and assuming that you are convinced that you want to do it, and being certain that you have no fear, then really there shouldn't be any obstacle unless you want to astral travel for a bad purpose. For example -and this is true-I have had men of a sort write to me telling me they wanted to astral travel so they could see girls undressing and so on. I had one man write to me and tell me that he wanted to astral travel so that he could be sure his girl was a virgin before he married her! That, I assure you, is absolutely true, and it is a good way to make sure you don't astral travel at all.

But assuming that you are able to satisfy the conditions, you believe in astral travel, you believe that you, given a bit of help, could travel easily, you have no fear and you have no intention of using the ability for anything wrong, then-you should sit down somewhere where it's not too light and not too dark, it must be just neutral. Sit down so that you are completely comfortable, so comfortable that you are not aware that you are sitting down or lying down, and there are no sharp edges sticking into you. And then you definitely visualize yourself getting out of the body. Breathe regularly, make deep and rhythmic breaths, and then let your eyes (which are closed) roll up so that you are, in effect, gazing at a spot somewhere near your hairline-if you are bald you have to imagine where your hairline would be!

Your eyes, then, should be squinting to a slight extent so that their focus converges, as I have said, about the hairline. Just take things easy, there's no point in rushing things, no point at all, let things go at their own speed.

Then either one of three things will happen. You might suddenly find that you have made a jerk. If you jerk then you might come back straight into the body because it means that you got out of the body and then took fright. The fright will have sent you right back in again. There is nothing to be worried about in that: You can, if you like, sigh with exasperation and start all over again.

The second thing that can happen to you is that you might feel a very very slight-well, I can only say numbness-which might start at the feet and spread upwards. It isn't quite a numbness, really it is indescribable unless you have actually had it happen to you. It could be numb, it could be a slight tingling. But, anyway, it is something different, and you have to try to ignore it. It is perfectly normal, anyway. Some people after this find that they are almost

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in a cataleptic state, their muscles tighten up, they will not be able to move. Well-be careful, whatever you do don't panic here-that is a very very good sign because you have your eyes shut, remember, and yet here at this stage you will find that you are able to "see" through your eyelids, but everything will have a golden tinge. And then, when you have reached that stage, you will find a swaying sensation and out you will go straight into the astral and you will see things brighter and more vivid and with a greater range of colours than you ever thought possible.

In the third condition, when you have rested you will find, possibly, a swaying. You will experience a sensation that you are going through a tunnel toward a light at the far end of the tunnel. You will be drifting upwards like a piece of thistledown on an evening breeze. Keep calm, that's all to the good because soon you will find the light is growing larger and larger, and then you will drift out of this tunnel and find yourself in a far greater light, you will find that you are actually in the astral world. The grass about will be greener, far greener than you ever thought possible. And the waters about, perhaps a lake or a river, will be so clear that you will be able to see the bottom. It's a wonderful feeling, a wonderful sensation, and if you think of going to a certain place there will be a sort of "blink" and you will be at that place. Suppose, for instance, you've got out into the astral and for a time you float a few inches above the ground just looking about you, marveling at the conditions, wondering what to do next. You may want to explore in the astral world where everything is brilliant, where the colours are brighter, where there is a tingling sparkle in the air. Well, do so. It certainly will revitalize you. It will build up your psychic powers enormously. It is far better to do this and have some "spiritual feeding". If you do that you will find you will have no difficulty whatever with getting into the astral on any other occasion, but if you want to rush off somewhere for some materialistic purpose then you will find a few shocks.

Suppose you want to go and see XY to see what he is doing; immediately you think of him and think of his location you get there, but you have left the brilliant surroundings and the healthy atmosphere of the astral world, instead you are back on Earth again-in the astral state, admitted-still seeing things as people see them on Earth, dull colours, dull people, muddy water, and if your friend, XY, is in a commercial mood you will find that his colours are pretty dim too, and you won't like it a bit.

My definite recommendation is that those who get into the astral world should stay in that world for perhaps half an hour to get accustomed to it, because then they will find it so very much easier to get into the astral on other occasions.

The big difficulty is with most people that they start off very well indeed, they start getting into the astral, and then their body creaks, they feel strange tugs and swayings, sometimes they get almost airsick because they are in such a state of nerves. Well, they get out of the body and then they panic, "Oh, what if I can't get back in again?" Immediately they have the thought-BONK!-and they are back in the body feeling, perhaps, a bit dizzy. And if you do ever get back into the body like that and you feel sick and dizzy, then make sure you lie very still and try to have a sleep, even though it be of only a few minutes, because until your astral body can get out of your physical body and realign itself and so enter correctly, you will have quite a bit of indisposition. So-no amount of aspirins will help you, all you need is to get out of your body again and back in properly. It's like getting up in the morning and finding you've

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got the wrong shoe on the wrong foot, you wouldn't want to go about all day like that so you change your shoes to the right feet. In the same way, get out of your body again and back in properly.

So that's all there is to it. I say that anyone who can comply with the conditions can do astral travel-anyone at all. But if you are afraid or if you are doubtful then don't waste time because you won't astral travel.

Let me return to the original theme of this Chapter; religion. I have said a few things about the Christian religion and about the various fighting factions of that religion. I have said that I have no religion as Buddhism is not a religion, it is a Belief instead. All right, what do I think of Buddhism?

The more one studies Buddhism the more one can appreciate the intrinsic value of it AS A GUIDE TO LIVING, and the more one can realize that Gautama was negative in his outlook.

My personal Belief, which I have never put in print before, is that Gautama, the Prince, was too utterly sheltered from the hard facts of life, and then when he suddenly became confronted with suffering, pain and death, then it "turned his brain," it gave him a severe psychic shock, it upset his sense of values, it destroyed something essential to his being. So the Prince Gautama left the Palace, left all the comforts he had known, and became utterly disillusioned. My personal Belief is that he became "negative."

If one studies the Teachings of Gautama (let us say "Buddha" which is more normal to Western people) one will appreciate that Buddha was negative, everything was "no-ness," "all life is suffering." Well, we know that isn't true, don't we? There are good times in life as well as bad times. So I believe that Buddha became far too negative in his outlook, but at the same time he did produce for the world some very very valuable precepts, and it was founded on the much older religion of Hinduism.

So we have Hinduism as one of the older religions, and Buddha took valuable portions of the Hindu belief and formulated what was called Buddhism, in the same way that Christ did not wander in the Wilderness at all, instead He traveled through India and into Tibet studying all the time and being taught all the time the Higher Teachings of Hinduism, Buddhism the Islamic belief, and others, and from that He formulated that which became known in distorted form as Christianity. Again we must be sure that we realize that the "Christian" of Christ was not the very altered version which was propagated in the year 60 to increase the power of the priests. Now, I have been forbidden to mention anything about these priests in this particular book, but I have already written about them in many of my books. Just for one illustration, to see what I am trying to get over to you but because of the new conditions must not say outright-please read "The Hermit". I still do not understand how a publisher who has published these things can now decide that they must not be published. It seems a question of double talk to me, but I am supposed to be-I have been told-too outspoken. Anyway, I am not mealymouthed, am I?

Well, to get back to our bit about religion, these priests of the early days, because of their own peculiar-ah-"naughty-naughty" outlook on life (I hope no one is blushing?) taught

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that women were evil and everything about women was unclean, which, of course, is not the modern view at all. If you want to know the modern view just read about the Women's Lib, and then you'll think that if women think that way then possibly they are unclean!

My own personal belief is that the only salvation available to the world at the present time is in a form of religion, it does not matter what sort of religion, any religion will do provided you really believe it. You have your belief, I will have mine, and if we are both people of good intention then it will not matter that possibly some of the terms we use are different. The world now is a very dissolute place. Instead of being disciplined young people do not respect age any more, children do not respect their parents. So if we make a religion which teaches such respect then we are several steps ahead of the rest, aren't we?

There must be a return to religion before the world can be set right, but one of the greatest things in religion is that we treat others as we would wish to be treated ourselves. That means we've got to share, we've got to give because, quite truly, it is far better to give than to receive, it certainly makes you feel better if you find that you have really helped some person. So-if we would all live as we think that other people should live instead of being a bit hellish ourselves and condemning anyone else who even looks the wrong way or is the wrong colour, then we would be doing something.

I try, as far as I am able, to live according to my own Belief, and as I look back through the days and weeks and months and years of quite a long life I see many things that I could have done better. But never mind, I've got to the stage now where I can do nothing more about it. Although I get bad tempered at times-plenty of you tell me so, anyway!-I still try to live according to my own Belief which is Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You.

There is another little saying well known in the Far East which also applies in living a better life. It is: "Let not the Sun go do upon your wrath." In other words if you are having a fight with anyone make sure you knock him out and jump on him before darkness falls!

Otherwise if you astral travel he may come along and give an astral bonk on some part of your anatomy. Seriously, though, you should never end a day on a note of anger because it colours your reactions in the astral world, and it really does play havoc with your gastric secretions!

Well, I can now cease my role as a preacher and so I will dismount, complete with wheelchair, from my soapbox and say-that's the end of another Chapter, isn't it?

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CHAPTER FIVE

"Your covers are terrible-just like the cheapest kind of science fiction," wrote the happy little soul who had to have SOMETHING about which to find fault. Normally I should have chucked his letter straight into the garbage bin and not given it a second thought, but unfortunately I have had such a lot of letters taking me to task for the covers of my books, particularly the cover of "The Third Eye". I am told it is hideous, disgusting, beastly, enough to put anyone off, and all that sort of thing. Well, dear beloved Readers with love in your hearts, and those without any love anywhere, let me tell you this; I am just the author, you know, the poor fellow who writes some words and sends it off to a publisher. Now; I hope that what I write gets published, I hope that sometime I may be able to get some illustrations in a book. In this particular book I wanted illustrations connected with the hollow Earth, etc., but the publisher is the only one who can say what the cover shall be, the author has no say whatever about the cover. In fact, most times the poor fellow doesn't see the cover until some irate reader sends him a copy with a devastatingly offensive letter blaming the author for everything.

I am responsible for the words but I am not responsible for the covers, nor am I responsible for the lack of illustrations, nor am I responsible for the quality or lack of quality of the paper. If you don't like those things-well, for Pete's sake, get out you pens or your typewriters and you write to the publisher and tell HIM off-not me. This is one time when I am innocent, there aren't many times when I'm innocent but this time-yes!

Another thing people complain to me about is what they claim is the high price of my books. Some people say the price is excessive. Well, I disagree emphatically.

When people write to me complaining about the price of my books I remind them that they will go to a cinema or theatre, or go out drinking their heads off, or they will spend money on cigarettes, and not complain at all about it, and yet for the price they pay for my books they can have a completely new outlook on life-or on death. So take it from me, I think the price of my books is extremely reasonable, and I wish the publisher would double that price!

Now Gail Jordan writes to me and asks me some questions. One question is-"Is it wrong for a woman to cut her hair? Does it interfere with her aura or her spiritual vibration in

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any way?"

No, of course not. Hair is just a bit of growth which really doesn't matter at all. All this stuff about Samson being weak as a result of having his hair cut is a mistranslation. What happened was the poor fellow was beguiled too much by Delilah and he got too energetic sexwise and that really weakened him!

So, ladies, cut your hair if you want to, shave the whole darn lot off if you want to. In fact, when you become a Women's Libber you will probably have to shave the whole lot off and glue it on your chin to show you are the equal to a man and that you have a beard. Question Two from the same person is that I mentioned in one of my books that a man and woman could be compatible if their vibrations were on the same level. How does a man and a woman reach the same level of vibration?

Well by having the same sort of nature. It's not like tuning a piano. You have to make sure that these two people like each other, that they can put up with the undoubted faults of the other. There is no other way to do it. If they like the same type of reading, the same type of music, the same type of entertainment—well then, undoubtedly their vibrations will be much the same.

It is not possible to know when you are marrying the right partner, but nowadays marriage seems to be a very haphazard business. I know a young couple who have been living together without marriage for four years, they got on quite well together. Then they got married, and they have been knocking each other's head off ever since. Again, near where I live, there is a young woman who is now in a state of hating everyone because she got married and after a week or two found that marriage was not what she expected so without giving marriage a chance she rushed off and got a divorce. Now she is a bitter, frustrated woman and certainly looks it.

Marriage is a very important business, and like all important businesses it should not be entered into lightly. There is a lot of give and take in marriage, and nowadays women are such spoiled babies, such arrant Women's Libbers with their equality stunt that they just do not give marriage a chance to work, and the way things are going on soon there won't be any more marriages. Soon people will just live together for a time and have a baby, and then when the Communist State comes the State will take over the baby's welfare and that's all there will be to it, and so there will be a breakdown of civilization.

Let me tell you something; women nowadays are neurotic, they go off their heads at the drop of a hat because they are trying to compete with men and they are not organically equipped to compete with men in all fields of work. So they get frustrated and they have a mental breakdown. Well, it shows they are a bit loose in the top story to go in for this Women's Lib stuff, anyway.

In the old days a woman looked after her family, she looked after the children and she was healthy. She was also happy. You don't see happy women nowadays, they are always ready to move the chip on their shoulder and toss it in some man's face.

Another question, "What is your astrological sign?" That I never tell. I think it is an impertinence to ask. If I wanted people to know my astrological sign or my birth data, then I

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would have told them so in my books. So, I have had a lot of letters from would-be astrologers who were going to set the world alight with their brilliance, who wanted to know my data so they could work out my horoscope for me, but they never get a polite answer from me.

Say-Miss Jordan has a lot of questions; here is the fourth one, "As a person reincarnates does he follow the signs in order beginning with Aries and ending with Pisces?"

No he doesn't. He comes not merely in the sign but in the quadrant of the sign which will afford him the best opportunity for learning in that life that which he has to learn in that life. He has eventually to live through every sign, and every quadrant of every sign, not, as I said, in the order of the Zodiac. And he may have to live dozens of lives in just one quadrant of one sign because, remember, we live thousands of lives on Earth.

Five, "You stated in one of your books that music could raise one's level of vibration so that one can become more spiritual. Could you list some composers, songs, musical arrangements, etc.?"

No, of course not, because what suits some people does not suit others. I, for example, am very partial to Chinese and Japanese music and some of the Western music really sets my nerves on edge, I don't know why people like it. So if I gave my own list of music the average Westerner would get a pain in his eardrums. So each person has to find the music which is most suitable for him, but I tell you here and now, most most definitely-most emphatically-that people are ruining themselves with this awful "rock" music, and this awful jazz muck.

Such music-if one can use such a term for such a conglomeration of noise-causes nerve strain. Look at some of the young people, the hippies, for instance, who go in for these rock festivals-well, they are a dim looking lot, aren't they? Most of them look as if they are drop-outs from some mental home. Just take a look at them yourself and see what you think.

All right, here's your last question Gail Jordan: "Have you ever heard of the chain letter that has gone around the world a number of times? After a person receives this letter he is supposed to send it to twenty people. Supposedly, according to the letter, if you don't continue the chain death will follow. Anyway, this letter has frightened and upset many people, especially older people. What do you think about it?"

I think that the people who write these chain letters should get their brains tested, always assuming that one can find some brains to test. I have had quite a lot of these ridiculous things sent to me, and if possible I trace the last sender and send back the letter together with a reply which is hoped will singe his eyebrows. I think chain letters are the epitome of crassness. I just don't understand why people place any belief in such arrant nonsense; of course you won't die if you fail to send on these letters. If there had been any truth in it I would have died many many times during the past twenty years. So in my opinion if you get one of these letters try to trace anyone on the list and send it back with an expression of your opinion about the mental stability of the person who sent it. It shakes them; I have had some of them write back to me and apologize and really sincerely thank me. You try it and see!

Now I've got a letter here-I wish it were compulsory to use typewriters because I've

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got a letter here which is making me go cross-eyed. Anyway, the question is, "You said that the Overself sends down puppets for the purpose of experience. My question is, once an entity experiences the things it was sent down to do does it go back to the Overself and become part of the Overself's mind? Does a person lose his identity as an individual or does he become good friends with his Overself? I personally don't like the idea of just being a part of an entity's mind. I want to remain me. Could you explain this in more detail as I have not found that particular answer in your books."

Well, there is such a lot of confusion about this puppet business; you have to remember that an actor when he is on the stage doing some particular role actually "lives" as that particular identity. But when the show is over and he goes home to his lodgings he can forget all about being Prince Dimwit or someone like that. So the Overself, which cannot be comprehended in the third dimension, is the eventual entity of a human, and the Overself sends down "tentacles" or "puppets" to gather certain information. You might say that you have the head of a detective agency who sits in his office and gathers information by his operatives, those operatives report to him and give him a complete picture of that which he needs to know.

Eventually, after eons of time, all the puppets come together and form the complete entity of the Overself. Question-"What will happen to people who are involved in Black Witchcraft? As it is a tool for self-gain they must be creating bad karma. Will they come back as priests, etc.?"

Unfortunately there is a lot of nonsense written about magic, black, white, or any other colour. Most times the black magic person is just living in a fool's paradise. He or she has no power and cannot cast any bad spells, so the only person being harmed is the black magician and he is just being foolish, he is just delaying his evolution. So if a man or woman is a stupid black magician in this life, then that life is deemed to be wasted and the life does not count. So he comes back and starts over where he left on the life before the black magic one.

Of course if the black magician somehow causes harm to another person then it is a black mark added to his karma and it has to be paid back, but don't wish the poor fellow such a fate that he has to come back as a priest or something because he won't be that important.

Question-"I have practiced my psychic abilities and though I am okay at telepathy I can't seem to acquire the other abilities no matter how hard I try. How can I find my purpose another way? Should I try? Also, how can I find out how many more lives I have on Earth?"

You say you are okay at telepathy but you cannot seem to manage to do the other metaphysical things. Well, I am going to put it to you quite plainly that we are not all gifted in all branches of psychic stuff. Consider just the ordinary, everyday life. As an example you might be able to write, but can you draw? And if you can draw can you write and do sculpture? Most people can do one or two things entirely satisfactorily, but if they are going to excel at all the metaphysical arts then they have to have training starting even before seven years of age, and while I can do everything I write about I have other defects, there are a lot of things I can't do, I can't paint, for instance, I couldn't even paint the wall of a room with whitewash. So we all have our skills, and we all have our lack of skills, and the best thing we

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can do is to make the most of what we have.

There are certain people we call a genius. Most times such a person is exceedingly brilliant in one line only and in other things he has, more or less, to be led around because all his brain power goes to one specific subject to the detriment of his general knowledge ability.

Question-"People are paying a very large sum of money for Transcendental Meditation. It is a type of meditation that uses neither concentration nor contemplation. It is supposed to just happen when you learn your mantra. I feel that I am more relaxed, etc., but you suggest contemplative meditation. I agree with you as I am a person who thinks about everything. Do you think it is wrong to pay such large sums of money for a course on Transcendental Meditation? My better judgment tells me that somebody is making money out of me and I am being foolish."

Personally I think that people are quite crazy if they want to pay a lot of money for this Transcendental Meditation stuff. I don't even know what it really means. To me it is just a gimmick to get money out of people because you either meditate or you don't meditate, you either walk or you run or you stay still. Now, if you are going to look at a thing are you going to look at it with goose eyes or are you going to look at it sensibly? Lets start a new cult, shall we, and charge a big sum of money. Let's tell people that they can see things better if they look at it with goose eyes. Let's charge them a few hundred dollars. Soon we shall be able to retire and get away from it all.

The Germans, you may remember, used to do a march called the Goose Step. Of course it was very pretty to a distorted mind, but the act of doing the Goose Step was most exhausting for the soldiers. Transcendental Meditation for which I believe you pay a lot of money, is just, in my opinion, a stupid gimmick. You don't need it. All you need is . . . MEDITATION. That is my honest opinion for which you have asked.

Question-"Can you see a person's aura in a letter or on it? How much can you tell about a person other than the words they write down? I feel really depressed because I don't know why I am here or where I am going or who I am. Can you help me?"

Yes, I can see an aura through a letter. It is by psychometry, though, and that is not so clear as when seeing the actual physical aura. If an aura is to be seen properly and to be of any real use to a person, that person has to be here with me in a room and at least twelve feet from another other person, and the person must be entirely without clothes. Not only that, he or she has to stay without clothes for about half an hour while the effect of the clothes wears off. After all, you wouldn't examine a painting if it was still in its wrappings, would you?

It really does amaze me how difficult it is to obtain women to help in aura research. I understand that there are some remarkable magazines which show "all" and a bit more, some of the illustrations, I am told, are nearly good enough to be used as an anatomical text book. Now, young women, it seems, are most happy to pose definitely in the altogether if they can have themselves photographed and the pictures circulated throughout the world. But when it comes to helping aura research-oh dear, dear, no-they take fright immediately!

I had a woman write to me and say that she was nearly dying with anxiety to help me

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with aura research. She was quite willing to take off her clothes and stand to be examined or even photographed. She was apparently willing to swear on a stack of Bibles and a stack of Playboy's and Playgirl's too. So, being old and foolish, I saw the woman and-no, nothing would induce her to part with her clothes. She is another of the ones who told me that she had made that offer as a method of getting to see me, but she didn't stay long. It does strike me as truly remarkable that some of these women nowadays will go to bed with any man but they will not take off their clothes for an honest, sincere investigation of the aura. I have had women tell me quite bluntly that they would be delighted to go to bed with me . . . in the dark! Well, I am not interested in that, I live as a monk and I am not interested in the female anatomy except in so far as it will help me with auric research, and that research has come to a stand-still for the specific reason that I lack money for equipment and I lack women who will part with their panties!

I have a question here which seems to be a bit remarkable-"Tell me how many more lives I have on Earth."

That seems to be a peculiar question, doesn't it? It is like a person starting school saying, "Tell me when I shall leave school." The answer, of course, depends on such a lot of things. This person who wants to know how many more lives he has-well, what is his state of evolution now? What task is he doing on Earth? How well is he doing that task? Is he trying to help others, or is he interested only in helping himself? Does he intend to go on trying to improve himself, or is he going to engage in all sorts of hellishness? (if a thing can be heavenly, surely it can be hellish as an opposite?)

It is not possible to say how many more lives a person has because the number of lives to be lived depends entirely on the behavior of the person concerned. It is much like some of these prison sentences being handed out in the U.S.A. nowadays where a person is sentenced to an indeterminate time such as "One to four years."

That is, if the person becomes a paragon of virtue in prison and doesn't blot his copybook even once then he can be out in one year, but if he does all the devilment that he can think of he is going to be kept there for the complete four years. So there you are, Mr. So-and-So, the answer to your question is that it all depends on you, on how you behave, so you'd better be good!

Now we've got a gentleman living in South Africa who has a series of questions which are certainly acceptable for this book. Let's have a look at them, shall we?

"Will the Communists eventually take over this country?"

Yes, in my belief a form of Communism will sweep the world because, you see, nowadays women in particular are trying to get what they call "equality" and they are really gumming up the works. In the old days a man used to go out and earn the money for the living and the woman used to stay at home and look after the family.

Nowadays that doesn't happen any more. A woman gets married, goes back to the factory the next day, and eventually, if she is unlucky, she has a baby. She stays home getting full pay, otherwise she shouts, "Discrimination," and then almost as soon as the baby is born it is shoved out with some day nursery people while the mother goes back to the factory.

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That is all the fault of the capitalists, you know, because their advertising makes people believe they HAVE to have all these wonderful luxuries like at least two cars in every garage, washing machines, TV's, a house in the country, a boat, and all the rest of it. So they rush out and buy these things which they can't afford because they have to "keep up with the Joneses", and then they get their credit cards and they pay interest on those charges. Eventually they are so deeply in debt that they dare not stay away from work. Both husband and wife have to work. Sometimes the husband or the wife has to take double jobs-"moon-lighting"-and all the time their indebtedness is increasing.

But worse than that, the offspring are brought up without any parental discipline, without any parental love, and so he or she eventually ends up on the streets lounging about on street corners and falling under the domination of a stronger child who more often than not is evilly inclined. And so we get gangs of hoodlums running about the streets, engaging in vandalism, beating up old people just for the fun of it. I have been reading of a case quite recently where a poor old man, over 65 years of age, was beaten up and robbed by a woman, not only that but she even took his artificial leg!! Now what would a woman want with an artificial leg? Anyway, as long as we have such an undisciplined society we are ripe for Communism. Already we have Socialism. You should go to British Columbia and live under the Government there. I was glad to get away from it! I believe, then, that a modified form of Communism will sweep the world and only when people are willing to live at home and raise a family properly will Communism pass away.

After a much worse time than we have having now-and we are having a bad enough time now, aren't we?-we will have an age when people will slowly awaken from the false values which there are in the world today.

Unfortunately people nowadays are hypnotized by advertisements, they believe they simply HAVE to have certain things, they fall prey to subliminal advertising carried out at the cinemas and by television. A person will watch a TV program and will then after it get up like a person in a dream and stumble out to a car and rush off to some supermarket, and come back laden with goods which he or she had no intention of buying and really has no possible use for, all because he or she was unduly influenced by advertising. All that will have to end, and at the risk of appearing to be an old boor I say again that there will have to be a return to some form of religion. People will have to break free of the shackles of selfishness because now they want-want-want-and they don't particularly mind how they get it. We have the age of the "rip-off" wherein young people think it is definitely dishonorable to pay for things, instead they go into stores and shops and they make a definite practice of stealing. They go in numbers and they distract the shopkeeper or clerk, and while that poor wretch is distracted accomplices race through the store and just take anything they want, anything that takes their fancy. I have seen it happen when I was in Vancouver. I sat in Denman Mall, in my wheelchair of course, and I actually watched this happen, and I reported it to a sales clerk who just shrugged her shoulders and said, "But what can I do? I can't run after them or the whole store will be taken while my back is turned." So-there will not be a Golden Age until people have had very very much more suffering, they will have to go through all manner of hardships until their psyche gets such a battering that they cannot take hardships any more and so they awaken from their almost-hypnotized state of being a tool to the advertising

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people. But even then they won't get much satisfaction out of life until the woman stays at home and forgets her Women's Lib aspirations and raises a family with decency, dignity, and discipline.

There is another question here-"Will the next Master or Spiritual Leader begin his reign before or after the future World War? Surely the intelligent beings that will eventually settle here from afar are more spiritually advanced than one from Earth?"

We cannot have a real "Leader" until people are ready for him. They will have to suffer much more first, and I am going to tell you now that none of these much advertised, much touted "Guru's" are in anyway to be regarded as a World Leader. I have in mind one young man who has made a real packet out of being a "spiritual leader." Apparently he has gone back to India and his own Government-and the income tax authorities!-have caught up with him.

There is a Leader already ready for this Earth, but until conditions are suitable here on Earth he doesn't have a chance, and so he will not make his presence known until the conditions are suitable. After all, what is a hundred years or so, or a thousand years or so, in the lifetime of a world? You see, all this civilization will eventually pass away and others will come, rise up, collapse and pass away to make room for others because this Earth is just a training school, and if we don't make a good job of it now-well, we keep on coming back until we have more sense.

We people who write books get all manner of strange letters, for instance I have had quite a few letters from people who tell me that they are tired of being pushed around, they've seen an advertisement for Karate, or judo, or any of the Eastern "martial arts," and they are going to rush off and take a course so that-according to them-right after the first lesson they can go out and really toss a bully over their shoulders, and what do I think about it?

I think such people are stupid. To start with, in my firm belief, many of these people who advertise these Karate Courses or other Courses, especially when they are by correspondence, really should be prosecuted because you just cannot teach such things by correspondence. And furthermore, one should never try to learn Karate or judo, or any of those things, except from an acknowledged and licensed teacher of the art.

Nowadays it seems to me as an interested and trained observer, that a lot of young punks get hold of a paperback about the art of disabling the opposition. He-the young punk-reads it, and then he thinks, "Oh gee there's a real packet of money to be made out of this!" So then he has a wonderful idea, he will rewrite the book as a correspondence course, and then he will get his girl friend topless and almost bottomless as well and he will have some photographs taken showing how a small girl can throw a big man. Then the advertisement is put in suitable, gullible publications, and the money comes pouring in, and the suckers really queue up to put their money into something which really isn't suitable for them.

People ask me what I think of it, and I have a standard question. It is: "All right, you are being mugged after you have taken five lessons of a self-defense course, but what are you going to do if you attacker has taken ten lessons? If he gets too much opposition from you-if you make his act of robbery too troublesome, then he is really going to beat you up, whereas

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previously he would only take your money.”

The Police, I believe almost without any exception, advise a person to keep quiet, not to put up any opposition, because if a mugger or robber is desperate and he meets opposition, then quite likely what was going to have been a simple act of robbery could turn into rape or actual mutilation. It could even turn into murder. If you do not resist a robber but instead observe very carefully what he is like, how big he is; is he tall, thin, fat, any particular mannerisms, what is his speech like? Look at him carefully, study him-without appearing to do so-so that you can give the Police a good accurate description of the attacker. You must be able to describe him accurately, the colour of his hair, for instance, colour of eyes, the shape of his mouth and ears, and any special peculiarities, for instance, does it appear that he is left-handed, does he limp, is there some distinctive item of dress which would enable you to identify him after? Remember, if he is arrested on your description you may have to go to the Police Station and identify him in a Police lineup, and you won't half look stupid if you identify a plainclothes Policeman who has been stuck in there just to add to the number! So my strong advice is keep calm, don't panic, and observe the attacker or robber very carefully making mental notes of anything worthwhile. The best advice I can give you is-don't go in for these silly cults, they won't do you any good.

Another thing that people write to me about is these weapons which are advertised in so many magazines nowadays. It is usually for a thing that looks like a fountain pen, it is about the size of a fountain pen, and it is advertised as protection against attackers. It is a gas gun.

You just wait until you are attacked and then you grab this apparent fountain pen and press the end. From the other end there emerges a cloud of noxious gas which will disable a person for perhaps twenty to thirty minutes.

In theory this is a wonderful idea for protecting YOU, but think; can you be sure that wind conditions are right for YOU? If the wind is blowing against you the gas cloud will not go out to your attacker but will gas you, and the attacker will have the biggest laugh of his life as he sees you writhing on the ground under the influence of your own defense weapon. All he's got to do then is to bend down, take your watch, any jewelry you have, and you are quite helpless, there is nothing you can do about it. So-a strong, strong piece of advice is-when you see these advertisements for gas guns just smile with superior knowledge, and do not buy. You may be laying a trap for yourself if you do buy.

Remember this; the Police are trained to find robbers, they are trained to deal with attackers, and if you go and try to defend yourself then you will find that if you get thoroughly beat up or your throat slit, or something else, you won't get much sympathy from the Police or from anyone else. Leave it to the Police, that's the safest way. I am very, very unhappy about some of the advertisements which appear in various publications nowadays. For instance, people often send me advertisements which indicate that some crummy little firm has been advertising that they are making items specially designed by Lobsang Rampa, or items which are made in Lobsang Rampa's workshop. Let me, then, get this clear now once and for all; I do not make any items at all, I have no workshop. Instead I spend most of my time in bed or in a wheelchair, and I have no facilities and no inclination for making anything of this nature.

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I have no business enterprises of any kind whatsoever, and I am not connected with any firm at all, not connected directly nor indirectly. There are two people only who can in any way use my name; they are Mr. Sowter of A Touch Stone Ltd., 33 Ashby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, and Mr. Ed Orlowski of Cove-head, York P.O., P.E.I., Canada. For these two people I have designed certain things and given them permission to manufacture AS BEING DESIGNED BY ME AND MADE BY THEM. Now, apart from those two people no one else at all has any right to claim that they are associated with me or are making items of my design. If they do claim that they have items of mine and they are not called Sowter or Orlowski, then you can be sure they are definite out and out frauds.

I mention this, because there have been so many of these sprouting evil growths advertising in psychic magazines. They advertise as if they are associated with me, as if they are bosom friends of mine, whereas, actually, they are usually quite the reverse. So will you keep that in mind? You have been warned!

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CHAPTER SIX

Conditions had been very trying of late. There had been a terrible influx of letters, sometimes well over a hundred letters each day, and people got so irritated if they had to wait a day or two for a reply.

The pains had been increasing and the general type of weather had been making me feel worse and worse. Night after night I tossed restlessly in my hospital bed at home, and at last one night I couldn't stand it any longer. Mrs. Rampa nearly burned out the telephone lines trying to find a doctor who would do a house call. One awful woman doctor was most discourteous and most inhumane: "Take him off to hospital," she said, "it's the only thing to do with people like that." Well, my wife phoned around and phoned around place after place, but no doctor was willing to do a house call.

I passed the night in truly considerable agony wondering whatever had happened to the medical profession. Surely the medical profession was dedicated to the relief of suffering, surely one of the elementary precepts was "Do no harm". It was, indeed, doing me harm leaving me in my state of suffering, but for that night there was to be no relief, no ease. The dismal hours wore on and all through the night the traffic roared by my window. One of the remarkable things about Calgary is that traffic continues unabated throughout the twenty-four hours, it seems that the traffic never ceases, but that is to be expected of a city which has the greatest number of cars to the population in North America.

At last the first dim glimmerings of light began to filter in my window, and then once again there was the effort to try to find a doctor who would do a house call. Some of you may wonder why I wasn't rushed off to hospital.

The answer to that is simple; hospitals nowadays do not like to take a patient unless there is a definite order, or committal from a General Practitioner. There have been so many cases reported lately of patients being turned away from hospitals, in fact, just about the time of my increasing illness a case had been reported of a person who had been taken to hospital and who had been refused. The poor wretched sufferer had been taken to a number of hospitals and refused from each one, and then he died at home. At the Inquest it all came out, but because I was ill at the time I rather lost track of what happened although I believe the whole thing was hushed-up by the hospital authorities.

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At about midday we were successful in getting a doctor to call upon me. He came, he looked, and he phoned the ambulance. In about twenty minutes the ambulance men came, and very smart, very efficient young men they were. They were the most considerate ambulance men I have had; and I have been in hospitals in England, Germany, France, Russia and a few other places. But these young men really knew their job. They got me on their mobile stretcher and they got me out of the door, and then one of them said proudly, "You're only the second patient to ride in this ambulance, its only been delivered to us today." Yes, and a nice ambulance it was, too. My stretcher was slid inside, one of the attendants got in with me, and off we drove to the Foothills Hospital.

Soon we were rolling along the new road leading to the hospital. Soon after there was a sudden darkening as we entered the Ambulance bay. Without any red tape, without any lost time, my stretcher was slid out and on to the wheeled trolley again, and the two ambulance men pushed me through corridors and into an elevator.

Smoothly the elevator moved upwards and came to a stop without a jerk. I was maneuvered most carefully down another corridor and into a ward, and I must again say that these two young men knew their job, they were efficient, they were gentle, so different from some others from whom I have suffered.

The Foothills Hospital is perhaps the best hospital in Calgary, the most efficient, the most modern. It is a "warm" place where people "care," and I must say that the time I spent there was as pleasant as the nurses and orderlies could make it. No one is going to be so foolish as to say that the treatment is pleasant, it is as I said to the Income Tax people when they tried to query why I should have a wheelchair-well, surely one doesn't have a wheelchair for pleasure, it is a matter of necessity for the disabled-and in the same way the treatment in the hospital was not enjoyable but it was made as painless as possible by the care and devotion of the medical staff.

At other hospitals there has been absolutely no human thought, but for the Foothills Hospital-I was so impressed that when I left I wrote to the Medical Director and Administrator specifically praising certain nurses and a certain orderly, an orderly who really did go beyond the limit of his strict duty to make things easier for sufferers.

Naturally enough, I hope I never go in the Foothills Hospital again, but undoubtedly I shall have to go to a hospital and my choice without any reservations would be that one again-the Foothills Hospital of Calgary, about the best hospital that one can meet-if one does meet a hospital.

But home again, not cured, naturally. I was feeling quite ill and the work on this book is hard going, hard going because when one has had as much suffering as I have had then the body rebels at extra work. Never mind, I have said that this book will be written, and it will be written.

Today I have been out again for the second time since I came home from the hospital. Biggs is still here, and will be here for about a week more. We went up into the foothills and once again I discovered the disadvantages of being a "sensitive" because we passed an old Indian encampment, the scene of a massacre, and the worse I am in health the more psychic

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I become and at one stage I had to close my eyes because I could “see” the Indians and the battle raging. It was so vivid that it was, to me, as plain as was the car in which I sat, and it is a frightening thing to go driving through a massacre. Even Biggs, the driver, not claiming to be a “sensitive”, could still feel something as if his hair was standing on end.

It was very pleasant, though, up in the higher ground looking out across the city. But, like so many other cities nowadays, the atmosphere is polluted. We have oil wells all around Calgary and they spew fumes into the air day and night. In my, ignorance I always marvel that the fumes lie around the city. We are 3,500 feet above sea level, the highest city in Canada, and I rather wondered why the fumes didn't go rolling down to the Prairies. Never mind, one day perhaps I shall know the reason, but it is disheartening to look out and to see this ring of brown fog all around the city.

Back from my tour into the foothills-work again because the work must go on no matter what.

Before we go on answering the type of questions in which you are mostly interested, let me answer a question which is very frequently put to me:-“I just don't understand this address of yours, BM/TLR, London, England, doesn't seem much of an address to me.” People do not believe that that is a proper address and so they engage in all manner of strange devices to make sure that the Post Office authorities in England know that the letter is meant for me. So I am going to take a little space to give a free advertisement to a very fine firm.

Many, many years ago a man in England decided that it would be a wonderful convenience for travelers and others who did not want their address commonly known to have an arrangement with the British Post Office whereby he could have a general address which was British Monomarks, London W.C.1, and any correspondence bearing the BM would be sent to a firm which he organized.

Then for a very modest sum he provided people with what are called Monomark addresses. The cheapest type are those which are allotted to one which could be, by way of example, BM/1234. But if you want to use your own initials you could do as I have done, my Monomark is BM/TLR. Now, the BM stands for British Monomarks, and when the Post Office sorters see the BM they know it is for British Monomarks and, of course, the letter is then delivered to British Monomarks. British Monomarks know that the BM is their bit, and so they go by the second bit TLR in this case. So they put TLR mail in a box and about two or three times a week the mail is sent on to me either by having sticky labels stuck over the BM bit or by being packed in a big envelope, it depends on what one wants.

There is another type of BM Monomark too, but that is a BCM and that is for firms, it means a commercial Monomark. Mine is a private type but if I was a big firm I would have a British Commercial Monomark. In twenty years I have not had a single complaint against British Monomarks, and it is truly a matter of complete amazement to me how carefully they deal with the mail and how infallible they are. Just think, I get a vast amount of mail from all over the world-even from Moscow!-and Monomarks don't pinch the foreign stamps off the envelopes and they don't make any mistakes, either. So if you want to find out more about them all you have to do is to write to BCM/MONO, London W.C.1, England, and they will give you all the information you need. But I want to take this opportunity of most sincerely con-

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gratulating the Monomark firm for the absolutely wonderful service they give. Take my own case; I move about, I have been to other countries and I have been all around Canada, and yet all I have to do is to write to Monomarks and tell them that as from such-and-such a date please forward all mail to (my new address) , and without any mistakes whatever the mail arrives.

Let me tell you this, it's worth telling, or worth reading; a little time ago there was a most unfortunate occurrence. A lady of my acquaintance-a friend of mine-had a little nerve trouble and, I suppose, she was worried about the troubles I was having with the press. So she wrote to British Monomarks and told them to send all my mail to her address. She made it appear that it was a definite request from me.

British Monomarks are truly an experienced firm. They did not take her at her word, they were not deluded . . . they wrote to me to see what my instructions were. Well, I nearly blew a fuse, but then I calmed down and realized that you don't just throw over a friend for a little mistake caused perhaps by nerve strain, so I told Monomarks to send my mail on to me as before. Really I cannot praise them too highly. You may think I am "going overboard" about them, but that is not so at all. One's mail is important, and it is vital to all of us that we can absolutely depend on those who forward our mail. You CAN depend on Monomarks! So thank you, ladies and gentlemen of the Monomark Staff.

Mrs. Rouse-alias Buttercup-tells me I look like Doc of the Seven Dwarfs when I am getting ready for work. Well, I am not sure she doesn't really mean Dopey, but anyway I suppose I do look a queer old fellow stuck in a wheelchair surrounded by masses of letters containing even more masses of questions. Never mind, I have been asked to write this book, and I am writing the thing in spite of feeling like something the cat brought in-and left behind in a hurry. So let's get on with our questions and answers, shall we?

Oh glory be, oh glory be-I've let myself in for something now! Here is the first question which I have just picked up, so you'd better sit back and polish up your glasses if you wear the things, and get a load of this: "Considering we are three dimensional beings evolving (hopefully) into the fourth dimension, it follows logically that we came from a second dimension and before that a first. The first question is, is this digression true, and if so what were we before the first dimension, and what spiritual attainment did we need to advance? Now, to further complicate things, if the first and second do not exist in our evolution as we theorized before then where do we originate from before the third dimension!?"

Now, I hope your head is not going around as much as mine is because actually this is true enough, you know, we do evolve from a one dimensional being. Consider, for example, an amoeba. You could logically, I suppose, consider the lowly amoeba as being a one dimensional creature, and all life evolves from a single-celled entity, and the single cell grows other cells and then eventually fission occurs to make two or more entities. That is the earliest stage of evolution. But anyway, actually, this is not a question that we can answer satisfactorily because the one dimensional creature would have no more understanding of our third dimensional world than a person can have of the sixth dimensional world while here. So we have to take certain things on trust. There are some people who really blind themselves with science, as the saying is. They try to formulate questions beyond their own understanding.

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So-we do evolve from a one dimensional entity right up to uncountable, unmentionable dimensions until at last we become one with the Overself, and then when we are one with the Overself the Overself is complete, and then it too has to go on to further evolution. You cannot have things stationary in any form of nature, nothing is stationary. You can't stand still on a tightrope, for instance. If you try to you've got to keep on wobbling or swaying in order to maintain your apparently stationary posture, and if you are wobbling you are not stationary, are you? So all life is movement, all life is vibration, and the more we evolve the more vibrations we set into motion.

Would it help at all if I say to the musicians we can have one simple note, middle C, if you like (that's the only one I know!), and then you can take that as being a one dimensional being. But then when you progress so that you can use two hands on your piano and you can play a multiple chord, you can say that you are now up to three, or four, or five dimensions in terms of vibration, because, whether we like it or not, music no matter how beautiful is still just a collection of vibrations which "get on" with each other.

I am sorry I can't answer that more specifically, but you would not teach newborn babies the calculus, would you?

Now here is a question which is sure to get me in trouble. Some people write and tell me that I am opposed to Jews. Believe me, that is definitely not the case! I get on extremely well with Jewish people, I suppose as a Buddhist I have some sympathy with them; most of them certainly have sympathy with me.

"You have said that Jewish people are a group who were kept back to try it again in this Round of existence. Does this mean that Jewish people are always Jews throughout their lives on Earth?"

No, it doesn't mean that at all. Let's forget about Jews and Christians and Buddhists, let's have a look at a school. All right, we are in our school; we've got a bunch of Grade Two hoodlums and they have reached the end of term, now they are being put through their paces by way of examinations to see if their stupid brains have absorbed any knowledge during the past term. Some of them can pass the examinations, probably through good fortune more than anything else. But, anyway, the ones who pass go up to Grade Three. The poor wretches who do not pass get kept in Grade Two. Now, when they are in Grade Two for the second time they feel inferior and superior at the same time. They feel inferior in that they were not brainy enough to pass the examinations and get promoted, but they feel superior to the new crowd who have come into Grade Two, and so sometimes they act in a most unbearable manner. You feel it would be a pleasure to take a cane and tan their backsides until they turned into leather.

Jews are people who, on another Round of existence or another Cycle of existence-call it what you will-did not pass the end of term examinations, so they have been kept back in this particular class for another go, and some of them feel arrogant, some of them feel inferior, but the rest of the people resent the Jews because they have so much more innate knowledge.

I get on with Jews very well, I understand them, they understand me, and no Jew has

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ever tried to convert me to anything. Gentiles have. Sometimes stupid old biddies with a touch of religious mania make life a misery by sending me tracts, pamphlets, Bibles, “good words” in verse-and they get worse and worse-and all the rest.

Sometimes they will send me ornamental crucifixes or pictures which I am supposed to hang up all around me. Well, all the junk of that sort goes in the garbage, I don’t need anyone to tell me what my religion is going to be. I have one even though I am a Buddhist-I have my own private beliefs, Buddhism is just a way of life.

Anyway, Jews are nearly always far better behaved than Christians, aren’t they? Look at Jewish children, how well they are disciplined. Look at Jewish adults. If they are treated properly they are fine people, and I am proud to number certain wonderful Jewish people as my friends.

There weren’t any Jews before Abraham, anyway, or they weren’t called Jews before that. Before that they had a completely different classification. One might say the G.I. Joe suddenly becomes Joe Doakes, it’s just a case of being a rose by another name.

So a short answer would be that a person is not necessarily a Jew after this particular cycle because after he has “learned his lessons” he will be promoted to the next class where-hopefully-there won’t even be Christians. Look at it like this-in school a second grader is one who couldn’t pass his examinations but if at the next examinations he does pass then he might be promoted to a third grade.

One lady is having trouble, it seems. She wants to know, “Is there herbal birth control that you know of? Is there any form you would recommend that is practiced now?”

I have never set up as a birth control specialist and, of course, people in Far Eastern countries use only herbs to control conception and these herbs are infallible. But what is the point, madam, of telling you about them if you can’t go out and get them-and you can’t. So I think the kindest advice I can give you is that if you feel “that way” you’d better go along to your local birth control clinic and get their advice.

Oh, tut tut, dear me. Some people get really nasty at times, don’t they? I’ve got a “gentleman” here who tells me in the most vicious way possible that I am out to make a “fast buck” writing books and if I were in any way genuine I would see that a special Index was prepared so that he wouldn’t have the trouble (HE, mind you!) of looking through all my books to find out something hidden in a mass of stupid words.

Well, of course, I would like to have an Index but no one else seems to want it. I would like, in fact, to have a separate book such as, for example, a sixteenth book, and the sixteenth book would be nothing but an Index. All right, then, would you Readers be prepared to pay for a book which was nothing but an Index? If so write and tell my publisher. You will find the address in this book. He won’t provide it free, that’s certain, because he too has to make a living. Anyway, if people read my books properly they should have an adequate knowledge of what is in them. Did I tell you I had had a letter from a woman in California, she told me that she had read “You -Forever” in half an hour, and if I was anything of a writer I would put all the meat of the book in half a chapter!! I am still marveling that a person can read a book such as “You-Forever” in half an hour-still marveling and still disbelieving.

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A gentleman in France seems to be very worried about his future. He tells me that, "Perhaps I have even put my question to you but they seem to have provoked you a little paradoxical answers opposite which you in your books express. Far be it from me to address a reproach to you, but on the contrary a fervent desire for weel to understand you. You say in your letter that the Mediterranean will be quite safe, on the other hand I believe to remember that in the one of your books you speak of submersion for the periphery of the sea."

Well, I still say I am right. The Mediterranean will eventually have the seabed rise so that what is now water will become land. I told this enquirer in a letter that he would be quite safe, and I still say that he will be quite safe from such a disaster. You see, people think of their own lifetime and they think that that is all eternity, but it isn't. If a catastrophe is going to happen in perhaps a hundred years then a person who might have, perhaps, twenty years of life left is quite safe from that disaster.

People write to me and ask me if they should flee to the Rockies or should they go somewhere else, and they get quite offensive when I tell them that in my opinion they will be quite safe where they are. Think of an old fellow of seventy writing to me in a horrible state of fright because he thinks the land is going to sink and he is going to get the top of his head wet. I say that where the man lives there will be submergence IN THE YEARS TO COME, but I do not think that there will be a submergence in his lifetime. If you are thinking of your grandsons, okay-move out fast, move into the Rockies, the Canadian Rockies of course. You will have to do a lot of snow clearing first because as I am writing this book I can look out and see the Rockies and there really is a pile of snow at the top. But, seriously, the average person who writes in doesn't have to worry, these disasters won't be in your lifetime unless you are writing on behalf of a small child!

Hello Shelagh McMorran, so you have decided to send me some questions, have you? You ask me, "What must one do to be able to communicate with Nature Spirits or fairies?"

That's easy enough. You have to live what is called a "pure life" in order that your vibrations are increased. You have to live as a hermit (hermitess?) because if you mix with a lot of people your personal vibrations will be slowed down otherwise you won't be able to get on with other people.

Then you will have to practice telepathy because it's no good speaking to Nature Spirits in vocal words. The vocal system of speech is too crude, too gross, for Nature Spirits. All you can use is telepathy. But if you can communicate with your cat then you can communicate with Nature Spirits.

You also say, "People cast about looking for salvation and enlightenment. Could it be that the answers we seek lie not in any outside source but only within us?" Oh yes, definitely. We are what we make ourselves. If we believe in a thing then that thing can be, and I would say that by far the easiest method of finding "salvation" is to obey the Golden Rule-Do only unto others as you would have them do unto you.

So many people think they are going to get salvation in some holy book or by follow-

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ing some Teaching which is thousands of years out of date. If you are going to follow some of these early Christian beliefs then you will have to agree that women are inferior articles, chattels. But our Women's Libbers wouldn't like that, and, of course, they are right. My own belief is (should I whisper it?) women are in every way the equal of men but they are different creatures, almost a different species. Men are suitable for some things, women are suitable for others. So why don't women do their particular task and look after the nation, look after the discipline and training of the forthcoming race? They would find they would get salvation that way!

“Humbleness, sincerity, harmlessness, forgiveness, uprightness, devotion to the spiritual master, purity, steadiness, self-harmony . . if a person is trying to live these precepts could he (or pardon me, also she) have faith that he is progressing rightly even though no visions are seen and no occult powers are made manifest?”

Definitely, because if you are obeying the Golden Rule then you will be on the way to getting all these abilities, and there is nothing “holy” in being psychic, there is nothing particularly spiritual in being clairvoyant, it is just an ability. For example, you wouldn't say that a person is necessarily spiritual because she can sing or paint or write books, they are abilities. Spirituality has nothing to do with it, so it doesn't matter how pure or holy or upright a person may be, if he or she does not have the necessary physical makeup to be psychic then he or she won't be psychic. You can be psychic even if you are bad, but it's better to be psychic and good.

Now, Shelagh McMorran has a question here which applies to a lot of people, a lot of people have written similar type of things, so here's the complete question:-”It has been said by you and other wise men that when the student is ready the Teacher will appear. It has also been said that for one to progress on the Path and awaken the latent divinity within oneself one must have a Teacher. How best may one prepare for the meeting with a spiritual Teacher, can this meeting take place in any walk of life or must certain things be done or given up before it can take place? Would it be true that one might prepare now for a meeting to take place in some future life?”

Yes, it is perfectly true that when the student is ready the Teacher will appear, and it is not for the student to say when he or she is ready. What happens is this; as the aspiring student develops he or she (oh, bother, let's just say “he” as a generic term) increases in basic vibration. That vibration is like a bell sounding in the etheric, so a Teacher who is always ready for a student, and who may appear in the physical or who may not, goes to the aid of a student. And I want to make it clear that it doesn't necessarily mean that the Teacher is going to sit opposite the student and rap him over the knuckles every so often to secure his attention; the Teacher may be in the astral and may teach the student when the student also is in the astral.

So many people write and insist that they are ready-they are quite positive that they are ready-so why do not I or someone else rush over land and sea to their assistance?

I dispute that people should have physical Teachers. I am definitely opposed to all these correspondence courses alleging to teach one metaphysics, spirituality, etc., etc. If you need a Teacher you will get one in the astral, and I'm going to tell you this; when you die,

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that is, when your physical body is finished with this Earth and your astral entity goes on to the astral world it has to stand alone and answer for successes and failures, and it is useless to think that because you once took a correspondence course in boot licking that the chief bootlicker is going to come and speak on your behalf explaining why you can only lick black boots and not brown boots. No, when you pass over you have to stand alone and answer to yourself alone, so the best thing to do is to get used to it now, rely on yourself, rely on your own resources. You don't want to be just a slave or shadow of some correspondence course or some stupid cult leader, do you? You are an entity so act as one.

You ask, Shelagh McMorran, if certain things have to be given up before one can advance, and the answer is of course-yes. You have to give up things like intoxicants because they can affect your psyche. You have to give up drugs . . . not YOU, of course, because you don't have these things, perhaps I should have said "one" must give up these things. One must give up the things which harm the astral body because if you are harming the astral body then all your vibrations are wrong, aren't they, and if your vibrations are wrong you will not get an astral or physical Teacher, so you are back where you started from.

"Throughout the ages Initiation has played a vital role in the progress of a soul. In the present age how, and under what circumstances, may this Initiation take place?"

Well, I am not much in favour of initiations because usually it is just a mumbo-jumbo ceremony which doesn't mean a thing except to scare some poor wretch half out of his life. All you need, really, is a simple straightforward affirmation, a statement of intent, a promise that one is going to do certain things or study certain things, and I maintain that it is just plain stupid to dunk a person in dirty water or give him a swig of wine, or put bits of coloured cloth on him. That merely is a theatrical act of mumbo-jumbo. A simple affirmation is all that is necessary as an initiation ceremony. It is merely an understanding that a person is ready to take certain steps which will increase his psychic ability.

"Jesus and other World Leaders had followers and friends other than their immediate disciples. You have said in 'Chapters of Life' that a new World Leader is to be born in 1985. Would it be possible for a person to do anything now to be worthy of becoming a helper, supporter, follower or friend to the new World Leader in that future time, or will those close followers all be on a different cycle from the rest of us?"

The only way that one can prepare is by living a decent life, a spiritual life, a "correct" life, and so setting an example to those around you. Nowadays we live in a truly horrid age where everybody is trying to beat down everyone else, and things are going to get much worse unless enough of us make sure that we are examples of the benefits that can be derived by leading a decent life.

Most people will only do a thing if there is some material gain for them. That sounds shockingly cynical, I know, but I believe it to be a fact, and so at the outset at least one has to show others that there are material benefits from calmness, peacefulness, and honesty, and until the "opposition" can be convinced of those benefits then they will not follow the strait and narrow Path.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Buttercup has just been reminding me that I am not doing much toward answering psychic questions so far in this book. I don't know what I am supposed to have been doing, then, because I thought that that was what the book was all about. Anyway, how about this for a question? "How would a person know if the Kundalini had begun to rise other than by having his aura observed?"

The person would know, and if the Kundalini had risen through the result of wrong practices the psychiatrist would know also! If a person meddles with the Kundalini-and he can-then he can induce very severe mental disturbance. A person should never try to raise the Kundalini but should always wait for it to occur naturally. It is a very dangerous thing indeed to interfere with the Kundalini.

Of course one can observe the aura and see what is happening to the aura and to the Kundalini, but then we come back to the old problem of how to part people from their panties. It is a most extraordinary thing because as I write this in an extremely hot temperature of 90 degrees there are people out in their swimming pools or paddling pools or whatever they call the things, and some of them are barely clad. It seems that they will take off most of their clothes for the sake of display, but when it comes to a serious thing like studying the aura-no, they would like to have clothes painted on. Anyway, by what I have seen of people around in nearby bathing pools it's a darn good thing some of these women do keep their clothes on, they would look better in a completely shapeless garment than they do in their bikini things, or whatever they call them. It reminds me of fat women with tight pants-ohhh!-but I'd better not get on a subject like that! Another question, "Is it possible in the present age to have the third eye opened in the manner in which you did, or must this be the result of gradual awakening of the chakras?"

Well, would you have your appendix removed by an amateur? Or would you do it yourself? If you've got any sense, and you must have or you wouldn't be reading this book, you would try to get the best specialist you could to do the job for you. In the same way, you would need to get a real specialist to open your third eye, and they are about as rare as raspberries on gooseberry bushes in the West. Actually, it is not at all a difficult matter if one can look at the aura at the same time because by looking at the aura one can tell precisely

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what is happening, and so it is possible to control everything.

Actually, though, I would never, never advise a Western person to have the third eye opened by operation. In the same way I advise Western people not to have acupuncture. It works just fine for Easterners because they have been brought up to it and because in many ways they are quite a lot different from Westerners. So-don't have your third eye opened by operation or you may end up spiritually blind.

Someone here is interested in pendulums . . . oh, it's our friend Shelagh McMorran. She writes, "Would it be possible or likely for an elemental or some such to control the responses of a pendulum?"

Yes, its quite possible for mischievous entities to do almost anything, they could easily control the pendulum; for instance. In case you wonder how this can be, let me say that a man is driving a school bus; now, he's got a rowdy lot of school lads with him and after a time they might whisper together and gang up on the driver. Then one schoolboy, more foolish or more adventurous than others, would take hold of the steering wheel and try to control it in spite of the driver's efforts. It might even be that some of the other boys would even pull the driver's hands from the wheel. Kids nowadays will do just about everything so why shouldn't they do that? But that is a similar state to when a mischievous entity takes over control of the pendulum. The user of the pendulum for some reason has lost control, or never had it, and that is why I always stress that you should make the pendulum yours and no one else's, because if YOU control the pendulum no other entity can possibly do so, so it all depends on how much control you have.

Now, here is a question . . .

"In 'Chapters of Life' you made predictions about events which will occur during this end period of the present world cycle. During this period do you think the Gardeners of the Earth will return to weed and prune this tangled and twisted garden, or is it more likely they will return after the cataclysms have taken care of most of we weeds (or is it us weeds?)?"

It is my belief that the Gardeners of the Earth are getting heartily sick of conditions on this world because, you know, humans, basically, are getting more and more selfish and instead of people trying to do each other a good turn they nowadays seem bent for destruction.

I believe that round about (I said "round about") the year 2000 we may see quite startling incidents during which, possibly, the Gardeners of the Earth or their special messengers will come to take a look at our world. In past cataclysms the surface people of the Earth were driven so they could enter the interior of the Earth through the large holes at the Poles. Naturally, people inside the Earth will be quite safe from atom bombs which devastate the exterior because I believe that the thickness of the Earth between this and the inner layer is 800 to 1,000 miles, much of it iron ore and various hard rocks.

If you want to see the fun, then, hang around until round about the year 2000 then you will get a free firework display.

Now for a complete change of theme. This is a question from a South American coun-

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try, and the question is a very sensible one. It is, "When praying what should I really call my Overself? I do not like a human name, would it be all right to say 'God', 'Lord', or 'Guide', or just 'Overself'? You have mentioned that the Overself has several puppets to manage, does that mean he manages other people as well and not only me? Then it is not only my Overself but also other peoples. Are these people in any way related to me or not?"

Well, that's a stunner! I started out thinking that was one question, instead it's a whole bunch of questions, isn't it? Never mind, let's get on with it; it really does not matter what you call your Overself any more than it matters what you call your subconscious because so long as you get over the idea that you are addressing the Overself or that you are addressing the subconscious, then you could even have a number, number one for Overself, number two for subconscious. Of course, that is not necessarily too facetious because it just doesn't matter what you call the Overself provided that you are consistent. You must always use the same name. Now, I have mentioned many times about the Overself and the puppets. Let's put it this way; you have your body, let's call your body the Overself. And then you have a right hand, a left hand, a right foot and a left foot, let's call them your puppets. So your hands and feet are definitely part of you, aren't they, they are definitely related to each other, so in precisely the same way the other people who are the puppets of that one Overself are related, are connected, are dependent upon each other. And the Overself has to manage each of those puppets in the same way that you have to manage your hands and your feet. For example, if your feet can't get on together you can't walk because supposing the puppets which you call your feet disliked each other and both tried to take a right step at the same time, well you would fall over backwards. I'm not sure it couldn't be done, and I'm certainly not going to try, but you have to keep your hands and your feet on a good working relationship with each other.

Now this question, "When leaving this life must we all pass the place where those elementals, thought forms, or whatever they are try to scare us? Is that something inevitable for all of us, or do the helpers have a chance to save us from that? If we should die suddenly, for example, by some traffic accident or aeroplane crash, etc., do the helpers have time to get to us at once or must we then drift alone prey to those awful elementals?" Say! I seem to have fallen on a bunch of multiple questions. Now what have I done to deserve this? Well, anyway, suppose you are going to travel by train or car or bus or aeroplane, then you have to cross a certain area of "public domain" before you get into your vehicle. For instance, suppose you have a car outside your house and you want to get in that car. You have to get out of your house and you have to cross the sidewalk to get in to your vehicle. In the same way, when you leave your body you have to cross an area of "public domain for spirits" to get into the astral, but in ninety-nine percent of the cases you do not see any elementals. If you are not afraid then you have nothing to worry about because if you are not afraid then the elementals can't bother you, they can't approach you. So what is there to worry about, anyway? You might be leaving your house and proceeding to your car and you might see a lot of gaping children at the sidewalk, but you don't have to bother about them, do you? So why bother about elementals?

And yes, most certainly helpers have a chance to save you from anything. It doesn't matter if you have a sudden crash, the helpers are still there, because you must remember

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that time on Earth is a purely artificial thing and it has no meaning elsewhere. For instance, if you wanted to go from, say, South America to Australia while on the Earth you would have quite a commotion getting tickets, packing up your things, and actually travelling from South America to Australia. You would have all sorts of customs and immigration formalities. But in this other state in the astral, you think of a place and you are there, it's as quick as that. So that a person in the astral can be an uncountable distance from you in miles but he could say, "Oh my goodness, there's Jim Bugsbottom about to have an accident, I'm going." And then the astral helper would be there at the scene of the accident even before the thing happened.

Now for another question about astrals. "You have mentioned at least two different astral stages in the former books, one a little higher than the other, as far as I have understood. Do we all, average, not so evolved people have to go there after dying to Earth? Is it on that plane there can exist a sort of family life you also mentioned in some of the books? Is it possible to graduate directly from one plane to a higher one, or must we all inevitably reincarnate between each higher astral plane?"

If you could look in on me now you would see that I was looking gloomier and gloomier. For one thing the temperature is getting hotter and hotter-it really IS a hot day here-and for another thing here is another of these darn multiple questions. I feel that I am writing three or four books at once!

We on Earth are in a certain stage of evolution. Here we are in a physical stage in a third dimensional world. When we "die", that is, when our body ceases to function for some reason, we go to "the astral plane," that is a sort of reception area, and in that particular astral plane we make an assessment of what we have done and what we have left undone upon the third dimensional world, we take advice from special counselors, and perhaps we may decide that it will be better if we return to Earth, that is, reincarnate and have another life on Earth.

It may be, though, that we haven't done so badly after all, and in that case we shall be able to advance-to go to a higher plane of existence, perhaps a fourth dimensional, perhaps a fifth dimensional world. But I must again express that time is different when one is off the Earth, and one can stay a long time in the astral and then reincarnate almost instantly according to Earth days on this world. It is very confusing if you are too accustomed to believing that time is a hard and fast 60 seconds to the minute, 60 minutes to the hour, 24 hours to the day, etc.

Time in the astral is flexible, but in the astral we can have our friendly associations, in fact we have to have them in order to round out our basic experiences. We can also have suitable love affairs-I'm sure that will cheer up a lot of you!

It really seems that some poor fellow is all gummed up about this astral business. Look at this for a question; "If one of my children, or any loved one, should leave this Earth before me or after me, and that person is then sent back to Earth in a new incarnation before I arrive there, or I am sent back before they arrive, how is it possible for us then to meet in the astral? And if they or I should have graduated to a higher astral plane how can we then meet? Is it possible to visit one another even being on separate astral planes?"

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Throughout my books I have tried to put over the idea of astral travel, I have tried to get over to people the thought that they can if they want leave this body and go into the astral plane and meet people in the astral plane. It seems I have not succeeded too well, doesn't it? So if the person who asks these questions will read my books-well, the answer is there plain enough; if you want to meet a person in the astral then you can, by telepathy, arrange such a meeting, and you can get out of your body for that purpose.

If a person is in a higher plane and he or she wants to meet you in the astral, he or she can travel downwards to your own astral plane. There is no problem at all provided that both persons want such a meeting. I have just been looking at another question and wonder if I should quietly drop everything and retire to a monastery. Perhaps in view of some of these questions it would be more appropriate to retire to a nunnery. Anyway, you judge for yourself. Here is the question, and how would YOU answer it?

"At what stage exactly; or more or less exactly, does the spirit enter a baby to be born? There are thousands of women on this Earth with that question on their mind. Some have been blindly, romantically in love and have been led too far by the boy or man that confessed eternal true love and marriage but couldn't dominate his passion, and so the tragedy has occurred. He still loves her but cannot yet afford to marry her and she must get rid of if, etc. Nowadays it is probably carelessness and just indulging in sex for pleasure and not caring for anything, I don't know. But can you answer that question, do you know? Sex is not sin nor bad if connected with love, as you yourself have said in the books. Sex without love is meaningless and just animal pleasure but is still practiced mostly so. Is it not murder to abort before the spirit enters the embryo of a child? When is the moment when an abortion becomes murder?"

Well, well, and well again. After being "exposed" to some of these questions I feel like one of those Aunt Fanny's who write in certain newspapers purporting to answer all assorted manner of questions. Poor souls, I know exactly how they feel. But I feel that I am being "put upon" to answer questions which are not connected with metaphysics.

I will give my own opinion, though, and it is this; if people want to know about birth control, abortion, etc., then why not go to a family planning clinic and get all the information free, and perhaps a free sample of something which will "gum up the works" for the desired time. You would find it much better to go to a family counsellor or some clinic, or to a doctor, so that you can discuss your own case and all its ramifications and all and every bit of detail about it. Then you will get information which is applicable to you and all your circumstances.

But I can't see, really, that people need to have abortions nowadays when they have so many alleged safeguards available. If they are in any doubt-well, don't!

Further, the entity who is going to take over the body does not take over at any specific time, it depends on the degree of evolution, it depends on the need, on the type, and all that sort of thing. So you could say one abortion could take place at a month and another at six months. Every case depends upon its own individual circumstances, and our Estimable Publisher will throw a fit and he might even blush if I go into any more details, so I suggest that if you do want details go to a doctor or a family planning clinic-they'll tell you all you need to know.

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The temperature is getting hotter as the day wears on. I suppose it is almost a case that eggs in a shop window are becoming hard-boiled. Certainly I need to be hard-boiled to face up to some of these questions, and I am wondering whether the temperature of over 90 or the questions are the hottest. Get ready for the next one:—"Divorce-if two people who have been in love and married and truly have believed that they would never part in this life nor in the next, little by little get hurt by each other, bewildered and desperate, and all of a sudden realize that they cannot understand each other any more but seem to develop into two strangers who are unable to communicate, what shall they do? Shall they go on living together, but almost starting to hate each other and the cleft being greater and greater, the atmosphere in the home being heavier and heavier, or shall they separate and at least not live together hating each other? How can this happen when both could swear from the bottom of their hearts that they would never stop loving each other? Each of them feels that the other one has changed horribly by some mysterious fate. He and she doesn't think as before, doesn't react as before. He or she are only criticizing all the time where they before saw no fault, and when also physical problems enter in the picture and there seems to be no way out, what to do? Is it bad to separate? Should they go on living together just because they signed some documents and some priest told them to? Or should they be honest and split up and let time cure the wounds, and at last at least be able to forgive and understand that both erred, and not only one of the parts? What is wrong, what is right?"

Many people ask me this, so I will give my own honest opinion about it. I believe that in the Christian belief the priests meddle so much in marriage that everything in marriage is distorted. For example, in the Catholic belief, if a woman doesn't have enough children the priests get thoroughly unpleasant about it and threaten the husband and wife with all sorts of horrible things. I know that is true because I have seen it happen myself, and in Ireland I have learned the meaning of the old statement, "The priest had his hat on the doorknob so the husband stayed out"!

If two business partners cannot get on together, then they part. It is the only sensible thing to do, and marriage nowadays really IS a business! My personal opinion is that people should never separate; they should divorce and part definitely, deliberately, and irrevocably. After all, if you have an aching tooth you don't go to a dentist and have it half pulled, do you, you have the thing yanked straight out so that you can forget all about it.

Well, if you've got wife trouble or husband trouble and you can't seem to make any sense of it, then don't waste any more time-get divorced, never mind what the stupid clod of a priest says, he is not going through it-he is not suffering-you are. I believe most of the religious muck which is blatted out nowadays is truly wrong. In the days before Christian marriage was a most pleasant thing, different altogether to what it is now, and in religious communities not dominated by Christianity, again marriage is a more compatible affair.

The answer, then, is-divorce in a hurry, But try to part as friends who have had a difference, a disagreement. You don't have to go around ruining each other's character, it takes two people to make a divorce which means you are both to blame.

Tomorrow Mr. John Bigras-Biggs-and his two cats Mr. Wayfarer Bigras and Mrs. Wayfarer Bigras, will get in their big car and roar along toward Vancouver. I certainly wish that I

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could go with them riding through the mountains and seeing all the trees. Here in Calgary, there are not many trees, it is far different from all the green of Vancouver. But there it is, I know that my travelling days are limited, and so first of all I must wish Mr. Bigras and Cats-Bigras bon voyage on their trip home to Vancouver. Biggs can look back on another vacation behind him for a year. Soon I shall be able to look back on a fifteenth book completed.

I get some quite extraordinary questions, for instance, how would one answer this; "I was reading in 'Cave of the Ancients' about the Japanese monk. This made me think of myself reading different things. How is one to know if we are injuring ourselves?"

Now, how can one answer that? Probably by relating all this to medicine. Let's see what we can do; suppose you have a television set and you look at all those advertisements about patent medicines, or supposing you look in the newspapers and you read the advertisements about this, that, and something else which will cure everything -well, no one in their right senses would take all the muck advertised because so many things would not be compatible. If you took two things which were opposed, that is, not compatible, you would aggravate your condition by adding some other condition of your own making. So I can only say that if you are reading too much on too many subjects, or too much about the same subject, then you should give it a rest. Without trying to be a supersalesman, I tell people that they should read my books first because all I say in my books is true and I can do everything I write about. There has been a lot of so-called authors of late who have just lifted lumps out of other people's books and rephrased it so it is thought to be a different book. But if you rephrase a thing you do not always get the same meaning, do you? So-I think that a person should concentrate on one author to one subject, and when they have read all that author has written then, if they want to, they can go on to something else. But the way people go on is like those who mix their drinks which I am reliably assured is a most reprehensible practice!

Now, here is another question which really doesn't have an answer:-

"When you move to an apartment and sense something uneasy or negative what is it and how can you rid the place of it?"

I can only assume that the question means what can one do if one goes to an apartment which is haunted or which is saturated with the negative influences of the former tenants. If the place is haunted-what of it? The haunter can't hurt the hauntee, and if one exerts a definite telepathic command the haunter will go away. You see, most times a haunted building is haunted only by the dynamic vital force of a person who has passed on, the force lingers around like the last echoes of a brass band.

The echoes of a brass band die away in seconds, and the echoes of a virile person's death dissipate in a second or so of astral time, which may be a hundred years of Earth time, but it can be dissipated if you give a definite telepathic command for the haunter to cease haunting.

We seem to have stumbled on a bunch this time. Look at this one-"I know someone who was into witchcraft, he soon began to feel that demons were after him so he dropped witchcraft quickly. Could you explain these demons, and how does one become possessed?"

If people mess about with witchcraft they deserve all they get and I have no sympathy

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with them because witchcraft is definitely tampering with forbidden forces. In the lower astral there are all sorts of entities who are like mischievous monkeys, they love imitating humans, they love teasing humans, and many many good people -people of the highest intentions-have been to seances which were not properly controlled by a trained Medium, and here these mischievous entities have relayed messages to the Medium and he or she, not knowing any better, thought they were genuine messages. Well, nothing succeeds like success, and so the more people thought that these mischievous ones were genuine so their power grew and in the end they were able to control the thoughts of the humans. They would telepathically whisper into the brain of a person that Aunt Matilda, or someone else, insisted that such-and-such a thing be done. But, again, if a person is not afraid nothing bad can happen. If you are haunted or think you are possessed then you just have to say very very firmly an affirmation that nothing can harm you and that the entity persecuting you will dissipate. These entities don't want to dissipate so they go away very quickly in search of someone else who cannot banish them, so there is nothing to be frightened about except of being afraid.

"My father is a teacher in a junior high school and has a growing interest in your Teachings. He often tells me of destructive delinquency of the kids, they are supposed to be from good families. How can these kids get out of their ruts or be helped?"

I thought I had dealt with that at considerable and tedious length already because I really firmly believe that there won't be any improvement in conditions until the mothers stay at home and make the home. Nowadays children are left to wander in the streets where they fall prey to stronger companions-stronger companions who are most often bent on destruction, and so they contaminate the "kids from good families." The only way the matter can be overcome is to revamp our society so that once again motherhood is a virtue instead of an unfortunate accident.

"Yesterday a girl approached my wife and I and tried very hard to sell us her Buddhism. I told her I had another Path and that her sales pitch turned me off. How is one to be sure of which Path to follow?"

Oh, that's an easy one! The real Buddhists have no missionaries. The real Buddhists never try to persuade anyone at all to become a Buddhist. You have probably fallen foul of one of these awful cult-girls who lounge about nowadays and try to get other victims who will pay dues to some imaginary Buddhist Society. Let me say again that if anyone tried to get you to become a Buddhist then he or she is not a Buddhist because Buddhism is just a way of life and not a religion, and Buddhism has no missionaries.

There are too many cults nowadays, there is a pseudo-education in which young punks of both sexes think they are the chosen Messiah who should get recruits for this, that or some other society.

In connection with this I am going to do what I rarely do, I am going to advise you to read a particular book all about secret societies, giving the origin of some of the cults who are always advertising in the papers nowadays, cults who try to get your money for their own ends. The book is "Secret Societies" edited by Norman MacKenzie and published by Crescent Books of New York.

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In my opinion this is a most excellent book and one that I thoroughly recommend. I wish I had written it myself!

“Wayne and I are Vegans. We follow Professor Arnold Ehrets diet. It consists of fruit and vegetables, no animal products, and nuts. I often wondered what you might have to say about it. Is it a diet that leads to freedom from disease, as the Professor believes? Also I am anxious to have people such as yourself get complete nutrition from barley, tea and butter. What do you think of this diet?”

If I really told you what I thought the publisher would probably fall off his chair in a dead faint because my thoughts on such things are incendiary. I think these crackpot diets are bunk, I think they are real muck. The U.S. military forces had a long trial of people taking the ordinary everyday military diet and those crackpots who went in for vegetarianism, you know, a cabbage leaf and a handful of nuts and things like that. Well, after six months the American authorities discovered quite definitely that the vegetarians were inferior in everything, inferior in brain power, inferior in physique, inferior in endurance, and definitely no more healthy.

On this Earth we are animals, and as we are animals and behave like animals we should eat that which our animal bodies demand. So if you take muck like this stupid diet and you find that your health is deteriorating you have no one but yourself to blame. I have no sympathy whatever with all these crackpot, stupid diets which have never been proved to be anything but a cult.

“I have just bought *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Have you any comments?”

Oh, I get such a heap of people asking about “*The Tibetan Book of the Dead*,” but, quite truly, it is wholly unsuited for Western people because it is a concept, an abstract concept, and one just cannot turn it into a concrete book of instructions. You see, Evans-Wentz was a very good man indeed, but he was a strong Christian and whatever he wrote was greatly coloured by his instinctive aversion to those heathens who had beliefs so different from his own, so he always “tipped the balance” against the heathen. And, again, you cannot translate abstract terms into concrete phrases, that is why there is so much misconception about acupuncture and about much of the Teachings relating to metaphysics. I believe that any person wanting to study the Book of the Dead should first learn Sanskrit!

Anita Kellaway writes to say, “Could you tell us more about the aura and device that could be made to see one’s aura? That is very interesting and could be so useful if some intelligent person would use it right. I don’t understand why doctors aren’t begging you to make one for them.”

Well, I have already written quite a lot about the aura, and an aura machine could be made if one had the money and the female models who would be willing to be studied. I have already said, though, that I can get neither! Some people now believe that the Kirlian system is the answer, but I think I had better mention the Kirlian system in another chapter because to my definite knowledge the Kirlian system of photography is just something going in the wrong direction. I know it to be an absolute waste of time.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

In the days of long ago when the Century was yet young “Kaiser Bill” stamped along his corridors in the Palace at Berlin thinking of world conquest, thinking of all the wonders he was going to perform.

Trying to conceal his defective arm he gesticulated enormously with the other in an attempt to compensate for his physical deficiencies and deformities. Kaiser Bill was getting ready to go to England to show off the might of the German Navy at a British naval review.

In a dacha on the outskirts of Moscow the Czar of all the Russias twirled his well-waxed moustache and thought of all the wonders that were going to happen in Russia. About him the courtiers were servile, concealing from the great Czar the truth of things as they were in Russia, concealing the truth about the growing unrest of the people, about the starvation of the peasants. The Czar of all the Russias sent his servants scurrying about him for he was going on a long journey all across Europe to England.

In England preparations were being made for an enormous naval review at Spithead. Heads of State were coming to see the review and all the might of the British Navy was going to be paraded before envious eyes.

The streets of London were cobbled. Horses hooves clattered enormously on the rough stone surface, and the iron-rimmed wheels of hansom cabs juddered as they crossed the uneven cobbles, jarring the passengers inside who were suspended in their carriage only by the leather straps at each corner.

The streets of London were lit largely by gas, that newfangled thing electricity was taking but slow hold on the great metropolis, and cars-well, cars were not yet to be seen except as a rarity of rarities, as a spectacle that would set everyone’s head turning.

The great London hospitals were thronged with eager, devoted young men anxious to make a name for themselves in the new fields of medicine. In one great London hospital an ardent young man, Dr. Kilner, studied and studied and went in for research on that strangest of all things which newfangled electricity would make possible. X-rays.

Late into the nights he labored trying different arrangements of voltages-electricity

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provided by the immense Compton dynamos which were then the most wonderful things to appear in the world of electrics-electric's, because the science of electronics was not yet born.

Dr. Kilner studied all manner of strange methods of investigating the human body. He found that if he used immense voltages and extremely small amperages he could project lights from the edges of the human body.

He called it testing for the aura. And then he went further in his researches and found that certain arrangements of prisms and lenses aided by filters of special dyes would enable him to see the aura on a nude human body, but the body had to be nude.

One day poor Dr. Kilner was caught examining a nude woman by the light of the special lamp. No matter that the intruding doctor could see coloured lights in all manner of strange shades on the screen through which Dr. Kilner looked. His research was closed down, he was hauled before the Board of Governors and the Board of Medical Directors, and he was threatened most solemnly that if he ever did research on the human body again, and in that particular field, he would be disbarred, crossed off the British Medical Association register and-who knows?-with his career in shards around him, he might even end up as a laborer or as an occupant of the local workhouse. Dr. Kilner was given the option of getting out of the medical profession or obeying orders and doing research into the dosages of the newly discovered X-ray photographic treatment.

So to mankind's lasting shame one of the great Discoverers was buried in obscurity. Dr. Kilner lapsed into mediocrity and did merely routine things in the world of X-ray. The science of aura research was lost.

The Great War came, the First Great War. X-rays were used for the first time on wounded soldiers. Medical science advanced, but always in the wrong direction, the X-ray machine was not the answer.

The war was won but not by the winner. The loser, Germany, came out of it best of all. First of all, though, people trundled millions of marks along the streets of Germany. Millions of marks were needed to buy even a poor meal. The mark became devalued, there was much trouble in Germany. Russia, too, was in a state of chaos because a new Party had risen, the Communist Party, the Soviet, and they were making wonderful strides in adapting the new knowledge of the West.

In early 1960 and on to the 1970's an author wrote certain things in books on metaphysics which stimulated the interest of the Russians who were always alert for such things. Numbers of this author's books were taken to Russia and studied by avid investigators. Eventually, under State direction, certain researches were carried out in the Universities of Moscow, studies which broke away from what really was the wrong type of research; X-ray was forgotten for a time in Russia and investigators there used high voltages in an attempt to detect the magnetic field of the human body. In Russia there was no problem about nudity, the individual did not matter, everything was subservient to the needs of the State.

In the course of time so-called civilization went its devious way, and there was a man and woman, husband and wife, in Russia who worked together and managed to make a

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study of many systems which had been tried in the past. Eventually these people, the Kirlians, were able to devise a modern adaptation of an old system, and by this particular system they found that they were able to obtain certain “phenomena” on photographic film.

Now, this does not mean that the Kirlians have succeeded in photographing the human aura. Definitely they have not, because basically their system is so crude that it can be likened to covering a horseshoe magnet with a piece of paper and on top of the piece of paper sprinkling iron filings so that the lines of magnetic force would be indicated as the iron filings arranged themselves in a pattern dictated by the magnetic influence from the magnet.

All the Kirlians have been able to do is to make more or less clear that there are certain lines of force about everything. But, once again, the Russians claim that the invention is their's although Nikola Tesla, who was born in 1856, made the apparatus which laid the foundation for “Kirlian photography” and our Nikola wasn't a Russian either!

Certain authors have been to Russia and have returned with wonderful tales of the progress which Russian metaphysicians have attained. Some of these authors have written books about the matter, lauding the Russians higher than the heavens and entirely oblivious of the fact that certain authors in the West had already written about such things and could do all that the Russians could do. One author in particular wrote to various lauding persons pointing out these facts but without ever receiving even an acknowledgment. The author sent to some of these people copies of his own books which had been in print long before the Russians “discovered” all the marvels of which they wrote.

Kirlian photography is a false lead just as was X-ray to Dr. Kilner. Kirlian photography is merely a distorted form of corona discharge, it merely shows a certain static electric discharge, or shielding of a discharge, around the human body.

One can have a horseshoe magnet, or even a bar magnet, and cover it with a piece of paper, and then if one sprinkles iron filings on the paper one can get a form of one dimensional impression of the magnetic field of the magnet, but that does not constitute exact knowledge of the magnet's performance nor of its composition. It is, in fact, just a parlor trick and nothing more. In such a manner the Kirlian system, which is merely a revival of something going back fifty or sixty years, is nothing but a parlor trick which is leading good sound investigators far off the proper track.

Kirlian photography is amusing, it enables one to do parlor tricks with leaves, etc., and even in colour, but then all corona discharges are in colour, are they not?

It is such a pity that people nowadays seem to think that anything exotic-and exotic means only foreign-must necessarily be good, better than the home product. There is an old saying which is very true to the effect that no man is a prophet in his own country. So it is that the Kirlian's, who have merely resurrected an old old system, are getting much attention which would not matter in the slightest except that it is sending reputable scientists off the right direction.

The correct form of X-ray which will come in time will not be those miserable shadows that one sees on a piece of thick film. It will, instead, be an exact colour reproduction of

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inside the human body, and if Dr. Kilner had not been sidetracked he would have produced such a form of photograph because he was on the right trail, he had the knowledge, knowledge which he brought down from the astral, and toward the realization of which he was just fumbling.

Correct X-ray-it would have been called something different at that time, of course-would have enabled doctors and surgeons to see precisely what was happening inside the body and exactly as it was happening and in its own natural colour. Then there would have been no need for exploratory operations, one would have seen instead.

And if those doctors had only listened to Dr. Kilner aura photography also would have been a commonplace, and with photography of the aura one can tell precisely what ailments a body suffers from, and, even more interesting, one can also tell with complete accuracy what ailments a body is likely to suffer from unless remedial steps were taken at an early stage.

Aura photography is very real, it is very necessary to the human race. It was commonplace in the days of Atlantis, it was commonplace when the Sumerians were upon the Earth, and yet-through jealousy, through spite, and through spiritual blindness, researchers with the basic knowledge have been prevented from making such apparatus.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks, it seems, is that a person must be nude to be examined at the aura level, and in hospitals now it is permissible to examine one small area of the human body while the rest is completely draped. It seems to be a crime of some sort to look upon a nude body unless they be on the beach or the stage or in the pages of some of the more pornographic magazines.

But in time X-rays as we know them today will be swept away, gone in to the limbo of forgotten things, gone, too, will be the latest gimmick, Kirlian photography, which if it is ever mentioned as being in the past will be with a condescending smile at the credulity of the stupid people of the 70's who could be taken in by such a gimmick. Kirlian photography, then, is not the answer to aura photography, it is not aura photography at all.

If you go by the side of a swift flowing river and you put your hand in the water you will find that there are ripples and disturbances of the smooth flow. Your hand has upset the even tenor of the water's flow and made itself manifest by ripples and a wake which spreads outwards. In the same way if one has a very high voltage and a very low amperage connected to certain metal plates and the electricity be switched on, then anything which impedes the flow of that electrostatic current will also show as ripples, or speckles, which are merely amusing to look at and have no worthwhile content at all.

Well, I hope that will assist some of you to form your own opinion about Kirlian photography. I have been sickened by the whole affair because I think I must have had the world's largest collection of cuttings about Kirlian photography. People have cut out loads of articles and have sent them on to me. Some of these people, in fact, have such big parcels of cuttings and articles that they felt I should be honoured to pay the postage, so they have sent off these things and I have had to pay double postage on things I knew all about!

That reminds me that some time ago a man in St. Catherine's, Ontario-I think he must

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have been mental or something-loaded up boxes with the most awful junk of magazines and paperbacks that he could lay his hands on, and he sent them all to me carriage forward! Well, in those days I was younger and more innocent than I am now so I took in those things after paying a very considerable charge for special delivery, special handling, and all the rest of it, and I found that the stuff he had sent me-unsolicited-was muck. But he didn't get away with it; he made one little mistake in which I could see that he had been doing, of which his company would thoroughly disapprove, so I got in touch with the company and sent the evidence to them, and-well, I had a letter of apology and of thanks from the company concerned and I had no trouble whatever with that smart Alec who thought he was going to take a rise out of me. But in case anyone else is inclined to send me stuff "collect", save yourself the trouble because I do not accept anything now "collect." I have had people try to telephone me from all over the U.S.A. who thought I was foolish enough to accept collect telephone calls or collect telegrams. Well, they had to think again.

I have also stopped giving my telephone number to people because when I was in Vancouver I found I was getting extraordinarily high telephone bills and I just could not understand what I was being charged for calls to other cities for, and so the matter was investigated. It was found that a near neighbor who knew my telephone number had been giving it to the operator when he was making long distance calls. Nice fellow, eh? Well, he didn't get away with it either.

But now here are some more questions and some more answers. A question here says, "It's five years now since you wrote 'Beyond the Tenth' in which you said that it may be necessary for the Gardeners of the Earth to step in and shake things (humans) up so that we realize what a mess we have made of this planet. Well, things are steadily getting worse, as you said, Communism is spreading rapidly and Unions are gaining what will amount to complete control of many countries fairly soon. In the light of this can you tell us if we are going to get a well deserved kick in the pants within the next thirty or forty years?"

Yes, my friend, but first of all the Gardeners of the Earth do not want to interfere if humans will pick themselves up and put themselves on the right path, because if the Gardeners of the Earth have to come in then there will be drastic measures taken and they don't want that any more than we want it.

In my opinion the world will become Communist just about everywhere, and people will have a very bad time indeed, and not until people have had such a bad time and have shaken themselves out of it will they be able to straighten up and take the upward swing of the pendulum which, in the course of time, will lead to the Golden Age.

I've got a "P.S." here, and it reads, "Can you please explain the relationship and/or difference of hypnosis to meditation, and is hypnosis a worthwhile endeavor for overcoming bad habits or problems?"

Actually there is no relationship at all between meditation and hypnosis. In meditation one is completely under one's own control, able to send one's intellect soaring out to other dimensions. Mind you, I am talking about "meditation," none of that cult nonsense for which one pays a lot of money and gets nothing in return. It is my firm belief that the only meditation worthwhile is that which is done alone because just think of people; everyone has

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an aura, and the aura can extend quite a way from the body. So if you get a whole bunch of people together then you get auras jamming the meditation processes of others. In my opinion you cannot truly, or satisfactorily, meditate in a group.

In hypnosis one surrenders control to oneself to another person, and I maintain it weakens one's self-control. After all, you want to be YOU, don't you? You don't want to be mixed up with, let us say, Bill Dogsbody. You know what your name is, you know what you are, you know what you would like to be. You like your own privacy, and so why should you possibly want to get hypnotized which is a process under which you surrender part of your privacy to another person? No, I am against hypnotism, dead against it, it is such a harmful thing. You get, for example, a stage hypnotist who says that he will cure a certain person of a certain complaint.

Well, he doesn't do that. If he is a hypnotist he can, undoubtedly, influence the person to hide or disguise the symptoms of the illness, and then if the symptoms are disguised how can one expect that even the most intelligent doctor will find out that from which the person suffers? By the time the victim has been hypnotized for a certain period then the illness usually is quite incurable.

So my strong advice is-never allow yourself to be hypnotized unless it is by a fully qualified medical practitioner who has also been trained in hypnotic practices and techniques. As a doctor he will have taken note of your symptoms, as a hypnotist he will know how to channel those symptoms into any worthwhile path possible. Remember that a doctor takes an oath to give one relief from pain and to do no evil!

Well, our friend Mr. John Bigras and the two Bigras cats have gone roaring off to Banff and on to Vancouver. I have been out twice since coming from hospital, two little visits to the outskirts of the city, two little trips when I could look out over the city from the foothills leading to the Rockies. Now, I suppose, once again I am a "shut-in", stuck here mainly in one room in a bed or in a wheelchair. Cars are very useful things, but I do not have one. Anyway, they are far too expensive on an author's income, as I told the Income Tax people when they tried to deny me an income tax allowance on the purchase of an electric wheelchair. Well, one doesn't have a wheelchair for pleasure but only because it is essential. I told them that with my disabilities I should really be on Welfare, instead of that I work at writing books to make myself independent of Welfare. But instead of the Income Tax people giving me any concessions they try to deduct the last penny they can. For instance, I paid my income tax and then from one department I got a note saying that my income tax was all clear. The very next day I got another note from another department saying I had to pay a fine because I paid my tax once a year instead of every three to six months. So people who work as bricklayers or navvies or cab drivers or anything like that are far better off tax-wise than I am because the Income Tax people soak me the limit and beyond, and I often wonder at the mentality and personality of these people who can be income tax collectors and batten on the troubles of disabled people. However, that is not answering questions, is it, and that is what this book is supposed to be. So let's get on with the unending pile of questions. They grow, you know I have enough questions here for ten or twenty books, and yesterday I had a whole bunch of quite abstract metaphysical questions sent on from Brazil.

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“Is it important enough for the inhabitants of this plane to know more of the other planes of existence beyond the astral? If so, could you elucidate on them, perhaps give us at least a sketchy idea of the structure of the planes of existence? Also, what happens when a spirit evolves to the plane ‘below’ that of the highest, or that of God? Can a spirit actually evolve to the highest plane, or is that too preposterous to even discuss?”

Well, it is only possible to discuss the plane above, the astral, and it is much like this world although it has another dimension. Time, for instance, is not at all the same as it is on this world. Travel is different, too; if you want to get to a place you think yourself there. You might be sitting down looking out across the landscape and feel that you would like to call on a friend who might be a certain distance away. Well, if you think of the friend, and think of his location, then almost imperceptibly you will find yourself there with your friend.

Nor will you find, in the astral world, prudishness or pornography. When you get to the astral world you find -to your considerable astonishment at first-that you are as bare as a peeled banana and you have quite literally to “think up” any form of clothing which takes your fancy. But after a time-well, you find that these things do not matter, the things of the spirit count more, and that is not as a pun either!

In the astral plane you cannot meet people with whom you are antagonistic, and of course the higher you go the more compatible you are with the people around you. Now, you can usually get up to about the ninth plane of existence and then you no longer find that the Overself is sending out puppets. Instead there is only one extension from the Overself, after the ninth plane.

Of course there are a vast number of planes of existence, and you go on and on getting more and more dimensions, but there would be no point in trying to discuss some of these other dimensions unless you have been there because there is no point of reference. How would you, for example, discuss atomic theory with an ant who was more interested in getting on with the ordinary business of day to day living? How could you discuss nuclear thermo electrics with a bee who was far more interested in going out and collecting pollen, or whatever they collect, so that the process of making honey could continue? No, until you have had experience of other dimensions you are not able to discuss them. It’s like having a year old baby trying to discuss brain surgery with one of our leading surgeons.

But there is no limit to how high you can go. Remember the old saying that there is always plenty of room at the top of the ladder. And, you see, God is not an old gent with a beard and a shepherd’s crook who comes along and hooks in all the wayward lambs. God is a different thing altogether, nothing that you can understand down here. Here your nearest conception of a God is a Manu, that is, one of the Branch Managers who looks after this particular departmental store which we call Earth. Under him he has a lot of Assistant Managers who look after continents, lands, and cities. They seem to have made a pretty poor show of it of late, don’t they? Think of all the commotion in America, in Cambodia, in Viet-Nam, in the Middle East, and now in Cyprus. I think all these Manus should be sent back to take a special post graduate course or something.

But anyway, that is getting away from the subject. So the answer is that you can go as high as your capacity will allow, and there is no reason at all why you should not reach the top

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and reach “Buddhahood”, that is what Buddhism is about, anyway.

“Can we of this physical plane learn of and effectively use astrology for the good of the living? If so, what is the true source of astrological teachings?”

Many, many years ago astrology was extraordinarily accurate because it was founded on a new science, the influence of the stars on objects of this Earth-humans, animals, plants, etc.- had been predicated, and those assumptions were accurate so long as the zodiac remained as it was when the assumptions were made.

Now, a few thousand years later, the zodiac is different and the predictions, the forecasts are all wrong. I personally believe that astrology as it is in the West nowadays is just a waste of time, it is utterly inaccurate for the simple reason that no allowance has been made for the difference in the configuration of the zodiac. In the very Far East such allowances have been made and the horoscopes there are very very much more accurate. I know this; everything that was predicted for me by astrologers in the very Far East has come true-every darn thing!

I have had my horoscope done several times in the West and each time the predictions could hardly have been more incorrect, they might have been doing a horoscope for a different person, their efforts have proved to be ludicrous. So I always tell people that in my considered opinion, and based on my own experience with astrologers in the West, it is just a waste of time to have one's horoscope done.

People are always writing to me asking that I should do their horoscopes “and at least one incarnation,” and I always refuse because to do a horoscope properly takes a very considerable time and I do not have that time. I have been offered quite remarkable sums of money to do a horoscope, but I always without exception refuse.

People seem vastly interested in getting “at least one incarnation” told, but why? If people are on this Earth now living through this life now, what does it matter what they were in the past? All that matters is what they are now and what they are going to be in the future, and if a person just squanders time thinking about the glories of the past, etc., etc., ad lib, then they end up with a chip on their shoulder and think “Oh, I was Cleopatra's grandmother in the last life and now look at me-what am I, a cleaning lady!”

Hey! I like this one:-

“Do you have an opinion on the martial arts? Is it possible for Americans to study the form of Judo, Karate, or whatever the martial form was that you were taught in Tibet?”

In the Far East the martial arts-so called-were not for the purpose of disabling people nor were they for defense. They were, instead, designed as a mental, mystical, and spiritual discipline. After all, the more colorful you are the more your conscience tells you to be gentle, the more you have been trained about the body the more you can look after your own body. So people who think they are going to take a correspondence course in Judo, for instance, and then beat up the bully who kicks sand at them when they are on the beach well, they are in for a shock. For instance, I do not think that these arts can be taught properly by correspondence, nor by any young punk who thinks he is going to set up a physical training school.

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There is more to it than that, there is always the danger, too, that you try to disable someone who is perhaps ten or twenty lessons ahead of you, as I have stated previously in this book! You could indeed “collect your lumps” that way. So my own recommendation is that going in for this martial art stunt is useless if you want it just for defense. No Judo or Karate is useful against a gun, is it? Especially when the bullet is already speeding toward you.

Well, Kathi Porter, I will answer your questions-sorry, I have already answered some of them-but I will answer another. It is, “Is it wise to pray to our Overself for direction or guidance and that things, mainly of the occult and spiritual, be revealed to us as we can accept and understand them?”

Yes, Kathi, you can always pray to your Overself. Your Overself knows everything that has ever happened to the Overself. But look at it like this; you are employed here in (where shall we say?) America, and your Big Boss is living in-oh, let’s say Sydney, Australia. Now, if you want to get in touch with your Boss you have to use a letter or a telephone. Let’s cut out the letter because you can’t send a letter to your Overself, and your Big Boss is the equivalent of your Overself. So that leaves us with a telephone, and if you have ever tried to telephone half way across the world you will have discovered that it is a frustrating, time wasting, patience consuming experience.

And then half the words you might have to guess. Your subconscious is like a Librarian. The Librarian doesn’t need to know much herself, her chief value is in that she knows where to find certain information. So a Librarian can be consulted about any problem, and if she is a good Librarian she can tell you just where to look, what type of book will give the information that you need. She will also tell you where the book is on the Library shelves. The subconscious is like that, the subconscious is a pretty dim sort of individual, but he or she knows exactly how to get the information you want so if you get in touch with your subconscious you will find you get results far more quickly than if you waste energy trying to contact your Overself. It is much quicker to look up a thing in your local library than to telephone somebody in Australia or Timbuktoo or Tuscaloosa, or somewhere else.

There is a very modest lady who lives in Barcelona, Spain. She has some questions but she prefers not to have her name mentioned. So I will just give my greetings to Senora D. and answer some questions from her:-

“Are the forerunners of the New World Leader already making propaganda or preparing for him?”

Even according to the Christian Bibles this is a time (Revelations) when there shall be false prophets. In other words, translated into modern day language, this poor old world of ours is in a horrible mess, all the standards and values are tumbling down around us, and there is always some smart Alec ready to make a fast buck by pretending to be a World Leader. So it is, we sometimes find that some people with ample money will sponsor a young punk and pretend that he is the new Messiah or the new God or something else, and these moneyed men who hunger more and more for more and more money will put on quite a show with all the theatrical trappings, jet planes, fast cars, etc., trying to delude the unwary or the ignorant into paying money to join a special movement. After a time the young punk grows up a bit and he wants a say in his own affairs, and unless the moneyed people can

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control him he does things which his followers find incompatible with his professed aims.

Sometimes, too, the fellow goes to another country and the tax collectors of the country seize a few of his millions or won't let him out of the country until he does pay a few millions. Sometimes a fellow will go around and find that his aircraft has been seized because it wasn't his and it had been taken out of the country.

My own strong, strong recommendation is that no one be taken in by these cultists, these advertising people who claim that they and they only are the true God, the new Messiah, the new Leader, the Guru of all Gurus, etc. You want to look behind the facade and ask yourself-well, what are these people getting out of it, why all the big advertisements? If they were genuine they wouldn't need to advertise, people would still KNOW and would come flocking to the holy banner.

Cults? Those who form cults are, in my opinion, the scum of the Earth because they lead away the gullible and deny them a chance of really getting knowledge. Hey, getting fierce, aren't I? You didn't know I could be fierce in my old age, did you? Never mind, it's a good thing to let off steam sometimes because if I can shock some of you into staying away from the cults then it will be to the good of your own spiritual health.

"It is a shame that we don't know more about those extraordinary men, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and the Great Thirteenth Dalai Lama."

The Lama Mingyar Dondup is, indeed, a Great Entity who is now, of course, far beyond the Earth sphere. He is not incarnated but is, instead, on a much higher plane of existence and he is actually trying to help other worlds-worlds, plural-he is not concentrating solely on this Earth but on a whole group of inhabited worlds where they are having trouble, where selfishness is growing like weeds in a garden.

Some of us true Lamas believe that the Great Thirteenth was the last of the Dalai Lamas. We believe that if the present incumbent to that office had been a true Dalai Lama he would have done more to help the people of Tibet. After all, when a man just says he is a religious leader and he is praying-well, anyone can pray, It needs more than a few prayers to free a country from Communist aggressors, Communist invaders, it needs an actual physical example. It might even mean martyrdom for a leader of a country, because if a leader of a country stays and fights with his people-and sometimes force is justified-then his people will not be fainthearted when they have a well-loved leader to lead them. The Great Thirteenth was such a man, one who would have stayed with his people, but you can't fight against death, can you?

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CHAPTER NINE

I have just had my very meager meal, and that reminds me of a question which arrived only yesterday-barely in time for this book, is it, because it's going ahead. Anyway, I had a letter yesterday, "Please write another book!!!! And please put in something about fasting. What do you think about fasting? Should people fast? What harm can it cause anyway?"

So I can only reply-Glory be, missus, I've been fasting for years! Seriously, though, fasting-with brains-is a very good thing indeed provided you take some commonsense precautions. For example, you don't go fasting if you are diabetic, you don't go fasting if you've got certain types of heart disease. But if you are in average good health then it really does help to fast at times provided you don't have to do a full day's work at the same time.

You would not have an automobile and expect it to work if the fuel tank was empty, so why should you expect your own human body to work when there is no feed left for it to draw upon?

Normally it is perfectly safe to fast when you have a vacation because when you have a vacation you can rest more, you do not have to run for the bus, you do not have to put on an extra spurt of work when the boss glances in your direction, you can do it in your own time. So if you are going to fast make sure that you are in reasonably good health and do not have any of those diseases or complaints such as diabetes because you can upset yourself by fasting if you are diabetic. Assured on these points, then you should make sure that your internal plumbing is in good order and that you are not suffering from holdup in the rear delivery department. You should take a mild laxative so that you are fairly empty inside. Then you stop eating, but you do not stop drinking. If you are fasting you would be well advised to take anything which the medical profession calls a clear liquid diet. Plenty of water, fruit juices, but nothing of a solid nature whatever, not even milk because milk is too solid for this purpose.

Now, do not think that you are going to fast and suck candies. That is not fasting, that is cheating, that is making the whole thing a farce. So stop eating, do quite a bit of resting. You can read, listen to radio or watch TV, but no gallivanting off to the cinema or to the pub or to anything of that nature. If you do you will deplete your fat resources faster than will be com-

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fortable. You see, if you are going to fast your body has got to keep on working and the only way it can keep on working is to gradually absorb the stored up food in your body cells, that means in your fat cells, and if you go racing around going out on social occasions or doing manual work then you will lose weight too quickly and will definitely risk collapse.

To give you an idea of what I am talking about let me tell you that of late there have been an astonishing number of really obese people who have had an operation to short-circuit perhaps six or ten feet of their intestines so they do not absorb their food so much. If too much of the intestine has been short-circuited then the person loses weight too rapidly and all sorts of strange things happen.

There was one woman weighing over three hundred pounds, I think she weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, actually, and she had ten feet of intestine short-circuited. She was moaning and groaning with dismay because she lost weight so rapidly that she felt dreadfully ill most of the time and her flesh was draped about her in folds, which is not a good thing for a lady who has some pride in her appearance.

Go carefully, then, if you are going to fast. Stop eating and stop working, rest a lot, and by "rest" it is meant that you should not go out and do shopping or go to entertainments. If you want to fast and get all the benefits of fasting without any of the drawbacks you will have to forego not merely food but mobility.

You need a lot of fluid otherwise you will become dehydrated, and if you are dehydrated you will affect your health very badly. It is a horrible thing to happen to one.

Certain people with poor health find that if they do fast their liver becomes affected, so make sure that your health is good enough before you go in for any of these things like fasting.

How long should you fast? Well, until you start seeing things, if you like. You can go four or five days without food with much good result. Before I went into hospital this last time I was without any food at all for just over ten days, and when I got in the hospital I was without food for a few more days! It didn't do me any harm. So you can only say that you fast so long as you feel the need to fast. You should not fast more than four or five days without taking the advice of your doctor, and if he is the ordinary crummy type of fellow who can see no further than his medical text books he will tell you straight out that you are crazy to fast, but that is because he's never done it. But, for your own protection, you should always get medical advice if you are going to fast for more than four or five days.

When you start to eat after-well, don't just gulp down half a cow or you will have all sorts of troubles, indigestion and all the rest of it, and very bad indigestion it will be.

When you are fasting your stomach shrinks. It shrinks to the size of a small egg because there is no reason why it should be distended if you are not taking in food. Well, after five days or so your stomach is the size of a small egg, and it has become used to being that size, so if you suddenly get sick of fasting and cram down a whole load of stuff then your stomach will have to distend far more than it likes doing so you will get pain, and your intestines will have shrunk through having no material inside and the intestines, too, will have to stretch enormously.

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Believe me, if you go and gormandize after five days of fasting you will get more aches and pains than you thought possible from such a simple thing.

After a fast take very light meals, milk and a few biscuits. Next day take a bit more. But do not go back to your normal food intake until about three or four days after. In that way you will get good results from your fast, but contrariwise, if you go and stuff after a fast you will get all harm which will make your fast useless.

Now here is something I am going to tell you. I've got a letter here and the writer says, "I have several times attempted to visit you in the astral. I always see 'someone' who slightly resembles you but who is quite weird indeed. The person always attempts to play the part of you, but they are quite poor actors. Perhaps you are too busy doing other things in other worlds to be seen. Perhaps before this letter is completed you might be visited by me, even though I am still in the prehistoric stage of astral travelling."

My dear madam, I am delighted to tell you that I have an effective barrier so that people cannot visit me in the astral unless I want them to. You see, I get lots of people - literally lots-who tell me they are going to visit me in the astral, and if they all could do so then I should have no privacy, I should have no time to myself, and-would YOU like a crowd of people visiting you when you were in the bath, for example? I do not! So through knowledge which was given to me many many years ago I have been able to make a barrier which means that I cannot be visited by any Earth person unless I am willing to be so visited.

You have seen mischievous entities such as people see at seances. I have written about this before so there is no point in going into it in detail, but quite a lot of people in the "tween worlds" want to be humans, they are entities now, bundles of life force without much sentient thought, in fact, as I have already said, they are like mischievous monkeys. And if a person tries to visit me and I don't want to see them then one of these mischievous entities will move in and pretend to be me. So if people try to visit me they've only got themselves to blame!

People, send me all manner of demands that I should visit them. Some send me intricately marked maps or photographs showing precisely where they live and they command me to appear at such-and-such a time. Well, of course, I do no such thing. Would you go flitting about in the astral just because some creep who has paid a few pence for a book thinks he or she has the right to dictate to the author? Pox to them, is what I say!

There are only twenty-four hours in the day, and if I did obey these imperious demands I should need thirty hours at least. Furthermore, these people have no conception of the difference in time. I live in a mountain time zone, but what about a person in Tokyo demanding my presence? There is quite a lot of difference in time, in fact it is the next day. So why should I bother to work out what time it is in that other location or what day it is? No, people who demand-who command-my presence as though I were a slave of a lamp or something else, they've got another think coming. They might even have two thinks coming!

It's quite amusing, too, because sometimes I get demands from people that I should instantly appear and find a pen which they have mislaid or a ring or a letter. Oh yes, I am perfectly sincere in that; I had a most imperial command just a short time ago-a person had

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put down something and couldn't find it, and she wanted it to wear that night so she thought she could will me to come and I would instantly appear on the spot and produce the goods for her. Well, I think she should go back to reading Aladdin and his magic lamp, don't you? Or perhaps she should grow up instead.

Here is something I am sure will make you laugh. I will copy it out for you now:-

"Last night when I was astral travelling I decided to go on a teaching spree. Suddenly as I was walking along I noticed I had a BEAUTIFUL ORANGE SAFFRON ROBE on. I was so thrilled! Astral clothes are so beautiful. I had decided I was going to teach some people when suddenly as I was walking along the saffron robe disappeared and I was stark naked. My mind went blank, the last thing I remember is standing naked in the middle of a public building without any clothes on!"

Yes, that's what happens, you see. People go into these things without any preparation. This person did indeed get into the astral but forgot to keep a corner of the mind-astral mind-continually on her clothing, so as soon as she decided that she was going to teach some people who already knew more than she did, the little bit of her mind which should have been dealing with clothes switched off, and then-well, she was embarrassed standing in the middle of this public building with, no doubt, quite a crowd of interested onlookers. Well, wouldn't YOU be interested as well if you suddenly saw a woman appear naked in front of you? The streakers nowadays seem to attract a lot of attention so you judge for yourself what your reactions would be.

This particular person wants me to mention her by name, but unfortunately I can't even read her name, and I can't read her address either because she didn't give any. So I can only refer to her as The Nameless One. She also wants to know when will flying saucers start coming in great numbers. Well, actually, I shall be surprised if there are not more reports of flying saucers in the immediate future, and I am going to suggest something to you-just think of this; you will have read from time to time that naval ships of Norway, Denmark, Sweden or somewhere else have bottled up a "submarine" in one of the fjords, and there is no possible way for it to escape. Fine, we read all about that, we hear all about it on the radio, and we are convinced that this unknown submarine which, it is hinted, must obviously be Russian is bottled up, it cannot escape. Warships of the United Nations are there in force with all their submarine detection gear and they are ready to blow the submarine straight out of the water if it doesn't surrender. You've read about that in the newspapers, haven't you? You've heard it on the radio, haven't you? All right, now think of this; did you ever hear of any result? Did you? I think you did not because everything is hushed-up, and I have reason to believe that there are U.F.O.'s which come from inside the Earth and which are able to navigate under water just as submarines do, and I believe that these U.F.O.'s are sometimes detected by ships of different nations, but these U.F.O.'s can always escape.

There was a prediction made many many years ago to the effect that this year, 1974, there would be a confrontation between ships of the world and a U.F.O. under the water. The prediction is to the effect that there would be a collision between a submarine and a U.F.O., and some of the U.F.O. people would be rescued and then it would be seen quite clearly that they were not humans as the term is understood on the surface of the Earth. Predictions could

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be a little time out, you know, so I really think something like that will happen in 1974 or 1975 IF IT HAS NOT ALREADY HAPPENED.

I say, "if it has not already happened" because it seems so strange to me that things are hushed up so much by Governments. We hear that a submarine has been trapped, much commotion is caused, many reports are given, almost hour by hour reports, and then suddenly . . . nothing, nothing more is said, everything is forgotten. No matter what enquiry's are made, no one knows anything about it any more, it's just as if it did not happen. Now, if some aliens had been found and possibly rescued from a U.F.O. then, of course, the Governments would step in and conceal all the knowledge from those who have a right to know-the people-until the Governments concerned decided how the knowledge could be best turned to the advantage of the Governments concerned. Here is another nice question, "Under what conditions can you gain access to the Akashic Records to find out another person's future?"

You cannot if you are a normal human without very very special lifetime training. The Akashic Record of each person is closed and cannot be seen by any other human (normally) until the subject of that Record leaves the Earth and is in the Hall of Memories where the poor wretch has to see it all and blush alarmingly with shame!

I think this particular correspondent should go to a good eye specialist because he writes, "Dr. Rampa, did you know that you have an amazing resemblance to King Feisal of Saudi Arabia? Yes, quite definitely I state that there was a picture of King Feisal on a Time magazine, and you look just like him."

King Feisal, Your Majesty, may I offer you my humble apologies because if you look like me-well, you sure have got a load on you! Personally I don't see any resemblance except that King Feisal has two eyes, one nose, one mouth and two ears. Yes, I have just that, two eyes, one nose, one mouth and two ears, oh yes, then of course there must be a resemblance. But then I think King Feisal has a lot more hair than I have, I am bald, in fact the flies use the top of my head as a skating rink in hot weather.

"Is it possible to have a physical or astral child as a result of astral intercourse?"

No, not a chance, although to believe some of my correspondents it not merely is possible but it does occur. For example, when I was living at Prescott, Ontario, many years ago I had a woman write to me-I have never seen her, never been closer to her than a few hundred miles-and she told me that she was now pregnant by me and she was going to bear my child. According to her, I visited her in the astral and (let me be delicate) "gave her the works." Well, that was certainly news to me, I seem to have missed all the fun because I certainly don't know anything about it. The poor lady didn't seem to realize that the husband with whom she sleeps and with whom she presumably does other things may have been more responsible than I was. But, anyway, I will tell you-no, it is not possible to go round in the astral impregnating women. Sorry to spoil your fun but there it is, you can't do it.

Now this is a good question, it is, "Sometimes I see small children who seem to be talking to themselves but who are really talking to 'someone.' They usually stare as if they are looking directly at someone I can't see, they sometimes carry on long conversations. Who are they talking to? Nature Spirits? Also, can little children see into the astral world at any

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time they wish?"

Of course these children are able to talk and see people in the astral. It is a simple matter indeed because when a child is small their vibrations are higher, and so they can get in touch with people in the astral whose vibrations are lower. There are also special spirit friends who look after children, in other words, fairies are real; and not until stupid parents tell children that they mustn't tell lies and of course they don't see other people do the children lose the ability. In fact parents are a child's worst friends.

Parents too often think that they are omnipotent, the source of all knowledge. They try to dominate their children and they crush out and ruin natural abilities of the child. It is a very sad thing, it is adults who make it so difficult for astral people to contact this world. Do you want to smile? Well, what would you answer to a question like this :- "Why can't Buddhist monks get married?"

Let me answer that with a question. The question is, "Why cannot Catholic priests get married?" Obviously because it is a facet of the religion, of the religious discipline. Many churches, not merely Christian churches, either, think that a man must devote his whole life to that religion. He must, in effect, marry the religion. Many churches, or many religions, believe that if a man marries then his mind might be on other things-the attractions of his wife, for instance-and he would then not be able to give full time attention to his religious duties. That is why Catholics and some other priests do not marry. But there are many Buddhist monks of different sects who do marry, just as there are many different types of Christian priest who do marry. Protestant priests marry, Catholic priests do not. It's just a matter of belief and that is all there is to it.

I have a regular correspondence with a lady and gentleman who have a son who has a mental defect. The son is retarded. Unfortunately medical science does not seem able to do much for such people, and often they try to persuade the parents of such a child to commit the child to some Home for the Mentally Defective.

This particular boy is improving, and I believe that in time, with the loving care of his parents, he will become very much more normal. It seems that when he was a baby a doctor treated him unwisely and tried out a new drug on the small baby giving it a dosage which would have overpowered a strong adult. From that time on the boy has suffered very great mental strain and he cannot speak, and I believe that his mental health is improving. I have suggested that he be sent to friends on a farm because often if such a person is mixing with animals, etc., who are less privileged than he, then a great improvement takes place as the boy or girl does all he can, or all she can, to help and to understand the animals.

In many cases a retarded child, seeing an animal, gets a type of fellow feeling. The child thinks that the animal cannot talk either, so that gives him a bond, and when such a child is given the run of a farm and given tasks within his or her capabilities, then the responsibility does start up and spark a response in the intelligence.

It is such a shame, such a crime to just rush retarded people off to a mental home when there is any hope at all that kindness at home, or kindness and understanding on a farm, will enable the retarded one to become less retarded. I have known many cases where Mongo-

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lian idiots -they are not idiots by any means-have been greatly improved by being placed in a position where they can help with animal husbandry.

Do you remember in a previous book that I made a prediction that a President of the U.S.A. would be removed from office? Well, as I write this we are waiting for President Nixon to announce his resignation. The poor fellow has had enough pressure, certainly, and according to what one reads in the papers he is certainly having some nervous strain which may have affected his mental health. But anyway-predictions sometimes come right, you know. But I have been told quite reliably that President Nixon-probably former President when you read this-was informed by a quite well-known woman astrologer or whatever she is that nothing would happen to him. Well, she wasn't very successful, was she?

Actually, everything comes in cycles. You get troubles with Kings, Presidents and all the rest of it in certain cycles. So if you know where to look you can find out about these periodic cycles. In the same way you can find out fairly accurately when a next war is going to happen. If you had been sufficiently interested to work out the dates of wars and you had drawn a graph of them, you would have found that they follow a more or less regular pattern. Everything happens like that, you know. Even with human life everything happens in cycles as every woman knows, and then there are the cycles of the Moon's phases. But in addition to that there are the cycles which affect humans most of all, such as the twenty-three day cycle of up's and down's of health, and the twenty-eight day cycle, and another cycle which occurs over a period of thirty-three days. We get the health, the nervous energy, and the intellect, all fluctuating from top to bottom. And obviously as the three cycles come together at fairly long intervals then one can have an extremely good period for a day or so, or an extremely bad period for a day or so.

I keep a regular chart of my cycles, that is, the twenty-three day, the twenty-eight day, and the thirty-three day cycles, and quite recently I was at a peak of what passes for good health with me, as was predicted by the three cycles. But then there came the decline of the three cycles all in a bunch, and the result of that was that I was carted off to hospital, a very sick fellow indeed with more pain than I like to think about. Then I stayed in the hospital until the cycles changed around and permitted me to feel better, after which I came out again.

All life has cycles of this type, and if you know how they can be charted. Not only that, but if you know how you can find out the cycles of world events, what's going to happen to this country, what's going to happen to that, what sort of person is going to be assassinated next, and what those naughty little Russian lads are going to do to upset the equanimity of the world. It is a pity that the Russians are so xenophobic because they make a lot of misery for themselves always being absolutely positive that everyone else is against the poor little Russians, whereas actually most of the time people couldn't care two hoots for the Russians. They play pretty rough, though, as I know to my cost.

Would it not be a very pleasant thing if we could get our Lords and Masters, who pose as a democratic elected Government, to prepare proper charts showing world events and when we can expect an increase in income tax, or-oh wonderful event!-a decrease in income tax, although the latter doesn't seem possible. The Governments are always willing to put up the prices, to increase the taxes, etc., but they never do a darn thing about reducing them, do

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they? The income tax thing, I believe it came under one of the terms of the Defense of the Realm Act (D.O.R.A.) in England during the 1914-1918 war, was just a temporary measure which was going to be repealed at the end of the war. Well, now, here in Canada as well as in the U.S.A., the Government of the country imposes a whacking great tax, and then the Province or State take their bite as well by imposing a big tax, and in some places there is a third income tax, that which is imposed by a money-hungry city. It reminds me of the sort of life an author lives; first of all he pays commission to one or two agents, and then he pays income tax in the country which is publishing a book, and then he loses money on the rate of exchange—it's never in my favour!—and then he's got to pay tax, poor fellow, in his own country. And if he is particularly unlucky he has to pay Federal tax and then Provincial tax, and if this is not "his day" he has to pay city tax as well. After that he may find that there is some sort of a school tax because the Catholics, for some strange reason, seem to have twisted the arm of the Governments so they can dun money out of people to help pay for the schooling of little Catholics. It's a strange, strange world, isn't it?

But my Respected Friend, Paddle Boat Moffet, has a question; Paddle Boat loves ships, and because of his love of ships I renamed him "Paddle Boat", a name which it seems he thoroughly enjoys. Paddle Boat Moffet is a very gifted model maker. To my disgust he has been making silly old sailing ship models of an age long past. After all, who wants to know about ships which are mere lumps of wood blown along by a bit of cloth stuck on to a bit of a stick called a mast? All the best modelers make paddle boat models or good old steam ships, and so—Paddle Boat Moffet, fired by his new name, is now busy making a paddle boat.

But he is puzzled about the Marie Celeste. You probably all know about her, but if there is Aunt Agathe out there who doesn't know let me tell you, auntie, that the Marie Celeste is, or was, a sailing ship which was plying her regular route across the seas, and then one day, or rather, one evening, an oncoming ship saw the Marie Celeste coming toward her with all sails set, booming along in front of the wind. But—like this book—it was twilight, and according to marine law the Marie Celeste should have had lights showing but there were no lights, and the people aboard the oncoming ship were perturbed at several things which seemed wrong with the Marie Celeste. So after quite a long chase some of the men from the spectator ship were able to board the Marie Celeste and lower the sails.

Then they got gooseflesh, or whatever it is that seamen get when they are scared stiff, because there was no one aboard the Marie Celeste, no one at all, everything was perfectly in order, even a meal was laid out on a table waiting for an unknown diner.

Throughout years and years many conjectures have been made as to what happened aboard the Marie Celeste. There was no sign whatever of any violence, so—what could it have been? The lifeboats were there so the crew could not have taken off from what they thought was a sinking ship. The ship was perfectly in order, nothing at all wrong with it, except . . . the crew were not aboard, and that is all.

There have been quite a lot of ships like that. The ships have been intact in perfect order, and yet there has been no one aboard. And then if you will read my other books you will read about the Bermuda Triangle in which not only ships have lost their crews, but the ships themselves have disappeared. Aircraft have disappeared as well, and in at least one

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authenticated case voices were heard on the radio fading out in eerie, ghostly fashion. Paddle Boat Moffet wants to know what happened.

Well, there is another time-dimension which crosses our world. There is another world intermingled with ours. A lot of people say, "Well, if that is so why can't we see it?" You cannot because it is on a different frequency.

Think of it like this; I don't know how many of you are interested in shortwave radio but quite a number of you will have had the acquaintance of listening to a shortwave station- oh, let's say just for example, the B.B.C. on the 31 meter band, and then find that the station appeared to drift off and instead there would be perhaps Moscow, the Voice of Moscow bellowing out propaganda against the Capitalist countries. And then, even before one could reach for the tuning knob, the drift would occur again, bawling Moscow would disappear and the B.B.C. would come back. All the time, of course, both stations were broadcasting, but the set was tuned to one, and if there was a frequency drift somewhere the other would come in instead. We get the same thing with the two worlds. The worlds are invisible to each other.

Let me put it in another way; we here on this world see by a certain type of light, but supposing our light was switched off and something else, perhaps infrared, was switched on then we would apparently be in darkness, but a person who could see by infrared light would be able to see perfectly whereas he would not be able to see at all by our light. So it is that in such a case if our world is at one frequency and our twin world is at another frequency there is no interaction between them so one world is not aware of another, but in (by way of illustration only) the two worlds intermingling at the Bermuda Triangle particularly, and then there is a drift, any poor soul at the point of the drift would possibly find that he had slipped from one world into the other! He would get a nasty shock, wouldn't he? The other world is a twin of this world, so when he had sailed or flown over the barrier and into this other world he would be in a similar type of world and in a similar location on that world, but he wouldn't know the language, he might not even see so well, he might find that he was seeing almost as one would see at twilight-hey, I can't get away from that word, can I?

But you can rest assured that people from the other world come to this one as well. In fact I know of a definite authentic case where it happened in Argentina because I was near at the time. But that is another story. So, Paddle Boat Moffet, the Marie Celeste and other ships could still sail if they went over the border, but it might even be that in the case of the Marie Celeste the crew were taken off for examination by a U.F.O., or even by another ship which was on the other side of the "barrier." Either is possible, and both have happened in the case of other ships.

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CHAPTER TEN

I have been listening to the tragedy of a nation, using my little old transistor radio, and I am just overcome by the tragedy of it all. Of course by the time you read this book the news will be old, possibly even the new President will have left. I should never be surprised nowadays. But-I have been listening to the tragedy of a nation. The tragedy is not the doings of Richard Nixon. Richard Nixon; I would say, is no saint, in fact I should imagine that he can grow horns on his head far more easily than he would grow wings on his shoulders, but Richard Nixon has done a lot of good, and to my way of thinking he has done no more harm than some of the other people who have been Presidents of the U.S.A.

The tragedy of the U.S.A. is not the tragedy of the President, the tragedy is that the press, those evil dastardly men of the press, have caused all the trouble, and I cannot understand why presumably sane people tolerate the press. There should definitely be a press censorship, but to be crude about it none of the politicians have the guts to impose it or even to suggest it.

I well know how the lying press can fabricate the "evidence," and then the press will accuse a person, try him, and condemn him without one iota of real guilt on the person concerned.

I am not saying that President Nixon was innocent, not even the most potent of those wonderful cleaning powders which are so freely advertised would make President Nixon snow white, no matter how many times he was dunked in the stuff, but he was not as bad as he was painted by the press, and I will go so far as to say that he has not done anything worse than any other President has done. I thoroughly understand President Nixon's point of view, and I should class him as a perfectly ordinary commonplace in-the-rut American President.

The press have no right to interfere in politics any more than the churches have. It is always a source of amazement to me that in Ireland, for example, one bible-thumper has left his lectern, or flown the pulpit, to become one of the revolutionaries. What's the fellow's name? Paisley, I believe. But if a man goes in for Holy Orders why does he suddenly start giving revolutionary orders?

You get the same thing with old Makarios who ran so fast from Cyprus that no one

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could catch him. He is another one, this time an Archbishop, and he forgot his holy teachings to enter the revolutionary path, and revolutionaries it seems to me, are nothing but a gang of murderers. We are all entitled to our opinions, and that is my opinion. I think that a cleric who forgets his holy teaching and runs bleating from his flock to pick up a rifle should be unfrocked. Not merely should he be unfrocked, he should be debugged. Debag is a good old English term, so for the American audience let me say that he should be peeled from inside his pants!

I have had a lot of persecution by the press, and although I cannot truly say I hate anyone I am as near hating the press as I am anyone in the world. I would prefer to shake hands with Satan and his grandmother-does Satan have a grandmother?-than I would to shake hands with a pressman because these people are truly the scum of the Earth. One listens to them on the radio and one shudders at the arrogant way in which they dictate to people, shudders at the manner in which they try to force a person to say what the pressman wants them to say. And then in the matter of the new incumbent, Gerald Ford, I listened to the pressmen saying what the new President would do. Well, if the press people are so important, so all-knowing, then why does America need a President? Why doesn't the Senate or Congress or the Boy Scouts or something just phone the press each morning to know what orders they should give? The press people, it seems to me, are just a lot of illiterate, ignorant fools who are just ready to cash-in on anyone's misery, and even on a nation's tragedy. Pox to the press!

I have a letter from a person who cannot understand this:-

"Well, in your books, and in other books too, it is said that every so often the world undergoes a sort of change of cycles, a change of civilization, but if that is so then there must be remnants of other civilizations and we never find any, so it leads me to think that you are not telling the truth. It leads me to the belief that the Bible is right and the world is only about three or four thousand years old "

That fellow must be a pressman! But anyway, imagine for a moment that you are an ant playing about in some farmer's field. Well, you see this great cloud coming from the distance and because you are a Wise Ant you scurry as fast as you can to the nearest tree and you shin up that tree with all six or eight, or whatever it is, legs. Then you get a first-class view of the world beneath you.

The farmer stops his chuffng tractor and gets down and opens the gate to the field, then he gets back on the tractor and chuffs away through the gateway and into the field. Then after he has scratched his head a bit, lit a cigarette, and done a mighty spit he hitches a plough up behind the tractor. And then what was your world, the smooth surface of your world with nice green grass and good clumps of weeds, gets in a state of turmoil. The farmer is ploughing. He goes on ploughing and ploughing, and he is deep ploughing, too, so all the surface of your world, which is that field, is broken up and the inner soil comes to the surface and everything is thoroughly messed up. Your friends in the ant colony disappear for ever. One of the plough blades saw to that in very decisive fashion. The ant colony was tipped upside down, and then great clods of earth rained down on them and after that one of those blade things at the end of the plough sliced right through the earth covering the deceased

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colony, and all the sides caved in even more. On the next pass down the field one of the rear wheels of the tractor pressed everything down deep.

Well, you, the last ant in all the world-your world is the field, remember-shudder with fright. Everything has taken on a new look. There are great cliffs of earth standing up where before there was smooth earth and perhaps grass. There is nothing that you know left any more. But if you were given long life-I don't know how long an ant lives-you would see the winds and the rains beat down the ploughed up soil until everything became smooth again. But before that, perhaps, the farmer or his boy would come along with a seeder which is another device which turns up the earth a bit and scatters seed all over the place, and that seeder would be followed by hordes of birds. So you, poor ant, had better keep your tail down tight or you will lose it.

But that is how things go on on this Earth. There is what we of the Earth call a mighty civilization, New York, for instance; (is it mighty after Watergate?) supposing the end of a cycle had come, there would be terrific earthquakes, bigger earthquakes than you had ever dreamed possible, and you wouldn't dream about them either because you wouldn't live through them. The earthquakes would open chasms in the earth and buildings would fall in, chasms would extend perhaps half a mile deep into the earth, and all the buildings which were New York would fall in. Then the earth would close again, and there would be a few wriggles, and in course of time there would be no trace whatever of that mighty civilization.

The waters would change their course. The Hudson would disappear into the earth, the seas would sweep over part of the Earth perhaps, and perhaps New York's site would become the seabed, and everything that you knew of New York would have disappeared.

It's not true, though, to say that everything is lost without trace for ever and ever amen, because there have been most interesting reports from deep-miners. They have been digging for coal, perhaps, and far down in the depths of their mine they have come across (and this is true) a figure buried in coal, a figure which might be fifteen feet long. They may also come across certain artifacts, and there have been such artifacts found and placed in Museums; there have been cycles and cycles on this Earth. If you go to a farm and look out across the farm land you can't say what sort of crop there was ten years ago, can you? You can't say what sort of crop there was twenty years ago, not even five years ago, not even one year ago, because everything has been ploughed down. Perhaps the farmer has had a very good crop which has depleted the earth, so he ploughs the land and lets it lie fallow for a year. After that he ploughs it again and plants a different crop, and so it goes on. The earth, too, is ploughed by earthquakes, and after the earthquakes come the floods and the tornadoes which blow the topsoil and smooth everything off and make sure that there is no trace of that which went before.

So, young man, you who write and tell me that I am not telling the truth, you are talking through the back of your neck. You don't know the first thing about all this, so the sooner you read all my books, and believe them, then the better for you.

Mrs. Mary MacMaggot of the Maggotorium, Toads-ville, is a great herb fan. She firmly believes that people who take chemicals, and that means chemical drugs and all that sort of stuff, should have their brains tested; Mrs. Mary MacMaggot is absolutely convinced that

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you get good only from herbs. She thinks the rest of the pills, potions, liniments and lotions are just a device to make money for the drug houses.

Actually, there isn't any difference usually between the drugs we get out of herbs and the drugs which are made in a factory. You know how it all happens, don't you?

Well, let's take as our example a herb which is rich in iron. Now, the iron in that plant does not grow there provided by a benevolent Nature who knows that in time Mrs. MacMaggot will want an iron tonic. The iron came from the ground, and I am going to advise you to look on things something like this; all plants are cellulose, they are like cellulose sponges, and the cells in the sponges are filled with the life material of the plant; the cellulose is a form of skeleton, a form of support for the plant. So this particular plant that we are examining is very partial to soil which has a strong iron-ore element in it. It grows well in such circumstances, and the iron-ore is absorbed by the far-spreading roots of the plant and is then taken up by the sap and conveyed through all the cellulose tissues of the plant. There it is lodged in those cavities just as one can mop up dirty water with a sponge and get the sediment lodged in the cells of the sponge. Well, along comes a herbalist, grabs a handful of iron-bearing plants and messes about with them-perhaps he makes a tea of them, perhaps he mashes them up, but anyway he makes some awful unsavory goo and takes the stuff. If he was lucky and he's got hold of a plant which had been successful in getting a good quantity of iron-ore he feels better for it. But if he finds a barren sort of plant then he says some naughty words and goes on to some pills.

All the big drug houses send research teams into exotic parts of the world, such as to the interior of Brazil. There the research people find all manner of plants which grow nowhere else in the world perhaps, because Brazil is truly a wonderful, wonderful country for its natural resources.

The plants are carefully noted, photographed, checked, and then bundled up and sent to research laboratories where they are again examined in the light of information which has been obtained from natives, perhaps a native witch doctor uses this herb or that herb for curing barrenness or rheumatism, or something else. Well, the native witch doctors are usually right, they have generation after generation of passed-on experience to guide them, so you can be sure that if they say that such-and-such a plant is good for this or that complaint they are perfectly correct.

The research teams break down the plants, analyze them, make them into essences, make them into crystals, and they find out every single item about the plant, what it consists of, what it has secreted, and all the rest. And as is very frequently the case they can isolate a certain chemical which is responsible for the cures claimed by the witch doctors. Then, having that chemical further analyzed, they can copy it exactly. So we have the chemical of the plant merely duplicated by the chemical in the laboratory, the man-made thing, and the man-made thing has a great advantage over the herbal chemical because there is no method of telling the potency of the herbal chemical, there might indeed be none. But if a thing is copied and manufactured in the laboratory then one can at all times prescribe an absolutely accurate dose.

I am thinking particularly of curare. Certain of the Amazon Brazilians-they call them

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Indians-used curare extract on arrows or spears, and if they shoot an arrow so coated at an animal the animal keels over, paralyzed. But there is a lot of hit or miss because, again, in a herb which grows in the ground you can't be sure of your dosage. Years ago it was found that curare was useful to surgeons in paralyzing a patient on the operating table and making his muscles relax. But when the herb was administered the results were uncertain, either the poor wretch was killed, or, often, he did not get a strong enough dose to be effective. But now that the drug curare is manufactured artificially there is no risk because at all times there is an exact dosage. So, Mrs. Mary Mac-Maggot, it's a good thing that we can have factory made chemical drugs which permit us to prescribe and dose with accuracy. Just think if you had to go out and chew up a pound of fennel before you found your cough was curing. Now you can take a little liquid and find that you can get your cough better really fast.

Another person writes and ask what I think of Arabs and Jews. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think anything particular about them because while on Earth they are much the same type of people. Arabs and Jews were very friendly indeed just a few years ago, they mingled, Arabs in Jewish communities and Jews in Arab communities, and they were on the closest terms possible, there was no dispute between them, no dispute at all. But, you know, one of the facts of life is that love and hate are very similar, very close, you can have absolute love for a person which turns to absolute hatred almost overnight.

Or you can have a most vicious bitter enemy, and then you can find that you love her almost before you know what is happening. It is because the chemicals are wrong in the two people concerned. It might be that Arabs and Jews have changed their eating habits somewhat, and so that the chemical intake leads to the opposition of their vibrations. If a person's vibrations are not compatible with another person's then we have hatred, and the vibrations are very often governed by the sort of food we eat because the food gives us our chemical intake, that is why in so many cases megavitamin treatment works wonders, and in other cases it can have no effect at all. So if we got a bunch of Jews and a bunch of Arabs and we fed them on the same stuff perhaps they would get on together and not try to cut each other's throat behind their back, so to speak. But I know, or knew, quite a lot of good Arabs, and I now know quite a lot of good Jews. Unfortunately I have met one or two bad ones as well, but then I have also met some bad Buddhists!

Often I get letters from Germany really giving me a working over because my books are not published in Germany. I can't help that. There was quite a campaign against me in Germany started up by a few fellows who were jealous because I wrote about Tibet, jealous because I wrote true books about Tibet, and so quite a press campaign was started against me. But it seems to me that the Germans are an unlovely people, it seems to me that they are the troublemakers of Europe, they are so humorless, so deadpan, so righteous. So much so that I have had to decide that I wouldn't have my books published in Germany. I cannot stand these literal people, and I have often written to people in Germany and given them my honest opinion which is that it would have been better for the rest of Europe, perhaps, if the Russians had taken over the whole of Germany. If you look at history you will find that the Germans have made an awful commotion in the world, all the way back to the time of Attila the Hun.

So Mr. German, who is being so cross because he can't get my books in German, I

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don't want them published in German, and I wouldn't care two hoots-I couldn't care even half a hoot-what Germans think about it.

A gent here, I am sure he is a gent by the way he writes, believes that it must be wonderful to be an author. You don't do any work, you just walk about a room dictating to a staff of secretaries who hang on every word that the author utters and then struggle to put those words into beautiful prose that will hypnotize a publisher into paying wonderful royalties.

This fellow thinks that all authors are millionaires, all authors fly about the world with first-class tickets, or perhaps I should say first-class credit cards, and drive whacking great sports cars or Rolls Royces. Do you think I could take a minute or two to tell him to wake up? It's not so easy as all that. I believe the late Edgar Wallace had a formula which was like a skeleton of a book, and he kept on ringing the changes, having about six or seven different sets of plots whereby he hung different names, different locations, and different crimes on to that book skeleton, and then he used to stride about the room with a long cigarette holder in his hand dictating out of the corner of his mouth (you have to if you are smoking at the same time) to two or three typists. Well, that is mass production. The average poor wretch of an author doesn't do it that way. Anyway, do you know what true books need? Let me tell you.

First of all, if you are going to write a true book you must have had some true experiences, you must have had some horrible experiences which scar you for life. People who have been in prison camps, for instance, are never the same, they are scarred, often their health has deteriorated and is deteriorating as a result of their experiences.

So they have the knowledge of certain things. But then they have to be able to write, they have to be able to put words describing their experiences in passable interesting form. If they can do that then they have to be sure that their experiences are such that people want to read about them.

After they have typed the book they have to get a publisher to read the typescript, but first of all before a publisher will consider such a typescript, you have to have certain mechanical disciplines. You seem to be interested, so I will tell you about it.

You have to type on one side of the page without too many mistakes. You have to have double-line spacing. You count ten words to each line, and twenty-five lines to each page. That gives you two hundred and fifty words to a page. Now a chapter in my average book consists of twenty pages, that means five thousand words, and I usually have twelve chapters which adds up to sixty thousand words. And when you've got up to sixty thousand words you find you have left out something important so you add on a few words more.

It is, it seems, very necessary that you get your chapters much about the same length because you don't get one man to set up your book, the book is divided between a number of typesetters, and if one gets short chapters and another gets long chapters-well, there might be trouble with the Union or something. So it's better to get your chapters fairly even, about five thousand words to a chapter, perhaps with a bit shorter chapter in the beginning and a bit shorter chapter at the end. So if you can do that and your typing is neat enough, then you may get a publisher to read it, and reading a typescript is the first step to getting it

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published.

By far the best method of getting a book to your publisher is to use the services of an agent. I have a very good one indeed. Throughout the years we are not just agent and client, but I consider Mr. Knight as my friend. He is that jewel of agents, a completely honest man. It is, obviously, absolutely necessary that your agent be honest and work on your behalf. The name of the firm is Stephen Aske, of 39 Victoria Street, London, England.

But I must warn you that if you send muck which will never have a chance of getting printed, then an agent is justified in charging you a reading fee. So if you, full of literary zeal, feel a compelling urge to write then you would be well advised to get in touch with an agent such as Mr. Knight enclosing return postage, and you will ask him his advice is there a market for such-and-such a thing, etc. If there is he will tell you so, and he will undoubtedly suggest that you do a synopsis of perhaps five thousand words telling briefly what the book is going to be about.

Don't send stuff without writing first, and don't expect an agent-or an author either-to answer your letter unless you put in entirely adequate postage. An agent has to pay for printing, he has to pay for typing, he has to pay for time, overheads such as electricity and heating, etc., taxes on his building, rent on his building, and if you do not observe the decencies of life and enclose adequate postage your prospective agent may just do what I should do-toss the stuff in the garbage.

A good agent is invaluable. He will get in touch with publishers in other countries, and he will get after publishers to pay on time, and believe me, some publishers do not!

But if you think that you are going to make a fortune out of writing-go out and pick up a shovel and become a builder or something like that. These are the people who make money nowadays, the author, unless he's got something particular to say, often does not make enough to live on, and a hungry author is a horrible sight indeed.

People write to me asking what I recommend in music, people who want to be elevated-raised up, given spiritual uplift and all that. Well, it is very appropriate at this moment because I have just had a letter from a young man in England who takes me to task because of what I have said about present day "music" Not only that, but he sends me a sample of what he considers to be good music. I have no record player so a friend of mine tried it, and apparently the result is that the poor friend is almost a friend no longer because the music was "jangle, jangle, bang, bang" like a procession of mad garbage collectors with St. Vitus Dance beating garbage can lids together. Hey-I wish you wouldn't send me some of these hard rock records. My! You'll make me lose my few friends if you do. So take warning from this; I have no record player.

I believe, that music should be soothing, it should be the type of thing which makes a feeling of goodness, the sort of music which raises your vibrations.

I believe that a lot of the neurotic tendencies in life nowadays are caused by unsuitable "music" because, you see, when you listen to music your own personal vibrations vibrate in sympathy or as a harmonic to that which you are hearing. So if you are listening to a lot of disturbing jive (I think that's what the stuff is called) your own personal vibrations will

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be set on edge. It seems to me that so many nervous complaints have been caused by imitation stereo belching out hard rock at enormous volume and really upsetting one's psyche. So if you want to progress spiritually you will start listening to some of the old masters, some of the definite classics, some of the music which the younger generation will not listen to and perhaps never have listened to because they think everything to do with "the establishment" is against their interests.

We get much the same type of thing with the radio nowadays; one is trying to listen to a good musical program, and, over here on the North American continent at least, we get interrupted with hysterical announcements that Bloggs Pills will cure everything from constipation to corns. Well, that is very bad-not the constipation or corns-but the sudden frenetic announcement uttered in hysterical tones because it completely shatters the soothing vibrations which had built up through good music.

So if you want to listen to good music, get it on records or on tape so that you don't have a hysterical young man bawling the love song of patent medicine.

"Dr. Rampa," the letter said, "you have done fourteen books so far, are you going to go on writing? I think you should go on writing-I think you should write until the end."

Well, madam, you refer to fourteen books. This is the fifteenth, this "Twilight," and why shouldn't I write some more, as you say? After all, I might get as far as Midnight. Who knows? It depends on the public demand because a publisher won't publish books unless there is a demand for them, and there is no guarantee, you know, that an author can write a book and be sure of its acceptance. An author is like a blind man, he has to feel his way. So if you want more books why not write to my publisher and ask for them? If you want better covers-and I surely hope you do!-then why not write to my publisher and tell him so? And if you do not like the fading yellow paper which the publisher uses, well, please tell him; do not tell me because I assure you on all the holy books there are that I have no say in the matter of covers, illustrations, the type of paper used or the size of print. So you beat up the publisher instead, it's something I cannot do.

People write to Miss Ku'ei and to Mrs. Fifi Grey-whiskers. Of course these two ladies are no longer on this Earth; a cat's life is a very short life, you know. They live about seven times faster than a human, so a year in our time is equal to seven years in a cat's time. Now Miss Cleopatra is, in cat time, nearly sixty years of age!

Miss Cleopatra Rampa is a seal-pointed Siamese cat, and I say in all seriousness that she is the most intelligent person I have ever met, no matter whether that person be human or what. Miss Cleopatra is by far the most intelligent, most sympathetic, and most loving of all. She looks after me.

As you know, or should know by now, I am ill, and a short time ago I was very ill indeed and it was enjoined upon me that I should not move more, than I really had to. Well, Miss Cleopatra took it upon herself to sit by me at night; she sat on a little bedside table which I have, actually a hospital bed-table, and she would sit upright all night, and if I dared move more than she thought necessary she would reach out and give me a thoroughly hard slap as if I was a bad child whom she was disciplining!

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She does do rounds just like a hospital nurse. When she is not “on duty” full time by my bedside she will come in several times during the night and very quietly jump on my bed (of course I am not supposed to know!) and then she will creep stealthily up beside me and peer intently into my face to make sure I am breathing satisfactorily. If I am she will quietly go away. If I am not she makes a commotion which fetches other people.

All the time I have known her I have never known Cleopatra to be irritable or cross or anything except absolutely sweet tempered and reasonable, and if there is a thing that one doesn't like her to do one can just tell her so in an ordinary normal voice and she will not do it any more. Buttercup, for example, did not like Little People sitting on her hats which presumably, from a woman's point of view, is reasonable. She told Cleo without anger, without irritation, and Cleo hasn't done it since.

Fat Taddy lives with us as well. She is a bluepoint Siamese cat, much heavier than Cleo, and she is not so intelligent in a material, physical sort of way, although compared to other cats she is highly intelligent. Her particular talent lies in the realms of telepathy. She is the most telepathic creature I have ever met, and when she wants to she can get over her message as loudly as a public address system blaring in one's ears. She is the responsibility of Cleo who more or less shepherds her around and sees that she behaves herself. But Cleo is my special guardian. Taddy is more interested in guarding the food!

People write to me, as you may have gathered, and ask all sorts of strange questions, they ask all sorts of personal questions too. For instance, they want to know my age which is nothing to do with anyone else. Some of them want to know if I get the old age pension, and I am able to tell them that I am not able to get the old age pension for what I consider to be a strange reason; I spent some time in South America and because I have not been back in Canada for ten years I cannot get the old age pension.

So any of you who are “senior citizens” might be interested to know that according to Canadian law one has to be in the country for a complete and entire ten years-even if one is a naturalized Canadian citizen-before one can get the old age pension. In 1975 I shall have been back in Canada for ten years, so then if I am still alive I have to sign a form so that another person can collect the old age pension for me as I cannot go in person to do it.

I am also asked if Mrs. Rampa still lives with me, and I was about to say, “Well, obviously she does,” but in these days of sudden or instantaneous divorces it's not so Obvious any more is it? So let me say-yes, Mrs. Rampa does live with me, and so does Buttercup, Mrs. S. M. Rouse, who lives with us as a member of our family and as a very important member of our family at that.

Sometimes I get offensive letters from Australia. I had one letter from Australia from a man by the name of Samuels. He wrote to me in a thoroughly unpleasant manner saying that there had been no word from Mrs. Rampa and if I was genuine why didn't Mrs. Rampa say so. Well, actually, she has done so, many, many times. But I'll tell you what; I'll let Mrs. Rampa start the next chapter with a few uninhibited words unguided by me, undirected by me, so she can say what she likes. So, Mr. Publisher, will you put on some soft music, dim the lights over our Readers, and prepare to illuminate the spotlight, because for the next chapter we will have Mrs. Rampa start it.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Let me here introduce Mrs. S. A. Rampa. I have offered her the opportunity of saying what she wants to say, so here it is:-

“It had been suggested that I should make a small contribution toward this, the fifteenth book, write a chapter, for instance, and at first the thought gave me quite a shock.

“No! I would not presume to try for a chapter. But as the Author agrees, I will be very happy to make a few comments.

“This evening I finished reading the typescript of Chapter Nine which was hot off the typewriter, and I believe Chapter Ten is also completed, but that one I have not yet read. So if I do not hurry I will be too late for this book.

“As I was going about my evening, duties such as watering the plants, preparing our supper, and attending to the very small needs of Cleopatra and Tadalinka, my thoughts were dwelling on the material I had been reading in the pages of ‘Twilight.’

“First of all I would like to mention that when Lobsang Rampa refers to ‘my Wife’ or ‘Mrs. Rampa’ it is still the same creature who is known by other names in previous books, it is still ‘Ma’ of ‘Living with the Lama’ or ‘Mrs. Old Man’ of ‘Beyond the Tenth’, and ‘Ra’ab’ of ‘Candlelight.’ It seems appropriate that you should be assured that Lobsang Rampa is a loyal and devoted person, , and is not in the habit of frequently changing his partner, and I hope the same can be said of myself.

“Many things have been said for and against us just the same as they have criticized the President of the United States of America who has just reluctantly relinquished his position as President.

“Like President Nixon we have suffered greatly at the hands of the press, and during the past few days we have been reminded that the critics with the least knowledge have the most to say. Were it not so these people would be engaged in formulating better conditions instead of trying to break down the best efforts of a few others who are striving to do some good for their fellow men.

“But criticism is not my purpose tonight, rather do I desire to make a few comments

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about the Author of this book, 'Twilight.'

"Dr. Rampa is not the gruff, embittered old man portrayed by some thoughtless persons. Indeed he is extremely sick and therefore has enough cause for gruffness and irritability, but he is not horrid and touchy. Instead, he is continually thinking of others, and during the last week I have noticed more closely than ever how great is his compassion toward those who are in distress. Last night we listened together, as did people around the world, to the tragic announcement of the impending end of a Presidency, and Dr. Rampa was so deeply moved by the sadness of it all that he spent a more than usually sleepless night. One of the things which causes this extreme sadness was the attitude of the reporters, they did not merely do the job of reporting but, to repeat expressions used by another listener, they were **SPRAYED WITH HATE**.

"Perhaps I should apologize for the length of my commentary, for it had been intended that this would be just a few lines. There is just one further point, and I want to put it on record now, for it may be the only opportunity I will have, that I personally owe my outlook and my whole attitude to life to this man who has sacrificed so much to help us, and especially to help me.

"Although life is not always easy, one does not mind so much if one can see where one is going, and, as we have been told often enough, there is no short cut to tranquility. From personal experience I can state definitely that however difficult, however impossible we consider ourselves to be, with a little effort and **REGULAR** practice we can overcome many of our problems, making it easier to live with others, and, just as important, easier to live with ourselves. In my own case, the Teachings and, even more important, the **EXAMPLE** of Lobsang Rampa has been the greater factor in assisting me to come to terms with myself, resulting I hope in my being a somewhat better person.

"I do not know whether there will be space left in the book for this modest contribution because it had all been planned before I could arrange my thoughts. However, the writing has been enjoyable, and I wish there had been more space so I could tell of various incidents depicting the very compassionate side of the nature, the side which is not familiar to everyone, not always recognized, but which nevertheless is a very real part of the Lobsang Rampa makeup. Still, there may be another opportunity. Who knows? But I know this; in answer to that offensive man in Australia who wrote demanding that I prove something let me say that-yes, I know without possibility of error that Lobsang Rampa is who he claims to be and that all his books are true." Well, I had hoped that if we were going to have illustrations they could have borne the signature of S. M. Rouse, and I also hoped that if blocks were made for illustrations, the foregoing paragraphs by Mrs. Rampa could have borne her signature because there is always some creep ready to say, "Oh by golly, he wrote it himself." (But he didn't!)

As for this proof business, well there is no point in trying to prove a thing to anyone because if a person wants to believe then he will believe, and if a person doesn't want to believe then no amount of proof no amount of proof at all-will convince him. So-you make your own choice.

But another thing I have been asked is about books, what books should people read.

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Well, I can't give a whole list of books because I don't have many myself, but two books in particular have greatly impressed me, and I will give you the two titles and the necessary data.

The first is "The Spaceships of Ezekiel" by Josef F. Blumrich. That is a Corgi Book, and I can most truly recommend it. The Author nearly laughed his head off when his son told him about U.F.O.'s, and the Author is a NASA scientist, a man well qualified to know about U.F.O's and all that. He was so amused by his son's stupid belief in such things that he set out to prove that there couldn't be any "flying saucers."

The more he tried to prove the more convinced he became that there were such things, and in the end as a designer he was able to design the type of space ship which was written about in the times of Ezekiel, but it is a thoroughly good book and one that I absolutely recommend, so put on your running shoes and rush around to your local book store and buy it, and you will see that I am a good book critic!

Another extraordinarily good book is called "Timeless Earth." It is written by Peter Kolosimo. I believe it was first written in French, but it has been translated into English by Paul Stevenson, and it is published by University Books Inc. (I am glad they have some "inc" because they need it for printing books, don't they?) This is another book which really will hold your interest. It tells the truth, and it should be in the Library of every serious thinking person. While you are rushing around for the space ships book, how about picking up "Timeless Earth" as well? You might find your education has been improved thereby.

Hey! I'm being good in this book, aren't I? I'm not just answering your questions, I am also recommending other authors! But let us get on with some more of our questions and answers.

Let me make a confession here; my sight is very poor so I have been "cheating" by picking out the letters which are typed because sometimes people write to me and their handwriting reminds me of the squiggles which would be made by a spider suffering from St. Vitus Dance who had just crawled out of the inkwell. No doubt many, many questions which would be most interesting have been overlooked because I COULD, NOT READ THE WRITING!

There is a question here, though, which doesn't at all follow in the writer's supposition. The young man says, "You say that we are all immortal; however wouldn't it be logical to say that if we have no end we would also have no beginning? Wouldn't it make it more logical to make it go both ways?"

No, I don't think so, I don't see that at all. After all, a thing has to begin otherwise it is not, and once it has begun why shouldn't it keep on? In theory, you see, if a person could exactly replace all his body cells in precisely the same pattern as the ones he was replacing then he would go on for ever and ever, wouldn't he? A person wears out for the simple reason that the mechanism which replaces cells increasingly has a defective memory, and so the cells which are replaced and the cells which are replacing are somewhat different and grow increasingly different.

I, quite bluntly, cannot see any reason why a thing should not start but not end, and,

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anyway, Mr. L., what do YOU mean by “no ending”? We go on and on, there is an end to the human body, the physical body, and then we go on into the astral, and in the fullness of time there is an end to the astral body. In other words, we die quite painlessly in the astral and pass on to another dimension, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

“Is there such a thing as a half or quarter dimensional world? This question has been puzzling me for a long time.”

No, there is no such thing. You have to have a complete dimension otherwise you would get interaction. You get a similar state of things on a very very minor scale when this world and our negative world come in too close proximity. You get people disappearing, such as at the Bermuda Triangle, but these cannot be called half or quarter dimensions, it is just a misfortunate (not unfortunate!) happening.

“Dr. Rampa, why do the press find such sick joy in persecuting you just because you come along with a very special task that needed to be dealt with? Do they not believe that you are perfectly truthful in everything you say and do? You have rights, you know, and they should respect them.”

Of course I have done nothing to make the press like me. But I have done nothing to make the press dislike me, either. You see, press people come along with a fierce, threatening demand, they demand that one give them an interview and say whatever they-the interviewers-want said, and if the victim doesn't agree then he is set up for press persecution.

Some years ago I received an offer from a T.V. station. They wanted me to go on television and tell the truth of “The Rampa Story” “I was perfectly willing to do so because all that I have written and said is the truth. I am whom I claim to be and I can do all that I write about.

So-there I was, all ready to go on television. But then to my profound amazement, I found that they did not want TRUTH, instead they wanted me to read a prepared statement saying that I was a fake. Well, I wasn't a fake so I would not read the statement, so I was not permitted to go on television and tell the simple truth. Instead I was persecuted by the press.

I wrote to the Press Council in England complaining of all the vicious lies which were being written about me, but the Press Council thought the press should have freedom to write whatever they wanted to write. I also wrote to the Governors of the T.V. station and they thought that a television producer should be given the freedom to say whatever he wanted to say on television and to require that other people do the same. So it seems to me that the press, the radio, and the television are a closed shop. Now, I am going to ask you a question; if you were attacked by the press or on the radio or on television, and you knew quite definitely that what they were writing or saying about you was lies, how could you refute those lies? Remember, you can't get published in the press unless they want to publish what you write, and you can't broadcast or appear before the television cameras unless someone wants you to. So there is no way in which you can defend yourself. Someone may say, “Well, take legal action.” Yes, fine, but that takes a lot of money, and it cannot be done unless you have a lot of money. I tried to do that against a man in the U.S.A., a man who was pretending that he was publishing my books, or rather publishing books written by me, when they weren't by me at all. He was making use of my name, but I tried to get a lawyer to act for me and because

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I lacked the money to pay the fantastic advance he expected nothing was done. I have had to see people use my name, misuse my name, pretend to be me, and all the rest of it, and there is nothing I can do. If I had the money, or if some lawyer would be paid by results, then, by golly, I certainly would make a case against a few people, against a young punk, for instance, who pretends he is my bosom friend and that he is selling articles direct from "Lobsang Rampa's workshop." As I told you before, I do not have a workshop, I do not make articles any more, and if people pretend they are my friend and that they can use my name, then remember there are only two people who are making things designed by me-Mr. Sowter in England, and Mr. Orlowski in Prince Edward Island, Canada.

"You talk about a World Leader whose body is presently being prepared on the Earth and for the Great Entity to come and animate it; do you know where the body is presently living? Could the entity who is going to come and take over the body be the reincarnation of Jesus, Mohammed, or Gautama?"

Oh yes, I know precisely where the body is, and I have actually seen the body. But, of course, I wouldn't say where he is or we would find some crummy pressman rushing off and coming back with some fantastic entirely imaginary article. I definitely know where the body is.

No, Jesus, Mohammed or Gautama are not reincarnations and they are not coming to take over this particular body. You see, there is a special group of Entities who come down to Earth at certain times. I really hesitate to use a term such as "White Brotherhood" because there are so many stupid people who think they will start up a cult called the White Brotherhood, or the Dark Donkeys or something else. There are so many sick people nowadays that they seize on anything which they feel might sound plausible. But there is a definite group of Entities . . . and you cannot take a correspondence course with them and you will not find them associated with any of these crazy cultists on this Earth . . . who come down to this world, and of course also go to other worlds, to set an example as Teachers. It would be such a waste of time if they had to get born here when all they have to do would take, perhaps, a year. So they take over a specially prepared body, and when their task is done the body disappears in some way which we need not discuss here.

"You always talk about humans and animals. Are we not animals too?"

Yes, of course we are, not very nice animals either, some of us. But I am merely following what one might term a pattern in referring to humans and animals. It makes it clear that I am referring to one species-human -or another species-say cat and, as I have been telling you previously, Miss Cleopatra is the most intelligent person I know no matter whether we are going to consider animal or human.

"Please tell us how to use a crystal. I would like to see the answer to that one in your next book. Should we make the room pitch dark before we experiment? Should we put the glass in a safe place so that it won't be used for other purposes? Should we use a little imagination in the matter of making something appear, or what?"

Well I really thought I had made the matter very clear on how to use a crystal. Now supposing you do not have a crystal, supposing you use a glass of water instead; well, you

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get a new glass, an absolutely plain glass without any pattern on it, without any etching, without any scratches, in fact, a fairly expensive glass which has no flaws so far as you can see. Then you carefully wash it and when you have rinsed off all the soapsuds you fill it with water right up to the top so that you've got a meniscus (the meniscus is that bump which appears when you slightly overfill a glass). The glass full of water is now set on a table or somewhere dark and you make sure that your room is dark or dim, obviously you must be able to see the glass, you must be able to see your hands in front of you, but you do not need to be able to see to read the newspaper. I give you that just as a guide. The correct amount of darkness is when colours begin to disappear.

Having the right conditions, you breathe deeply a few times and settle yourself so that you are comfortable, there must be no strain, no muscle which is twitching, no nerve which is flapping. And then you gaze in the direction of the glass of water but you do not gaze actually at it, you look through it with your eyes unfocused, imagine that you are focusing on infinity, Got that clear? You are looking in the direction of the glass and you are deliberately defocusing your eyes imagining that you are looking at some invisible spot in space. You just sit there letting your mind take over, and the first thing you will notice is cloudiness, the water seems to turn milky white, and then, provided you do not jerk or fall off your chair with shock, the milky whiteness dissipates and then you see pictures. And that is all there is to it. You do not have to imagine things, why should you when you can see the real things?

After you have used your glass you tip out the water, you rinse it and dry it, and then you wrap it up in a black cloth and you use it for nothing else at all.

If you are using a crystal then you do the same in the matter of gazing at it, but after you have used it you wrap it up in a black cloth because if bright sunlight falls upon it you will spoil its power in much the same way as if you allow sunlight to fall on a film which has been unrolled-the thing will be no good after.

“I would like to know what you think of gambling?”

Well, that's easy. I have said that several times in my books. I am completely opposed to gambling, and although quite frequently people will send me sweepstake tickets and all that sort of thing, I have never in my life won anything at all-not even a cent, so there!

“I cannot seem to find out where the zone for cats is in the astral world. How do you go about finding such zones?”

You have just been taking me to task in a previous question saying why do I refer to humans and animals, because aren't humans animals as well? So now you want to know the zone for animals, so let me say to you, aren't humans animals as well, and if humans can go to a zone why can't four-legged animals? The answer is-they can. Miss Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers are great friends of mine, they are in the astral plane waiting for me. I have another Girl Cat Friend there called Cindy, and Cindy comes down to this Earth in actual physical form to see me and to give me messages-that is perfectly true! So let me tell you that animals, if they are of sufficient spiritual status, can go to any plane of existence to which humans of the same status can go. In other worlds, you know, animals are not treated as inferior creatures, they are not “dumb animals” any longer on other worlds, and to a person

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who is telepathic, as I am, there is no such thing as a dumb animal. While we are talking about animals, does it ever occur to you that the only bad or vicious animals are those who have been made so by humans? Normally animals are born “good” and they stay so unless messed up by humans. So the answer to your question is this; animals do go to the same zones as humans, so when you pass over quite definitely you can be met by an animal you love AND WHO LOVES YOU!

The last few days here have been very very hot, unbearably hot, in fact. But now at this moment the temperature has dropped about thirty degrees and we are having a thunderstorm, and some poor souls are getting married, or probably they are already married. It is a strange custom here in Calgary that when a couple has just been married and are driving along away from the place of marriage they make as much commotion as they can. The bridal car and all the cars attached to that bridal retinue have horns sounding all the time, and the uproar is truly formidable. I can't see any sense in it personally because how is it going to help a marriage to have blaring horns disturbing everyone?

Another thing that puzzles me here in Calgary is the Fire Department, the Police and the Ambulances. They have the loudest sirens I have ever heard anywhere. Not only that, but the ambulance sirens wobble and warble and really could just about scare a nervous patient to death. Where I live there is a sort of conjunction of concrete buildings, and for some strange reason the sound echoes and reechoes and echoes again, and quite truly seems to be increased in volume because of some architectural idiosyncrasy. Anyway, the noise goes on day and night, and here the traffic is unceasing. I have never seen the road outside without loads of cars. Throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours of the day and night there is a continuous flow of fast cars, and I often lie in my bed and look out of the window and wonder where all the people are going, unceasingly moving the whole time nonstop, day and night. There are too many cars here and too much noise. But I suppose some will write to me now and say I am jealous because I haven't a car or something. People do that, you know, people write and tell me I am bitter. I didn't know it, I don't feel that I am bitter. I have my own problems and I cope with them as best I can, so there it is.

When I was in the hospital last time I had a learner Christian Chaplain come and try to con me into a bit of religion, and before I said anything except that I was a Buddhist he said, “Oh, and do you feel guilty about it, or bitter that you are not a Christian?” So what do you think about that?! I could have replied, “No, but you look a bit guilty about being a Christian.”

It does seem so strange that so many doctors and so many parsons try to cough up a sort of pseudo-psychology; they try to analyze one's behavior entirely on text book learning, and they forget that a Buddhist may have a different outlook on life than does a Christian. But let's get back to some of these questions and answers. But first of all let me read you something from a letter written to me by Mr. Borge Langeland. He says, “I am happy to learn that you are writing a fifteenth book. I don't know how to tell you how much your books have meant to us.

If they weren't true I should lose all confidence in my ability to judge what to accept and what to reject. To you perhaps your aura work is the most important mission in this life,

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but I think that by writing your books and letting people in on some of the mysteries of life that some of us have been fumbling about trying to solve you have done far more good for humanity than by proving that there is an aura and that it can be photographed “ Well, Mr. Langeland, yes, you have my definite, definite assurance that all my books are absolutely true; these books are not fiction, they are truth. Not just truth as I see truth, but actuality truth.

Yes, the Great Thirteenth Dalai Lama did indeed bless me by placing both of his hands on my head IN A SPECIAL MANNER-that “in a special manner” is important because a very very gifted man as was the Great Thirteenth can pass on special powers, he can, in effect, speed up one’s vibrations. This, by the way, is in answer to someone who wants to know about such things.

You probably know that years ago in England and, in fact, in many countries there was a quite definite belief that the King could cure illness, and if a King placed his hands on a sufferer then the sufferer would be cured. You get the same thing in the legend about Jesus where if a person could touch the robe which Jesus wore, then he or she would be cured of all illness. It is because such people have a different vibration, and when they see by their superior knowledge that another person has possibilities for improvement and a possibility for accepting an increase in vibration, they do that necessary gesture which does give the recipient an ineffable sense of well-being and power. And I am going to tell you that my abilities increased enormously from that act by the Dalai Lama.

You ask why one hand or why two hands. You tell me that people who go to Church and get blessed every Sunday don’t seem to be any better or any worse because of it. Well, that is right enough. The Great Thirteenth used two hands in the same way that if you have an electric device you have to have two wires-two contacts -because just one would not “pass any current.” As for your saying that people who go to Church are not improved by being touched with one hand or two hands-no, that is just what I have been telling you. You only get benefit if the person doing the touching is a superior person, not some poor parson or cleric who is just doing mumbo-jumbo because it’s the easiest sort of job he knows, and anyway he doesn’t know anything else. Oh no, as far as benefit comes from such a thing you could go out and ask anyone in the street to touch you on the head, you would be just as well off!

You ask what causes the Sun’s rays to be reflected so brightly from the Moon. “We have sent men to the Moon and they have discovered that the Moon is not made of green cheese but of rocks and sand very similar to what is here on Earth. When the Sun’s rays hit a high mountain top on Earth early in the morning or late at night the valley below remains in darkness. Since the rocks on the mountain top are similar to the rocks on the Moon why don’t they reflect the rays down into the valley?”

Easy, my dear sir, easy; the surface of the Moon is very similar in its reflective power to that of gypsum, and gypsum, which is like plaster of Paris, does indeed reflect.

But in the case of the Moon the reflection is aided enormously because there is no air to absorb the light rays. Light rays, you know, consist of vibrations and if there is air then the vibrations are slowed by passage through that atmosphere. The Moon, as we know, has no atmosphere, thus the rays from the Sun reach the Moon unimpeded and are reflected unimpeded from the Moon’s surface.

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You ask about rocks on Earth, why do they not reflect the Sun's rays down into the valley. The answer to that is because the angle of incidence is different. You see, when you get rays of light coming down to mountain tops the rays are reflected upwards, or within a narrow arc; they are not reflected downwards, and you can easily try this out for yourself by having a fairly powerful light bulb suspended from the ceiling and that will represent the Sun. Then you sit on the floor with a hand mirror in your hand. You can then reflect the Sun's rays (actually the suspended lamp) back on to the ceiling or fairly high up on the walls around you, but without very acrobatic contortions you cannot reflect the rays down between your feet which will be considered as the valley. Is that clear?

The third question from this gentleman is a sensible one, so let's answer it. He says, "You write that wars are necessary to control the population explosion and to give people an opportunity for self-sacrifice. What is the kharmic effect on such war heroes who perhaps give up their own life fighting for their country but in the process kill or maim many of their enemies that they have never even seen before? When, or if, they should meet again somewhere in the Hereafter would they ask, are you the S.O.B. who killed me? And how does someone gain merit for fighting a war and killing someone even if they lose their own life?"

The laws of karma are different when a person is fighting in defense of his home, his family and his country, so that if you are ordered into the forces you really have no choice, you have to go. And once you are in the forces you come under a blanket protection so that the people who give the orders-basically the Governments -have to accept the kharmic results of those orders.

You, Private A.B., are sent to the war front. You have a rifle in your hands, and at a certain time you may be told to fire that rifle. You have to obey your orders or you may get killed for disobedience. So you pull the trigger and a bullet kills one of the enemy. The kharmic effect of that is not yours, you do not have to worry about it. The kharmic effect is assumed by the person or persons WHO ACTUALLY CAUSED THE WAR!

When you get to the "Other Side" you do not have to meet the person you killed or the person who killed you. Only if you have no dislike and no hatred of those persons can you meet them. Certainly you can gain merit by preventing atrocities. Suppose a little troop of men are able to ambush members of the opposition-the enemy-who were setting out to massacre a lot of women and children, perhaps they were going to set fire to the houses after they had locked the inhabitants inside. Well, you and your small troop could kill perhaps twenty members of the assassination gang, but in doing so you would have saved possibly two thousand women, children, and old people, so the balance would be to the good, wouldn't it, and under that heading you would have "gained merit "

Mrs. Nancy Justice is an old friend of mine, we have been corresponding for-oh, I forget how long, but it's quite a long time. Now she writes in and she has some questions. So I think we ought to attend to Mrs. Nancy Justice, don't you? She says, "I am slightly clairvoyant. In your book 'Wisdom of the Ancients' you define clairvoyance as seeing through walls and beyond. What I mean is knowing what is going to happen before it happens, but I can do this to a limited degree only. I have an urge to crystal gaze or something of that sort. I know mirrors seem to draw my eyes, and I read somewhere of mirrors that were used once upon

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a time where they painted one side or something. Could you tell me how to do this?"

Well, Mrs. Justice, I have just been writing about crystals and how to use them, so I think that actually does answer most of your question, but very definitely I would not advise you to use a Black Mirror because if used carelessly they are very very dangerous things indeed and enable mischievous entities to work harm through you. So take my advice and have nothing whatever to do with these Black Mirrors. A crystal cannot harm you in any way at all.

You go on, "I see that you talk a lot about the astral and travelling by astral. Also I believe you when you say that no harm can come to you, but I am one of those strange persons who is deathly afraid of hypnotism, even self-hypnosis. What I wanted to ask you is, is it true that when you are deeply engrossed in reading something like reading a book to the point that you are not aware of outside influence, well, that is a form of hypnosis?" No harm can happen when you are doing astral travel unless you are afraid. But then you can be harmed if you take fright even if you are crossing the road. You might run the wrong way.

I am definitely opposed to hypnosis. I am also opposed to self-hypnosis because it is so easy to do it the wrong way, easier to do it the wrong way than it is to do it the right way, in fact. So stay clear of all forms of hypnosis, they are bad. But rest quite assured that when you are reading a book you are not hypnotized. Instead you are merely interested and that is absolutely safe.

You give a third question, Mrs. Justice, and it is so applicable that I am going to answer it here now: You write, "You keep saying that to try all the different things in your book that nothing will ever happen to you like being possessed. Fine, but how did those people who are possessed get that way? What did they do or not do?"

That's a fair enough question. But you will remember just above that I have been telling you not to do hypnosis. I have been telling you not to use Black Mirrors. So if you do and try these things then you can easily get possessed. I am telling you throughout all my books how NOT to get possessed, and if you follow what I write then you cannot get possessed. But if you disregard what I am saying then you will get possessed, which is what you want to know about.

Black Mirrors, Black Magic, hypnosis and some of those Ouija boards can lead you astray, you can get hypnotized with them, you can get possessed and this is why I say time after time DON'T DO IT!

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Everyone here is very busy; normally I like to type a lot of my books myself and then have Buttercup retype them on her Olympia typewriter. Hy Mendelson gave me a typewriter which I have named "the Yellow Peril" but I have not been able to use it much on this book, my health has not permitted, and so most of this book has been dictated on a Sony tape recorder-just a small pocket thing, so I can claim kinship with Mr. Nixon. He used Sony recorders for his Watergate tapes, I believe!

Buttercup is a marvelous typist; extremely fast and extraordinarily accurate. It is a matter of much jubilation when she makes a mistake because it's nice to tell her that she is not perfect after all. But we here at Rampa Residence owe a very great deal to Buttercup and without her we should have a much harder time. So-thank you, Buttercup Rouse.

Mrs. Rampa is a hard worker, too. She goes through the pages of the typescript with an eagle eye, and between them-Buttercup and Mrs. Rampa-not many mistakes get by, and if I make a mistake in my dictation . . . ! My goodness me, I never hear the last of it.

Buttercup comes on me like ten tons of bricks, and there is no peace until I have rectified the error of omission or commission or some other mission. My sympathy, though, goes to the poor wretched typesetters who have to set up books, because it must be a horrifying thing indeed to have to set up in print a book which you find boring or in which you just can't get any interest. I would just hate to be a typesetter.

As I am sitting here in my wheelchair I can see our little river outside, and there are two boat loads of crazy people paddling away as if they were Red Indians on the warpath. The weather is quite cold, and our river is dangerous. It has silted up quite a lot and there are-for the size of the river-immense sandbanks which channel the water through a narrow space and so increase its speed and set up whirlpools. We are always reading that someone has been drowned or fished out of the water, and yet people still go in it on old tyres or anything they can dig up. Oh well, good for the Funeral Homes, I suppose!

Now, I've got another question here which I have already answered but I am going to answer it again in, possibly, a different form in order that someone may get a different slant on the thing. The question is: "What is meant by the statement: When the student is ready the

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Master appears?”

Too many people think that they know all and plenty more besides, they think that they just have to whistle and hordes of Masters come panting with eagerness to teach such a bright person. It doesn't happen that way at all.

You know those kettles, you shove them on the gas or electricity, and when the water boils they let out a horrendous hoot? Well, people are like that. When their vibrations reach a certain pitch, that is, when they are “ready”, a Master somewhere, either on the Earth or in the astral, can pick up a vibration which says, metaphorically of course, “Hey boss, I'm ready, come and teach me all you know!” So after the Master has given a luxurious stretch and a hearty scratch, he might get to his feet, or even to his astral feet, and come along to give a hand.

But nearly always the person who thinks that he or she is such a brilliant student that he or she is ready-well, they are the ones who just are not ready, and no matter how much they hoot or let off steam, until their vibrations reach the right pitch or frequency-no Master will appear. So if a Master doesn't appear it is proof positive that you are not ready.

Who is this? Ester A. Moray. Okay Ester Moray, here is your second question: “How does race karma affect an individual?”

Before a person reincarnates to Earth that person goes to what we may somewhat humorously regard as a travel agent in the astral. Actually it is a Council of Advisors.

But the person who is going to come back to Earth knows what has to be done, where he or she has to go, and what the circumstances should be for doing that particular task or lesson. So one of the things is that one takes into account the basic karma of the race to which one is coming. One comes to a race whose karma is suitable for increasing one's opportunities for doing the allotted task. Apart from that race karma doesn't affect one because it is more to do with the Manu of the race.

Well now, Ester Moray has another question here. She seems to be a nice young lady so let's spare her a few more minutes, shall we? Her third question is, “What can an individual do to reincarnate with the same family they now have, or is this not possible?”

I have just been telling you how things are planned. So if it is necessary for people to come together in another life then they will come together in another life, and arrangements are made for that specific purpose. You might remember the case of the girl in India; she died as a child, and then she came back as a child to a family who lived just a few miles away, and she kept on talking about her other family. Many inquiries were made, and eventually the two families were brought together, and the reincarnated girl was able to give proof that she had reincarnated. That is a case which is authenticated beyond all possible doubt.

Now, here is a question for you; “Mermen and mermaids-were these truly a race of people and if so what intellect did they possess and what happened to them?”

Actually all that the average person knows about mermaids and mermen goes back to the days of Atlantis. Now, Atlantis was a far more technically accomplished place than this present day civilization.

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People could be made, lumps of protoplasm could be formed in somewhat human shape and they were used as servants-not as slaves-they were used as servants because they were people of inferior mentality, they were, in fact, "made" for the purpose of serving their masters and mistresses.

Theoretically nowadays it is possible to increase the mentality of a dog or a horse or something like that by being irradiated by special rays and by being fed special chemicals. In that way the brain voltages can be altered and so the intelligence-factor increased. There is no reason, for instance, why monkeys should not be altered by chemicals so that their mentality is greatly increased and thus they could, in effect, be a sort of servant to people. I know quite recently at the Calgary Stampede procession when we had all manner of things going through the city streets there was one monkey riding a horse, and he was wearing clothes. He was doffing his hat to the onlookers and behaving in every way the same as the humans around him. Except for looks one couldn't have told the difference so far as behavior was concerned. And that old monkey, he certainly got a lot of applause, too. But then the applause upset his self-control because he jumped off the horse and jumped at the spectators and he was horribly affectionate with them, and it was quite a task, I understand, to get him back on his horse again!

"You mention that in the astral world we can have families. Do we leave them for awhile to attend class on Earth and then return to them at the end of our Earth class?"

Yes, that is quite possible. You may say that we spend twenty-four hours a day on Earth. Certainly we do, but they are Earth hours and time in the astral world is utterly different from the time on Earth, in fact in some of the Hindu books there are stories of people going away from the Earth and spending a little time in the astral and then on their return to Earth finding that a thousand years of Earth time has passed. So it is perfectly feasible for a person to come to Earth and do all manner of things by day, but the person has to sleep and during the sleep the astral bodies go back to the astral world **NO MATTER WHETHER PEOPLE REMEMBER IT OR NOT**, and the time they spend in the astral world with their families may be perhaps twice as long as they stay on Earth by day. It is all a question of the difference in time.

This next question makes me wonder if some poor soul has been brought up the hard way because the question is: "If a child were pushed through college in his life by a hard-hearted parent would it necessarily help the child in his or her successive lives?"

Oh dear, dear, I am so sorry to have to disappoint you, but the answer is "Yes." Everything we learn, everything we experience is worthwhile and it is saved. Now, a better way to explain it would perhaps be to say that when we go over to the Other Side we take all the good that we have learned on Earth, and all the bad (the dross) is left behind. It's like if you are melting a metal, if you are melting gold, for instance, or silver; well, you melt the stuff and then sludge forms on the top (because gold or silver is heavier than sludge), it forms as a dirty mass which is skimmed off and thrown away leaving the gold or the silver to be poured into ingots. Well, we are in much the same state. All that which we have learned which is of use to the Overself and to our development is retained. The bad is discarded like a bad memory.

People are interested in the astral, aren't they? So here is another one about the astral.

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It is, "If I were able to astral travel consciously and my wife had been trying without success: 1) Could I evaluate from the astral what she was doing wrong and help her to correct the situation? 2) Would it in any way be wrong to help in this manner?"

The answer is that of course you can go into the astral and find out what the problem is, and of course you can come back and tell her what the problem is. But I can tell you what the problem is now; it is just a matter of memory. She does astral travel. Knowing who you are (and not telling!) I know that your wife has been to see me in the astral, and so have you and you made a big splash about it, too! But your wife is trying too hard, or she may have a little fear. But if she would only take things quietly and not make such efforts then she would remember the astral travels that she did.

Now, here is a bit more which really relates to the Hollow Earth. "Since the publication of your books I would imagine that the Chinese have tried to find the passageways in the mountain and the underground river. How could it remain so well hidden from such an intensive search?"

The answer is, through masterly misdirection. If you see a blank wall ahead of you and all your tests; including the use of special detectors, etc., convince you that the wall is solid, then you turn elsewhere, and the wall is indeed very well protected because if one goes down far enough one gets to an outpost of the Hollow Earth. You further ask about the approximate date of the underground tunnels. Well, I should say about a million years, or so, ago because they were made well before Atlantis, they were made when first people "went underground", and into the inner world. In passing let me say that although a lot of people will screech with laughter at the thought of a Hollow Earth, let me remind them that for centuries and centuries people thought that the Earth was flat, and if any body had dared to say that the Earth was round then they would have been taken as insane people because they would have said-if the world is round how can we stand on it, what about the people on the other side of the Earth, they would fall off for sure. We know otherwise, don't we? We know the Earth is round and not flat. Some of us know that the world is hollow, too. Think of that, will you?

Respected Sir, you have got your facts mixed up somewhere or dropped a brick or you haven't been reading my books properly. You say, "Why would a race of people from far out in space want to colonize with the people of this world to produce the Race of Tan?"

Well, who said there was going to be a colony coming from beyond space? Just think of this; get all the white people, the yellow people, the red people, the black people, and any other colour or shade you can scrape up, get them all to intermarry, and look at the result. What would the colour be? Tan, of course. And so we can get the Race of Tan when we get all the peoples of the world intermarrying because in those days colour will not matter. It doesn't matter in Brazil nowadays. It is one place on the face of this Earth where the black man and the white man work side by side with no thought whatever of colour. I have a very soft spot for Brazil because they are doing well, and it is one of the coming countries. They will be the first to produce citizens for the Race of Tan.

"In 'The Hermit' it was stated that the Gardeners would place someone on this Earth for the hermit to tell his story to. How is it meant that you were placed on this Earth?"

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Well, somebody had to be picked, and the person who was picked had to have certain qualifications. For instance, he had to be a very hardy individual, he had to be highly telepathic, highly clairvoyant, he had to have a good memory, and he had to have his personal frequency or wavelength of a certain order. In other words, he had to be constantly in touch with one of the Great Masters.

So the poor fellow who did fulfill those qualifications was grabbed and placed in such conditions that he naturally became the listener to the story, and I state that that story is true.

Let's have a statement from Paddle Boat Moffet. He says, "Read the book 'The Space-ships of Ezekiel' by Josef F. Blumrich. You suggested I read it and it proved very interesting and well written." So there you see Paddle Boat Moffet-now a member of the Paddle Boat Club-is able to take advice, to act upon advice, and to profit from advice. He's a good fellow, too.

Here is a question from Wilhem Briceno. He is 18 years of age and he lives in Venezuela. His first question is, "Is there any part of the world in which the original religion taught by Christ is now practiced?"

No, I am sorry to say that there is not. Christ departed the scene and for many years the Teachings of Christ were let lapse. But after a number of years a gang of people thought they would start something which would give them some power. Really the early founders of the Christian Church, as it was then, were a lot of cultists, they did not teach that which Christ taught, but they taught that which increased their own power. For example, most of the bunch were paralyzed with fright at the thought of women. Christ did not teach that women were unclean. Mind you, I'm sure Christ would not have liked that Women's Libber person who writes to me. But Christ taught that women had rights just as men have rights, but the founders of the church in the year 60 did not want women to get any power at all so it was taught that women had no souls, women were unclean (some of them are by the amount of stuff they put on their face!) However, to answer the question, no, on no place at all of this Earth is the original Teaching of Christ followed. "Is there in existence now the original version of the Bible? If not, what can one do to enable Christianity to be taught as it was originally intended to be taught?"

Well, if we could find the original version of the Bible we could still not return to basic Christianity because the Bible is just a collection of books consisting of "the Gospel According to . . .", and as I have been saying the Bible is not necessarily the Teachings of Christ. Most of the people in Christ's time couldn't write, anyway. "If animals are all so intelligent why don't they make temples and houses, and why don't they leave any culture in history?"

But are you sure they don't? You see, it doesn't mean that a person is civilized or intelligent because one builds a temple or church. I've got one in front of me now which is a concrete monstrosity done in the form of an Indian wigwam, that is, tent shaped with three imitation poles sticking up from the roof. It's a church all right, but in the form of a tepee, which was a tent of the Indians who, anyway, weren't Christians. So how is there any symbolism in that?

To my own definite knowledge animals are intelligent, but their intelligence takes a

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different form from that of humans. Humans seem to want to build great buildings so that some other humans can come along and drop bombs on it or shell the cities which humans make. I never understand people who think that humans are the Lords of Creation. They are not. On this particular world admittedly they dominate by force, but do you know that only humans and spiders commit rape? No other animals at all do.

You say about building things, but how about the bees, how about the ants? They have very wonderful civilizations. Ants have fortresses, they have a very effective army, they have cleaners-street cleaners-they have nursemaids and all the rest of it, they even have their "milk cows" which are aphids.

Animals are here for their own particular purpose and for their own particular evolution, and I know from my own personal intensive studies that animals can be highly intelligent, some more intelligent than humans. I say that with a full sense of responsibility and unless you are clairvoyant and telepathic, as I am, then you cannot truthfully contradict me because you would be like a person who was born blind and who would say that there were no such colours as red, green, yellow, etc., etc. Unless you have the same abilities as I have, then you cannot dispute what my superior abilities enable me to know.

In the same way, I cannot walk so it's useless for me to argue with you if you say that it's a very pleasant thing walking over such-and-such a surface. I wouldn't know. I know my own subjects.

Rosemary-that is the only name of hers I have here-writes to me and says, "In your next book would it be possible for you to dwell a little on the causes of a dual personality? You see, I have a dual personality. Does that mean I have great difficulty in following the Middle Way? I tend to go to extremes."

No, Rosemary, it doesn't mean that you are any different from anyone else. It means that you came here to overcome certain defects, and so that you could see what it was like you came as a dual personality. I assume that in a previous life, perhaps in your very last life even, you could not get on with people, and somebody said you couldn't get on with yourself. So, in effect, you said; "All right, I'll go back to Earth as a dual personality and you'll see how well I do!"

A dual personality is just one who has an astrological makeup which causes them to see two sides of the coin at once, surely quite a feat, but it doesn't mean you are any better or any worse than anyone else.

It might even mean that it was intended that you should be twins, you know, identical twins where one egg divides, but for some reason the egg did not divide, and in that case you get a form of dual entity inside one body. Never mind, Rosemary, I will tell you here and now that you are doing very well indeed and there is not the slightest reason why you should be worried so-don't be!

We've got time for one more question, I think, and this is from Mr. Howard G. Marsh. I get quite a lot of people writing to me from Idaho. All right, Mr. Marsh, you say, "You mention in one of your books that a person has to come back to Earth for every sign of the zodiac. This would be twelve times if he learned his lessons well. Am I correct?"

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Mr. Marsh, I have to tell you that you are not correct! A person has to come back and live through every sign of the zodiac and through every quadrant (30 degrees) of every sign of the zodiac, and he has to keep coming back until he accomplishes his task SUCCESSFULLY in every sign and quadrant of that zodiac. So if he is a slow learner he might come to Earth a thousand or two thousand times, which makes it all a bit monotonous, doesn't it?

The tape is spinning on, the day is drawing to a close. Twilight will soon be upon us. The pages of this book are mounting up and the words of its total are exceeding that which is considered necessary for this book. Before me I have questions-questions-questions-piles of questions, questions enough for many more books to come. And-who knows?-I might yet write another book, there's life in the old man yet. I can still twitch a little, I am still able to push a recorder button. So if you do want another book you know how to get it; all you have to do is to write to my publisher and tell him you want another book by Lobsang Rampa.

For the present, then, I will take leave of you and in doing so bring this book, "Twilight", to its end.

THE END

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